WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

BY ALYS LOWTH

$3.00

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

By Alys Lowth

IMMENSE and overpowering is the fascination of Morocco. In her wonderful cities, 'half as old as Time,' the same buildings exist as existed thousands of years ago, inhabited by people who follow the same laws and customs, dress in the same fashion.

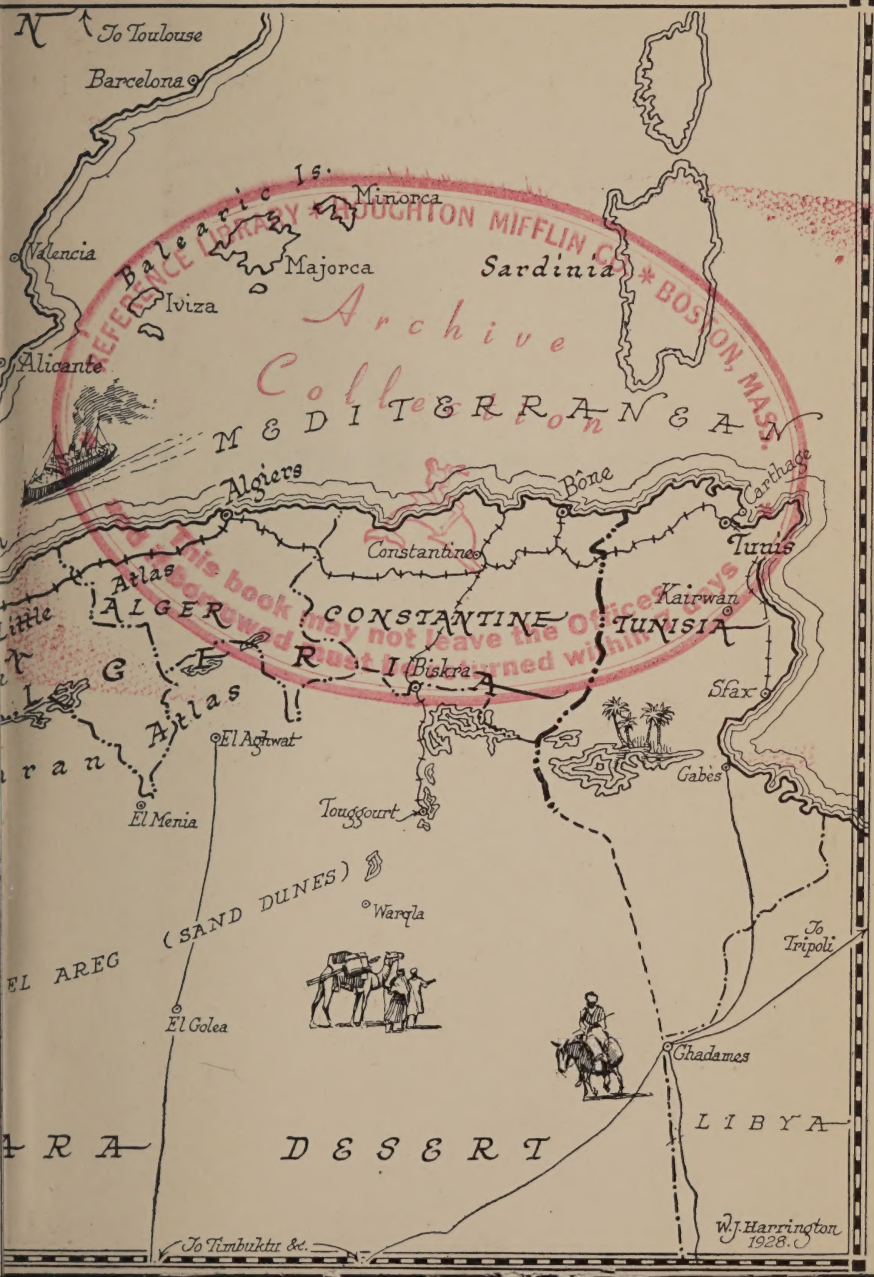
Among the cities visited by Miss Lowth are Tangier, where Hercules killed Antæus; Ceuta, which England attacked so that two Princes of the Blood might win knighthood; Marak'sh the Red, the most tragic of Moorish cities, whose streets are of sand; Salé, birthplace of pirates; Walili, the Holy Town, where the descendant of the Prophet is buried; Meknes, whose mulatto ruler tried to marry the daughter of Louis XIV; Fez, fairest of minaretted cities.

Miss Lowth gives all necessary information, including a fascinating background of Mohammedan history and customs.

Illustrated

Sketch MAP to illustrate A W
ATLANTIC
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
Castile (OLD)
Castile (NEW)
MADRID
Alcazar
LISBON
Cordova
Seville
Granada
STR. of GIBRALTAR
INTERNATIONAL ZONE
Cadiz
Algeciras
Gibraltar
Tangier
Ceuta
Larache
El Ksar el Kebir
Tetuan
Melilla
Port Sav
R. RIF
SPANISH ZONE
Ouezzane
Knitra
Volubilis
FEZ
Taza
Rabat
Sali
Casablanca
Azemmour
Midrs
Sefrou
Guersif
Berguent
Tlems
Ujda
Mazagan
B. Rechid
MEKNES
Tissaf
Settat
Safi
Middle Atlas
MARRAKESH
(MOROCCO)
Figuig
Mogador
Great Atlas
ZONE
Agadir
Taroudant
Anti Atlas
(FRENCH)
MOROCCO
Béni Abbes
Ksabi
SAH
W. DRA'A
Mountains above 3,000 Feet
Railways
Roads
Caravan Routes
To el Jaf, Timbuktu, &c.

AYFARER in MOROCCO



REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive Collection
This book may not leave the Office

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

DOREEN COASTING

CHARTRES, AND HOW TO SEE IT

SOUTH AFRICA CALLING

THE MIRROR OF KAINZA. (Translation of *Ames Maghrebiens* by J. Vattier.)

A GENERAL VIEW OF FEZ

FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MEDINA ROAD

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

BY

ALYS LOWTH

WITH 28 ILLUSTRATIONS AND
AN ENDPAPER MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1929

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

FROM

A. L.

TO

A. M. T. L.

IN MEMORY DEAR AND SWEET

OF THE ONE WHO WOULD HAVE DELIGHTED MOST

IN THIS WAYFARING

PREFACE

IT was of wayfarers listening, round a camp fire, to the story of a little English girl, that Bret Harte wrote:

> And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
> As by some spell divine—
> Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
> From out the gusty pine.
>
> Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
> And he who wrought that spell?—
> Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
> Ye have one tale to tell!
>
> Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
> Blend with the breath that thrills
> With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
> That fills the Kentish hills.

Dickens, creator of so many poems in prose, was far more often the inspiration of poetry in others than an adept in its making. Occasionally he made verse a medium for shafts of wit and satire in political squibs: and of these his parody of the song, *A Fine Old English Gentleman*, is one that may be recommended even to-day—it was written in 1841—as an antidote to the wails for the "good old times" so blessedly no more!

And quite remarkably apropos, both to the war now waging between the Churches and to one of the

subjects of this book, is another example of his little-known gift of rhyme. Though hardly fair to the Mohammedans, his recognition of the fact that something more than simple illumination is necessary to make the feet of stumblers "stay put" on the way he did so much to keep well lit . . . that bridge over the gulf between profession and practice upon which too many of us are apt to slip . . . is both well and truly expressed in the verses he wrote, at Lady Blessington's request, as a contribution for her Annual, the *Keepsake*, entitled

A WORD IN SEASON

They have a superstition in the East
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper;
Holding, that any scrap that bears that name
In any characters its front impress'd on,
Shall help the finder thro' the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation:
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters:

And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among those pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men, and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.[1]

[1] Charles Dickens. Written for Lady Blessington's magazine, the *Keepsake*, in 1843. Quoted in Ley's edition of the *Life of Charles Dickens* by John Forster. (Cecil Palmer.)

A. L.

October, 1928

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
CHAPTER		
I.	INTRODUCTORY	1
II.	HOW TO GET TO MOROCCO	4
III.	THE PEOPLE OF MOROCCO	8
IV.	MOHAMMAD, THE PROPHET	11
V.	MOHAMMAD, THE MAN	20
VI.	SOUTHAMPTON TO TANGIER	27
VII.	THE SPANISH ZONE	41
VIII.	THE CREED OF THE MOSLEMAH	50
IX.	TANGIER TO CASABLANCA	57
X.	THE ETERNAL SEQUENCE	60
XI.	PRELUDES TO MOHAMMAD	63
XII.	HOW MOHAMMAD WENT TO THE MOUNTAIN	67
XIII.	THE CONQUEST OF AFRICA	82
XIV.	THE STORY OF MUZA	86
XV.	THE ARABS IN SPAIN	94
XVI.	CASABLANCA AND THE WAY TO MARAK'SH	105
XVII.	MARAK'SH	112
XVIII.	EN ROUTE IN MOROCCO: CASABLANCA TO RABAT	125
XIX.	EL MANSUR—THE VICTORIOUS	131

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	RABAT	140
XXI.	SALÉ	146
XXII.	MOORISH WOMEN	152
XXIII.	MARRIAGE IN MOROCCO	164
XXIV.	THE MOORS: SOME RESEMBLANCES	170
XXV.	EN ROUTE TO FEZ: MEKNES	173
XXVI.	WALILI AND VOLUBILIS OF THE ROMANS	183
XXVII.	THE STORY OF FEZ	187
XXVIII.	FEZ OF TO-DAY	194
XXIX.	OTHER WAYS TO FEZ	201
XXX.	FOOD IN MOROCCO	204
	INDEX	211

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

SKETCH MAP OF MOROCCO . . . . *Front Endpaper*
(*From a drawing by W. J. Harrington*)

A GENERAL VIEW OF FEZ . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

A TYPICAL BLACKSMITH 28

A HAPPY WARRIOR 28

THE TANGIER GATE, TETUAN 42

THE SOUK (MARKET) AND SULTAN'S PALACE, TETUAN . 42

FONDAK DEL TRIGO, TANGIER 58

THE COURTHOUSE AND PRISON, TANGIER . . . 58

THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE GRANADA ALHAMBRA . 100
(*Photo: Spanish Travel Bureau Ltd.*)

THE MAIDEN'S HALL OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE . . 100
(*Photo: Spanish Travel Bureau Ltd.*)

THE WOOD MARKET, MARAK'SH (MOROCCO CITY) . . 118

THE RUG AND CARPET MARKET, MARAK'SH (MOROCCO CITY) 118

PLACE DJEMMA-EL-FUA IN MARAK'SH (MOROCCO CITY) . 124

GENERAL VIEW OF RABAT 132

THE TOWER OF HASSAN, RABAT 142

SALÉ ACROSS THE ESTUARY OF THE BOU REGRY, RABAT . 142

INTERIOR OF THE MADRASEH AT SALÉ 150

FACING PAGE

MIDDLE ATLAS, AUI-LEUH 174

VOLUBILIS 174

A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE OLD PORTUGUESE BRIDGE, MEKNES 178

BAB BERDAIN (THE BERDAIN GATE), MEKNES . . . 178

THE "TRONC" OF MOULAY IDRISS, FEZ 188

ONE OF THE CITY GATES, FEZ 188

A FOUNTAIN IN A PRIVATE HOUSE, FEZ 192

THE NEDJARINE FOUNTAIN, FEZ 192

THE COVERED MARKET, FEZ 196

RUE DES HORLOGES, FEZ 196

MOORISH LADIES MAKING MINT TEA 204

A POTTER BEFORE HIS HOME 204

All the illustrations are, except where otherwise mentioned, from photographs by the Exclusive News Agency.

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

To strangers and wayfarers be kind.

Koran

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
> Of that which once was great is passed away.
>
> WORDSWORTH[1]

IMMENSE and overpowering as is the fascination of Egypt, it pales before that of Morocco. For in Morocco things are to-day exactly as they were thousands of years ago. Her wonderful old cities are just as they were centuries since—the same buildings still existing, the people following the same laws and customs, dressing in the same fashion, eating the same foods. And instead of only dead bones and excavated beauties, here in this corner of North Africa are the living descendants of the very pirates who devastated the coasts of Europe ages ago; and the actual, living, smiling, intriguing loveliness of the women they carried off from Spain and Portugal, France, Italy, and Greece, is here still—in the grandchildren of their great-grandchildren.

Morocco is so easily within reach of the traveller that none need deny themselves the joy of its acquaintance. The present state of the country makes it seem incredible that only a few years ago it was unsafe to travel in it without a strong escort: unsafe, even, in most parts, to venture outside the house after dark. All that is over now: excepting in the interior where guerilla warfare persists both in French and Spanish zones, even women can go about by themselves with as much confidence as in their own countries. Perhaps even more so, if the absence of police is to be regarded as a criterion of security. That

[1] *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*

the French under Marshal Lyautey worked a miracle in Morocco is recognized by everyone who knows what it was like only twelve years ago. Now there are ports, created under surpassing difficulties; there are fine new towns, both on the coast and inland, fully equipped with all the latest improvements, and with splendid buildings, excellent schools, scientifically arranged hospitals, good hotels, roomy public offices—in fact, everything that would be creditable in any European city, and would put many to shame; there are splendid roads, second to none in the world; and railways are fast approaching completion that will link up not only Morocco's own cities, but Algeria and Tunis; perhaps even Timbuctoo. Yet, during part of those twelve years, France was at war, compelled to put the whole of her strength and intelligence into the fight for life, and certainly with no money for colonization, and the opening up of another country. But she made the German prisoners work on the roads; and she made soldiers of her adopted children—soldiers, and artisans, and munition workers of the finest quality; and almost every penny of the three million pounds sterling that those men of Morocco earned in France came back to be spent in their own land—indirectly on its development.

So, to-day, this beautiful country is a fresh field for the holiday-maker, the health-seeker, the student, and the enterprising who want new outlets for their energy and capital. They all go there in thousands; many remain; and the new French towns are growing by leaps and bounds.

And the wayfarer who would see Morocco before European ways and inventions have transformed it utterly, ousted completely its old-world air, must go soon. For already the unsophisticated native is fast becoming a shade of the past; and though Marshal Lyautey did all that mortal could to retain the old while initiating the new, it is not possible to flood a country and a people with the luxuries and ideas of modern civilization and keep it unchanged.

The Arabs appreciate our inventions and make as free use of them as their means permit; they enjoy our amusements, and take full advantage of the schools, as of the roads, railways, shipping, and post. Is it likely that they will remain for very long content with simple things—old-fashioned dress, habits, food?

So those who wish to see old Morocco must lose no time. The Arab towns with their wonderful mosques and fountains will not disappear in a moment; but day by day the old ways and customs are giving place to new, and, as progress makes giant strides in these electric times—and far faster in countries new to it than in the old where opposition greets it at every step—it will not take as long to submerge the ancient cities of this old world as it did to smother those of Europe in ages past.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO GET TO MOROCCO

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. . . .

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V*

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land-travel or sea-faring,
Boots and chest or staff and scrip.
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town?

BROWNING

FROM England all the Eastward-bound boats call at Gibraltar; and there is wide choice—from the *Union-Castle* Line *en route* for East Africa, with the *P. & O.*, *B.I.*, the *Orient*, etc., etc., down to the passenger-carrying but humbler cargo-boats making their way to Australia and India.

From India, Africa, and anywhere east of Suez there are all the ships that call at Genoa, Naples, Marseilles—whence it is easy to cross to Tunis or Algiers, and continue down the coast by the *Bland* Line of Gibraltar. Or to carry on direct as far as Gibraltar, and tranship there for the two-hour run across the Straits to Tangier.

Then there are countless Continental lines of steamships from all the European boats—Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The *Compagnie Générale Trans-atlantique* has made a very special study of tours in French Morocco, and nurses it by its own magnificent fleet from various ports to Casablanca.

But the best and shortest route from England is by the *Rotterdam Lloyd* Line from Southampton to Tangier. These big Dutch boats are delightfully comfortable, and

are never crowded on that stage of their journey, for the majority of their passengers join them at Marseilles, for the East Indies. They have luxurious cabin accommodation and a *cuisine* second to none afloat, with silent little Malayan stewards who supply every want at table, actually before it is felt. The ships are broad-beamed, beautifully steady, with ample saloons for sitting in, and wide decks; and the voyage is over almost before there has been time to make acquaintances among the passengers. In bad weather it soon becomes evident that the Dutch have lost none of their old handiness at sea; they often have occasion to show it at Tangiers; and when others keep outside the harbour in tempestuous moments they go stolidly in—often to take off people who have waited in vain for their own transports to take them on to Marseilles.

The *Rotterdam Lloyd Company* offer a most advantageous return ticket with alternative routes. By taking a return to Marseilles—which costs £24 15s., only £3 15s. more than to Tangier—the passenger can either go back to England as he came, or by train, first class. Or he can go on from Marseilles to Genoa, cross to Algiers by the sister-line, the *Nederland*, and go from there to Amsterdam direct, where he will be provided with a ticket to London via Flushing or the Hook of Holland. And as the ticket is good for a year, or can be used at any time during that period, it allows time for plenty of variety. For instance, one can spend some of the time in Morocco; go on by another boat of the *Rotterdam Lloyd* from Tangier to Marseilles; thence by train to Genoa—again breaking the journey *en route* if desired—from there to Tunis or Algiers, for a few weeks in Tunisia and Algeria; and thence back by the *Nederland* Line (by which the crossing from Europe has been made) to Amsterdam. Thus the whole of French Africa, with all the Mediterranean coasts of France and Italy, can be visited with the one steamer fare.

As the *Bland* Line serves the whole coast it is most useful for wayfarers who start their Moroccan travelling at Gibraltar or Tangier. Here, again, it is possible to

obtain a round ticket with facilities for breaking the voyage and continuing by another boat. Tangier to Casablanca and Mazagan; up again to Tangier; on to Gibraltar, Melilla, Oran, Algiers; across to the Spanish coast at Alicante; and back. There is a bi-weekly service, and if time is too limited to go inland it is possible by aid of these ships to visit most of the North African ports. A stay of from half a day to two is made at the various places, and it is always possible to follow on by the next boat if more time is desired in any one place. The boats spend a night at Gibraltar, and often get in early enough to give passengers a long afternoon, night, and next morning ashore; or they can break the journey there for a tour in Spain from Algeciras, and take the following boat on, either to Tangier or Algiers, for rejoining their Dutch liner.

Morocco deserves at least a six months' visit; its towns are all so alluring, and each so different from the rest. But where time is limited the following gives an idea of the travelling in a lightning visit of three or four weeks.

Tangier to Casablanca by the *Bland* Line .....One night

Casablanca to Rabat.....About two hours
About 57 miles, by motor-coach, limousine, or small car, two services daily

Rabat to Fez; via Meknes .....About seven hours
About 170 miles, by motor-coach, limousine, or small car, daily service

Casablanca to Marak'sh.....About five hours
By motor-coach, limousine, or small car, daily service

Though but few of the hurried travellers trouble to visit the other towns of Morocco, some of them are very well worth a call; and all those mentioned deserve a stay of several days at least. Details are given in a later chapter.

Another method of getting to Morocco is by air. The splendid achievement of Sir Alan Cobham, who flew from London to Tangier in twelve hours with only one stop—at Madrid—brings the time very near when it will be as ordinary to fly to Morocco as to Paris.[1] French aviators often fly from Marseilles to Algiers in one day; and so long ago as 1920 two, named Roget and Colis, did a double flight in one day, from Marseilles to Algiers, and from Algiers to Barcelona. There is a regular air service between France and Larache, via Tangier.

[1] London to Tangier is a distance of 1,250 miles. Returning next day, Sir Alan refilled at Malaga, flew round the east coast of Spain, spent the night at Toulouse, and reached London next day. Thus the return journey, over 2,500 miles, was made in fifty-four hours, including halts and sleeping—less than thirty-five flying hours.

CHAPTER III

THE PEOPLE OF MOROCCO

Moses and Mohammad were not men of speculation, but of action; and it is the stress they laid upon the latter that has given them the power they wield over the destinies of mankind.

TO enjoy Morocco to the full it is essential for the wayfarer to know something more about the Arabs and their faith than the mere fact that they are Mohammedan Moors. The country is vastly more interesting to the visitor who knows a little of its history, and is able to study the various types in the knowledge that all are not of the same standing, nor even of the same race, colour, or tongue.

It is surprising how many tourists sum up all the Moors as more or less uncomplimentarily adjectived Arabs; when they do not expect to find them rich—or perhaps only romantic—Sheiks. Thousands who go there know no more about the country than the simple dame who, after lunching at an hotel in Casablanca, hailed an Arab driver lounging on the box of his antiquated victoria —drawn by a veritable Rosinante—and, getting in, told him nonchalantly to: "Drive me to the Desert!"

* * * * *

Even a very little first-hand personal experience of the Moors speedily knocks all preconceived notions of them out of the head. The passing tourist has little or no opportunity of making acquaintance with any but the porter and the pedlar class. The shop-owners present only the one aspect of themselves to the uninitiated stranger. But it is impossible to watch them in the markets, or bargain with them in their booths, without realizing that immensely interesting studies lie behind these apparently apathetic presentations.

You may think them greedy, cruel, dirty, miserable, uncivilized, ignorant, degraded, simple . . . they are not one whit more so, as a whole or in part, than Europeans; and in very many ways are infinitely superior. Their religion is very much more actual and real to them than Christianity is to the great majority of us; it permeates all they say and do. The good Mohammedan is the equal in every way of the good Christian and the good Jew: the three religions have much in common: the great difference between their respective followers is that all Mohammedans universally obey at least the initial behests of their Prophet, while a very large number of "Christians" and Jews do not know even the rudiments of their creeds.

However humble and otherwise ignorant a Mohammedan may be, he knows his Koran. The tiniest children are taught to lisp its verses as soon as they can speak: they all go to school to learn that, if nothing else: its precepts are engraved on doors and walls, in private houses and public buildings, on personal ornaments and clothing. No one rounds up Mohammedans to make them go to church: there is no one to watch the prescribed carrying out of ablutions before they can enter a mosque or pray: but these duties are as devoutly performed as if the very winds carried tales. And when, five times a day, the Muezzin sends forth from the minarets his melodious and inspiring call:

La Allah il Allah, Mohammad Resoul Allah
(There is no God but God, and Mohammad is His Prophet),

the response is as universal as it is prompt.

. . . . .

The many wayfarers who have had time to study the history of Mohammad and his followers will certainly pardon, for the sake of the multitude who have not, a brief sketch of the Prophet's life and aims, and their results. For to wander in Morocco knowing nothing of the Moors but their modern conditions and manners is like travelling

in a mist. The significance of towns and villages, mosques and palaces, veiled women and men in robes: of blind, scarred, maimed beggars, and escorted Sheiks: of crowded market-places and desolate tombs . . . herein lies the glamour, not in the mere glimpses of them without interpretation.

. . . . .

For understanding of the Moors as they are to-day, good books for the voyage are:

Mogreb-el-Acksa, Cunninghame Graham.
Tafilet, W. B. Harris.
The Land of an African Sultan, W. B. Harris.
Old Morocco, C. E. Andrews.
Imshi, John Prioleau. G. Bles. (Especially useful to those taking their own cars with them.)
The Mirror of Kainza, Captain Vattier. Translated by A. Lowth. (For stories of the Moors, men and women.)

and, for geographical and general details and official information,

Hachette's *Guide Bleu*.

CHAPTER IV

MOHAMMAD, THE PROPHET

The Chaldeans were philosophers of Babylon, who made it their profession to show the motions of the Stars, the vicissitudes of the Seasons, and foretell things to come; they held the world Eternal, without Beginning or End; and bragged that their Ancestors, for 43,000 years, had applied themselves to this Starry Science, and that the Children had it by Tradition from their Parents. . . . The Chaldeans and the Magi were not the same; the Magi were Priests, Intrepreters of Dreams, and Babylonian Poets; the Chaldeans applied themselves only to Astrology.

Hist. Phil. Oriental

WHEN the first Crusaders so valiantly set forth in 1095 to fight the "Infidels," not one in a thousand understood anything at all about the rights and wrongs of the dispute,—even if they realized to any degree the grievances or the aims of the Greek Emperor and his High Priest of Jerusalem, who had solicited their aid. But from that day to this the appellation, *Infidel*, has been applied by both sides to each other.

Mohammad first saw the light on May 5, A.D. 570.[1] The wonderful story of his life has been told by many students of Arabic history. But many foolish legends, and many cruel calumnies, have crept in to discredit the amazing truth. Nothing, however, can alter the fact that it was he who abolished paganism where, for close upon six hundred years, the preachers of Christianity had made not

[1] Mohammad's chronology dates back to Ishmael, but is given in detail only to Adnan, one of the two chiefs first mentioned in Arabian history:

Mohammad ben Abdullah; ben Abdelmotaleb; ben Hasan; ben Abdemena; ben Morra; ben Caab; ben Lova; ben Taleb; ben Fehr; ben Malic; ben Almadha; ben Kenanah; ben Hozaimah; ben Modreca; ben Alyas; ben Modhar; ben Nazar; ben Naad; ben Adnan.

the slightest impression. And no other religion in the history of the world has ever flourished and survived as the one he evolved from his own reading of the Ancient Laws. It would undoubtedly be even more flourishing than it is now had he gone on as he began, with peaceful propagation: and had his disciples and followers adhered strictly to his tenets and commands. But that, despite all drawbacks, Mohammad has to-day 300,000,000 disciples scattered all over the world—who respect his precepts and carry out his commands with fervent fidelity—is surely the best proof of his sincerity and power.

With Mohammad, as with all leaders, it has been the inability of his shepherds to remain loyal, and their lack of faith in carrying out rules above their understanding, that—even while crowning the walls built by their own hands—has sapped the foundations laid by the Master.

Mohammad was, is, and always will be, one of the most remarkable and most truly heroic of men. An aristocrat by birth, he was orphaned at a very early age; his father died before he was born, his mother when he was only seven years old. But though noble, his family was poor; and the little Mohammad earned his bread even as a child, by tending the flocks of his uncle, Abu Talib, who brought him up.

From his earliest days he preferred solitude to the company of his contemporaries. The habit grew with him. Yet he was popular, for, besides being very generous and tolerant, he was so absolutely truthful and loyal that he became known as *El Amin*—the Reliable. A favourite for all his aloofness, his tact, added to very good looks, fastidious honesty, frankness, and a winning manner, made him remarkably successful on his trading expeditions. This led to his being entrusted with the caravans of the wealthy Khadidjah bint Khualid, widow of his first employer. The result of his premier essay as her agent so pleased her that she resolved to entrust him with herself as well as her wealth. And although Khadidjah was thirty-nine, and Mohammad only twenty-five, the marriage was ideally

happy. They had seven children: three sons—who died in infancy—and four daughters.

Mohammad never gave a thought to another woman while Khadidjah lived. She encouraged, and openly testified to, her faith in him, all through the years of bitter persecution to which he was subjected directly he proclaimed himself openly in opposition to the idolaters. But this was not until they had been married for sixteen years. During all that time he had never mixed in public affairs excepting on one occasion, when he had prevented fresh feuds among the tribes, and averted bloodshed by a tactful invitation that united all their representatives at the replacing of the Holy Stone at the rebuilding of the Kasbah.

He had been urged constantly by his fellow-citizens to accept a post of honour. But Mohammad preferred independence. He hated the dissolute ways of the people. Proud, courageous, generous, hospitable, and poetic as were the Arabs—even of that day—in many ways they were little above savages. They drank far too much; gambled incessantly; had very lax morals; and were engulfed in a sea of superstition: worshipping, besides the planets, numberless gods of wood and stone. In addition, every hearth had its own idol. To make matters worse, there was incessant fighting among the tribes, and vindictive vendettas between families, so that progress was impossible.

Mohammad, who loved quiet and meditation, and who clung to the monotheistic religion of his forefathers, used to go away periodically into the hills, taking with him just enough food to keep him alive. There, for weeks at a time, he gave himself up to contemplation and communion with Nature.

The Syrian monks, who had hailed him on his first caravan journey as the long-looked-for Prophet, had taught him the Christian creed, so that he had plenty of food for thought in his lonely musings on the mountain. The law of his fathers was the law of Abraham and Moses —the Jewish creed that God is Incorporeal, Eternal, and

Alone to be worshipped. But the Jews had rejected the Messiah promised them; and the Christians, in the six hundred years that had elapsed since His crucifixion, had done very little to prove their beliefs. Idolatry still flourished. Transgression in high places, and the oppression of the lowly, those sins most condemned by Christ, were in no whit lessened.

Perhaps it seemed to Mohammad that the warnings of Micah, uttered eight hundred years before the coming of Christ, were about to be fulfilled. If the Christians represented *Her that Halted*, the sun-worshipping Arabs might be the *Cast-off* who were to *become a strong nation*, and himself, the *brass hoofs of the daughter of Zion* who was to *beat in pieces many people, and consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole Earth.*[1]

Christ had done only good on earth; He had been despitefully used. For six hundred years the descendants of His disciples had been quarrelling among themselves over His teaching. His gentle Law of Love was never obeyed excepting at cost of martydom. His coming seemed to have been of no more avail than that terrible and awful coming of the Chaldeans in ages past—that *hasty and bitter nation*, who had *marched through the breadth of the land to possess the dwelling-places that were not theirs*[2]—and yet had vanished as completely as if they had never been.

What could be the meaning of it all? Was there, indeed, Another coming, sent by the Lord to show Man what was good, and that nothing was required of him but to *Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God*? [3]

. . . . .

Mohammad was forty years of age when first the idea that he himself might be the Chosen One was suggested to him by Khadidjah. During one of his periodical retirements at the grotto of Hira he had a vision which so terrified him that he hastened home to tell his wife he believed he had had a warning of his approaching death.

[1] Micah iv. 6–13. [2] Habakkuk i. 6. [3] Micah vi. 8.

"That cannot be," replied Khadidjah. "Surely Allah thought not harm to thee; for thou art kind to thy family, merciful to the weak, and helpful towards victims of injustice. There is no doubt that it was a sign that thou wilt be the Prophet of thy nation."

And, after comforting her husband, and wrapping him up against the chill that his supernatural vision seemed to have caused, Khadidjah ran to the house of her cousin, Maragah—a Christian convert who, like the Syrian monks, lived in the hope and belief of the advent of a Prophet to be born in Arabia.

Maragah, overjoyed, confirmed Khadidjah's reading of the vision. Later, when he heard from Mohammad's own lips an account of what had happened, he said:

"I wish I might still be in the land of the living when thy fellow-men send thee into exile."

"How!" exclaimed Mohammad. "Am I to be banished?"

"Assuredly," replied Maragah. "For never hath mortal man brought that which thou bringest without falling a victim to dastardly persecution. . . ."

Khadidjah was her husband's first convert. Then came the little ten-year-old Ali, whom he had adopted, the son of his uncle and second father, Abu Talib. When Ali asked for an explanation of the rites that Khadidjah and Mohammad had been performing, Mohammad replied:

"We were making the prayers of the pure religion Allah hath just chosen for Himself, and for which He hath chosen me as Prophet."

And he made Ali repeat after him:

He is one Allah: Allah the Everlasting. He begetteth not, and is not begotten, and there is none like Him. He is Allah, beside whom there is no God. He knoweth the visible and the invisible. He is the Compassionate, the All-Merciful, and when He decreeth a thing, He only saith to it, Be, and it is. There is no Allah but He, the Living and the Self-Subsisting. Neither Slumber seizeth Him, nor Sleep. No Vision taketh in Him, but He taketh in all Vision, and He is the Subtile, the All-Informed. It is He who causeth to laugh and to weep. He

causeth to die and maketh alive. He bringeth forth the living out of the dead, and the dead out of the living. He quickeneth the earth after its death—thus it is that ye, too, shall be brought forth. The East and the West is Allah's, therefore whichever way ye turn there is the face of Allah. Truly Allah is Omnipresent and Omniscient. This is Allah, your Lord. All power is His, but Gods whom ye call on beside Him have no power, even over the husk of a date-stone.[1]

This was the Creed of Mohammad, the uneducated Arab who had spent his boyhood tending sheep, his young manhood about the ordinary business of life, save for those retreats into the desert hills. But his musings had borne good fruit. Forces had been accumulating within him which were now to reveal themselves with amazing results to the world.

. . . . . .

Abu Bekr,[2] a wealthy, cultivated, and very handsome man, was one of the first influential men of Mecca[3] to become a convert.

His conversation inspired others with confidence, and Mohammad's creed, so simple, yet so majestic, was so satisfying to the human desire for something above themselves, something to worship, that many began to look with distaste, even horror, on their idols. The new religion was, in fact, simply that of their ancestors; being thus inherent, it was not difficult for them to understand. But, above all, it was Mohammad's personal magnetism that won their adherence. . . .

Nevertheless progress was slow: fear of the idolaters held back even Mohammad himself, that hater of violence

[1] *Life of Mohammad,* E. Dinet and Sliman ben Ibrahim. *Librairie du Palais Royale.*

[2] In later years Abu Bekr was the father of Ayesha, who became Mohammad's wife. On the Prophet's death, he succeeded him as Head of the Sect.

[3] Mecca: "A city in the district of Hegiaz, celebrated for its ancient temple Alharem, whose origin is attributed to Ishmael. It was dedicated: 'To the True God,' and frequented from the most remote times by all the peoples and nations of the East." Condé's *History of the Arabs in Spain.*

and tumult, who shrank from the idea of inviting argument and discord to the disturbance of his harmony.

. . . . .

After quiet, almost clandestine, propagation of his gospel had been going on for about three years, Mohammad had another vision. It seemed to him a decided order to proclaim the doctrine of the One God. And, to initiate it, he invited forty of his own relatives to a meal.

This proved to be the occasion for one of those legendary miracles whose invention by foolish, though well-intentioned, admirers has done so much to cast ridicule on his name.[1] All he had prepared, say they, was "a little leg of lamb, some hot corn, and a jug of milk. Yet everyone ate their fill, and one of his uncles made this the excuse to ask what strange spell their host had cast over them. This so frightened the other guests that they all hastened away before Mohammad had an opportunity of introducing his subject."

When at last he announced his beliefs his relatives jeered at him, and were angry because they feared that his "eccentricities" would bring them into disrepute with the tribe.

So, for a time, the faithful, to avoid dispute, held their meetings, and performed their ritual, secretly in a neighbouring ravine. They were followed, stones were thrown, bad names called after them; and so began a long and bitter struggle, with much bloodshed.

The idolaters hated Mohammad because the idols he denounced were a source of revenue; the Jews because, though a Prophet, he was not of their race; also because he had healed the quarrels among the tribes that had been so profitable to themselves.

[1] Actually Mohammad never performed, nor pretended to perform, a single miracle. And thereby he did what Ernest Renan, in speaking of Christ, called the greatest of all: "The greatest Miracle would have been if he—Jesus Christ—had wrought not any. Never would the laws of liberty, of popular psychology, have been more violently infringed."

Yet, despite all opposition, all persecution, the movement went on. Resurrection of the ancient religion had taken place, and nothing could stop its growth. Revelation after revelation came to Mohammad; unhappily he began to believe in the doctrine of force: but his following increased by leaps and bounds: and before he died the whole of Arabia was Moslem. Once antagonistic tribes were united, and become a brotherhood whose poetical and religious souls were capable of any heroism. Attack on the Roman Empire had been commenced. And in less than a century after their leader's death Mohammedans had made themselves the masters of the greater part of the old civilized world from Arabia to India and Andalusia.

. . . . .

Nothing but good to his fellow-man was preached by Mohammad. He did not try to found a new religion, but to bring people back to the old one. Unfortunately, after a time he became convinced that it was necessary to make war against "unbelievers." Of course, it was just there that his cause failed. Victory remained with his people long after example was abandoned for force, but the seed of disruption was sown in the very first fight he won. Ambition to be Chief: Jealousy of Place and Power: Greed of Appreciation: all the destructive offspring of violence came to life in that hour; and in the years to come they brought calamity, even in the life-time of Mohammad. Eventually they destroyed much of the good he wrought.

. . . . .

But since even the Divine Teacher could not accomplish His object it is not surprising that Mohammad's achievement fell far short of his aspirations. He did more than any one man has done, before or since. He united the hostile tribes. He abolished idolatry, and instigated the sole sovereignty of God, with a ritual that has been religiously followed, with scarcely any variation, for over thirteen centuries, and in every part of the globe. He protected and raised women from a condition of slavery. He forbade usury and

the use of intoxicants, and was implicitly obeyed at a time when gambling and hard drinking were universal customs. He encouraged learning, saying: "Go seek for Science everywhere, even in far China. The benefits of Science are superior to those of Devotion. On the Day of Resurrection the ink used by learned men and the blood poured out by martyrs will be measured; neither shall be preferred."

Consequently the Arabs made astonishing progress. The study of mathematics increased greatly.[1] And the invention of algebra has been ascribed to them, with the first application of algebra to geometry. Astronomy, always a favourite study, now made great strides, and many new discoveries resulted. In geography, the sources of the Nile are shown in an Arab map dated 1160. They were the inventors of paper made from rags; of alcohol, sulphuric acid, etc. They found out new ways of extracting metals; were very ingenious in the creation of engines and other mechanical apparatus; and were the first to use a compass in navigation. They invented firearms; used artillery in 1105, and cannon in 1273.[2] Mechanical clocks, too, are ascribed to them: and in medical science they excelled—first following the Greeks, but soon advancing far beyond anything hitherto known. Many of the remedies and medicines still in use to-day are due to their genius.

[1] It was Mohammad who fixed the duration of the year at twelve Calendar Months.

[2] Lords Derby and Salisbury, who were present at the siege of Algeciras when it was defended by the Arabs with gunpowder, took the discovery home, and it was used four years later, 1346, at the Battle of Crécy.

CHAPTER V

MOHAMMAD, THE MAN

A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! . . . A great man . . . is what we call an original man . . . a messenger . . . sent from the Infinite Unknown. . . . We may call him Poet, Prophet, God . . . the inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding. . . .

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Mahomet* in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*

MOHAMMAD taught his people to be tolerant always, but especially in questions of religion. "Let there be no compulsion in religion," he commanded, and even his most intolerant successors ruled that so long as the Arabic Civil laws were observed, no captives or conquered peoples were to be compelled to embrace Islamism. In war, the troops were exhorted to: "Be ever in fear of Allah. Fight in His name, and kill His foes . . . but leave in peace such men as dwell in seclusion or monasteries; and spare women, children, and the blind. Destroy no monuments; cut down no trees."

One of the new interests he initiated among his people was the breeding of horses. A share of all booty taken in war—land, money, captives—was apportioned to every man who had taken part, but two shares were allotted to every charger, with supplementary gifts to the owners of exceptionally fine specimens. To encourage them further he instituted horse racing—thus we owe to Mohammad the pure-blooded Arab horses celebrated throughout the world.

. . . . . .

In person Mohammad was remarkably handsome. He took great care of his appearance, saying that: "By attending to our exterior we please Him whose servants we are." He had a large head, with luxuriant wavy hair which he

dyed when it began to lose colour: large, long-lashed, black eyes, which he brightened by darkening his eyelids with Kohl; snowy teeth, rather apart; a clear complexion, and a thick beard. He had a vein in his forehead which swelled up when he was angry—an inherited trait. He was very fond of delicate perfumes, and said that indulgence in this respect was pardonable, for: "honour was better protected by a sweet scent than by a naked sword." He insisted upon constant ablution and almost meticulous cleanliness, even when in the desert—where he decreed that in the absence of water, sand should be used for purifying purposes. He was of middle height, and sturdy figure. He walked slowly, but with so light and springy a step that his feet left no mark on the ground. His voice was melodious and very expressive. He had an even disposition, but could be roused to flaming wrath, especially by injustice: one of his favourite sayings was: "Though with ungodliness an Empire may last, it never will with injustice."

He was blessed with extraordinary tact, a keen sense of humour, and an amazing psychological insight which enabled him to foresee and counter many difficulties before they arose. He was very modest; consequently he always asked, and listened to, the advice of friends and experts; and as to his own utterances and the inspirations of the Koran, he took not the slightest credit to himself for them, but was absolutely convinced of their Divine origin.

"And how else, indeed," argue Arab students, "account for the exquisite rhythm and harmony, the knowledge and deep philosophy of the verses and revelations, except as directly inspired from on High?"

He had a difficult task in so completely revolutionizing the entire outlook of the Arabs as to induce them to accept justice and order in place of the law of violence; and absolute sobriety, even total abstinence, where licence and intoxication had reigned. Sometimes he was obliged to resort to strangely fanciful stories to impress his hearers : sometimes he appealed to their superstitious instincts; but he gave personal bias to his teaching only when he felt that it

was necessary for the limited intelligence of the majority. He was thoroughly alive to the weaknesses of human nature, and being whole-heartedly devoted to his cause, he left nothing undone that might assist it. So, to impress the people with his own belief in Divine inspiration, he trained a dove to sit on his shoulders : this, he said, was an incarnation of the Angel Gabriel, who whispered in his ear commands from the Almighty.

To induce them to pray often, he told them a wonderful story indicating that while Allah desired almost the whole of man's time to be spent in prayer, he, by his representations, had obtained a reduction of the daily number of times this ceremony was to be performed. He added:

Allah has sent prayer to His servants as one of His most salutary favours. Five times daily Devotion brings absolute rest to Believers; complete interruption of the feelings stirring them, whether excess of joy, leading to ruin in the aberrations of debauchery; or to excess of sadness, causing them to perish in the madness of despair. Five times daily Prayer obliges them, by its accompanying ablutions, to call to mind the cleanliness of the body at the same time as the purity of the soul. . . .

The Mohammedan prayer is not a whining appeal for help, nor a servile declaration of inferiority, but the simple and beautiful glorification of God, and the inspiring, heartening assurance of His power and omniscience. For more than thirteen centuries all Moslems, from Atlantic's African shore to the Chinese coastline of the Pacific, more than two hundred million worshippers, turn, five times daily, in the direction of the holy Kasbah of Mecca, to prostrate themselves, and pray;[1] wherever they may be, whatever doing, they stop short in work or play, or interrupt the trend of their thoughts, to glorify their Maker, as from the minarets rings out the cry:

Allah il Allah! There is no God but Allah! And Mohammad is His Prophet. Come and Pray. Come to Salvation!

[1] *Life of Mohammad*, Dinet and Sliman ben Ibrahim. *Librairie du Palais Royal.*

Next the question arose as to how the Believers were to be reminded of the hour of prayer. For Mohammad taught that prayer in common is best, believing that the fervour of each Believer communicates with the soul of his neighbour. "It is worth twenty-seven times more than isolated prayer," said the Prophet.

Some of the disciples proposed, as a summons, the lighting of a beacon; others the blowing of a horn; others bell-ringing. All were rejected because borrowed: one from the Persians, another from the Jews, the third from the Christians. Solution of the problem came from Mohammad's adopted son, Seyd. He dreamed that he saw a man carrying a handbell, and that he asked for it to summon the Believers to prayer. Whereupon the man replied: "A far better way would be to proclaim Islam with all the strength of thy lungs."

Mohammad instantly adopted the idea, recognizing that the human voice, resonant and expressive, can communicate emotion far better than any metal instrument. He sent for a freed negro, one Bilal, who had a powerful and harmonious voice, and from that time:

"Like exquisite perfume wafted from a priceless flask," the eternal call, five times every day, "causes every citizen to inhale with delight the refreshing scent of prayer."[1]

. . . . .

Exquisitely clean in his person, invariably moderate in his food, Mohammad was almost ascetic in his habits. Often he lived for months at a time on dates and water. Usually he slept on a rough mat, with a pillow of palm fibre. He did not disdain manual labour, but worked very hard. He milked his own ewes, fed and groomed his camels, cobbled his own shoes, mended his clothes, pitched his tent, carried his purchases home from market,—and disapproved, very highly, of people who bought much, but let their servants carry home the loads.

. . . . .

[1] *Life of Mohammad*, Dinet and Sliman ben Ibrahim.

After Khadidjah's death he was besieged with offers of marriage, every tribe desiring the honour of alliance with the chief. The first wife he took was Umm-i-Halibah, daughter of Abu Sofian—his uncle and for a long while his bitter enemy, but, years afterwards, his fifth successor. She was the widow of one of Mohammad's earliest converts, and had emigrated with her husband to Abyssinia to avoid persecution. There her husband became a convert to Christianity, but Umm-i-Halibah remained a Muslemah. On hearing of her widowhood Mohammad, to reward her fidelity—also, no doubt, hoping to disarm Abu Sofian by the compliment—sent to the Negus of Abyssinia asking that she should be married to him by proxy and sent back with the other emigrants. About the same time he married the little seven-year-old Ayesha, the daughter of the powerful Abu Bekr, his early friend.[1]

After this he was obliged to make many marriages of policy, such as that with Manniah, sister-in-law of his uncle Abbas. She was miserably poor, and fifty years of age, but he knew that the union would bring many notable recruits to Islam. Zainab, a member of a hostile tribe, and a captive whose husband had been killed by the Mohammedans in battle, was another of these wives of policy. In her case it was said: "Few women ever brought such a blessing to their tribe as this one, because the Faithful returned all the booty on hearing of the marriage, saying that it obliged them to look on the tribe of Banu Mustabq as allies."

But to account for these digressions from his own decree of four wives only to each Believer, Mohammad had to announce a special "Revelation," excluding himself from all rules in such matters!

The study of feminity afforded him by all these ladies is no doubt responsible for many of the Koran's verses regarding women. In one, for instance, he says: "O, assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments, for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of

[1] It was, of course, years before this marriage was consummated.

Resurrection." Naturally those who love to regard women as inferior to men interpret this to their discredit. Its real meaning and intention are rather that Mohammad—knowing the loyalty of women, and their forgetfulness of self in sticking to even the most cruel and erring of men, refusing salvation if it involves desertion of brothers, fathers, mothers, husbands, or sons—was simply counselling them for their protection in such event.

But there was an occasion when, to punish his wives for quarrelling over his attentions to Mary the Copt (the fair slave sent him as a gift from Egypt, and the mother of his son Ibrahim), he went right away from them all for a month. On his return, to frighten them from again indulging in such jealousies, he exhorted them by means of a fresh Revelation:

> If ye assist one another against the Prophet, then verily, as Allah is his Protector; and Gabriel: and every just man among the Faithful; and His angels are Helpers besides: haply if he put you both away, the Lord will give the Prophet in exchange other wives better than ye—Moslems, Believers, devout, penitent, worshippers, observant of fasting. . . .

When he died, and the waiting people heard the lamentations in Ayesha's house, where he had breathed his last, they refused to believe the sad truth, and cried:

"He is not dead! He hath been carried up to Heaven even as was Isa. (Jesus Christ.)"

At last Abu Bekr had to remind them of Mohammad's own words in the Koran:

> Mohammad is no more than an Apostle. Other Apostles have already passed away before him. If then he die, or be slain, will ye turn upon your heels? Thou truly art mortal, O Mohammad. . . .

Prophet, philosopher, monarch, theologian, legislator, and true benefactor of humanity, Mohammad passed away on June 8, A.D. 652. He was buried under the flooring of the room in which he died, in Ayesha's humble hut,

that his own hands had helped to build. Since then a mosque has been erected over the site; a very beautiful one, with four hundred marble pillars. Three thousand lamps are kept continually alight in it. The tomb itself stands within a small tower and is covered with a pall of Cloth of Silver under a canopy of Cloth of Gold, which is renewed every year by the Sultan of Turkey.

The prayer at his burial concluded:

> O Allah, we bear witness that he hath accomplished the Mission Thou didst entrust to him. O Allah, grant peace to those amongst us who follow faithfully the orders Thou didst reveal to him, and hasten to re-unite us with him. Amin.

And the people repeated "Amin. Amin."

CHAPTER VI

SOUTHAMPTON TO TANGIER

All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree;

. . . .

. . . there eternal summer dwells
And Western winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard, and cassia's balmy smells.

I

THE *Rotterdam Lloyd* liners sail from Southampton at noon every alternate Tuesday.[1] Very early on the following Saturday morning they anchor off Tangier. And to a speedy and most comfortable voyage may be added the pleasure of a veritable feast of good things. For the food provided by the *Rotterdam Lloyd Company* is remarkably excellent. Multiple choice of breads and cheeses, fruits and preserves, sausages and meats, egg-dishes and porridges—all for breakfast, the first of a succession of aldermanic meals. Nowhere in the world is to be had better coffee, more delicious bread, greater variety of dishes—nowhere greater temptation to gluttony, in short, than on a voyage in one of these ships. The marvel is that

[1] Wise travellers make their way to the port overnight, for the only morning train from London reaches Southampton so near to noon—and does not go to the docks—that it is only by dint of much hurrying that passengers can reach the wharf in time. With a lot of luggage it is well-nigh impossible. For it is only by luck that a taxi is to be found at Southampton West station, unless ordered expressly. But as there are plenty of good hotels in the town, even if it is not permitted to go on board overnight, all this worrying scramble necessitated by the present time-table of the Southern Railway can be avoided by going down on the eve of sailing.

the already portly Hollanders, and their portlier ladies, who embark at Rotterdam or Marseilles, are able to get into—or out of—their berths by the time they reach Java. Some say that the reason so many go overland to Marseilles is that they regard life in the Dutch East Indies as exile, and cling to the last moments in their native land. But it may be that they act upon an instinctive warning that a few days of comparative fasting will prove both salutary and satisfactory as an introduction to the weeks ahead of idleness and feasting!

Many passengers stay on board to enjoy one more gargantuan breakfast before landing at Tangier. But love of novelty is sometimes stronger than love of food. It is, too, wisest to go ashore in the Company's launch, especially for those with lots of luggage, instead of depending on the row-boats, whose owners surround the ship yelling for hirers.

The corsairs of Morocco have long since discovered that there are less dangerous, and far more certain, ways of obtaining all they want from Europeans than by making wild dashes across the sea, at imminent peril of their lives, in unwieldy boats. The most daring of them now put on badges, signifying that they are porters, or guides, or perambulating shopmen; and effect their object without danger or over-fatigue. At one time passengers had to land by riding Arab-back, and then they reaped even richer harvests than they do now that there is a proper landing stage. There is one sure way of avoiding these most persevering pirates altogether: leave everything but the barest necessities at home. There are plenty of good shops everywhere in Morocco for the instant supply of temporary needs.

Tangier from the sea is exquisite. The white houses cluster on the green hill-side, right down to the water's edge, as if the town were

> Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
> Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
> Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
> Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossess'd.[1]

[1] *Love in the Valley*, George Meredith.

A TYPICAL BLACKSMITH

A HAPPY WARRIOR

The sea, sparkling in the dazzling sunshine, with the town on one side and the cliffs on the other, looks like a great lake. The beautiful, slender minarets, rising above trees and buildings, appear tangible thanksgivings to Heaven for a lovely land. And round it all, enclosing sea and land in a jewelled frame, is the azure sky, most exquisitely, gloriously, tenderly blue. . . .

All English passengers make straight for the Hotel Cecil, down by the beach, beyond the esplanade. This very comfortable hotel is owned by Mr. Eugene Chappory, a Britisher born in Gibraltar who has spent most of his life in Morocco, and knew Tangier when it was a very small town indeed.

Mr. Chappory is a great collector of Moorish paintings. His sympathy with artists dates from the days when a colony of them lived—himself among them—literally a Bohemian life in Tangier, almost the only Europeans in the place. Consequently the white walls of his dining-room glow with gorgeous scenes of Arab life. Everywhere in the cool, spacious room there is profusion of flowers: and the picture is completed by the flowing and spotless native garb of the two *Hadjis*[1] who, with much dignity, and remarkable efficiency, wait on the guests.

The windows open on to a broad terrace shaded by tall palms, and overlooking road and sea: as the wayfarers breakfast they can watch their ship off-loading some of her cargo into a fleet of lighters; or setting forth upon the next stage of her journey.

II

There being no boat for Casablanca until the following Tuesday afternoon, there is ample time for exploration of this bit of International country. But three days and a half are not a moment too much, for this is the gateway, and the introduction, into all the wondrous old cities of the Land of the Setting Sun.

Standing on the terrace of the hotel and looking towards

[1] Arabs who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

the right-hand side of the coast stretching away to Gibraltar, it is of Hercules that one thinks. From there he set forth on his journey to Mount Atlas in his search for the golden apples of the Hesperides—said, by some, to be oranges, and not apples at all. . . . For all his trials on the journey, and his battle with the terrible dragon that protected the Garden, he gained nothing; for the fruit would not keep once it was away from its rightful owners, the daughters of Hesperus—brother of Atlas. So Minerva carried it back to Ægle, Arethusa, and Erythia; and Hercules went away to Spain, after he had formed the Straits of Gibraltar by dividing the mountain that stood between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The divided mountain looked like two great columns; and even to-day they are known as the Columns of Hercules.

. . . . .

The history of Tangier (Tandja, the "City protected by the Lord") extends so far into the mists of antiquity that it has never been satisfactorily written, though many have attempted it. To quote one old writer:[1] "Tangier, commonly called Tingis, is a city of the Province of Habata, in the Kingdom of Fez in Africk. . . ." This city was very considerable in former times, and had a University. The Goths took it from the Romans and joined it to the Government of Ceuta. Alphonsus of Portugal[2] made himself master of it in 1471. And in 1662 it was given, as a dowry, with the Princess of Braganza, daughter of Don John IV, King of Portugal, when she was married to Charles II, King of England. But the English Government thought it not worth the expense of keeping, and the forts were demolished in 1684–5.[3]

[1] *Relation of Africk*, Vanstel Villant.

[2] Alphonsus V, surnamed the African because he took Tangier, Alzili, Alcazar, and Sequor from the Moors. It was in his reign that Guinea was discovered, and gold "croissats" first coined, called after the Crusade granted by Nicholas V.

[3] The forts and Mole were destroyed by ships sent out from England under Lord Dartmouth for the purpose. The remains of

It is said that Antæus, a giant of Libya, son of Neptune and Terra, died at Tangier. "When tired he used to refresh himself by touching the earth. He wished to build to Neptune a temple of men's skulls, so he killed all he met to add their heads to his supply. Hercules went to fight him, but finding that Antæus was strengthened by his mother, the Earth, he lifted him up in the air in his arms, and squeezed him to death. Sertorius found the corpse at Tangier, and it was sixty cubits long."

III

To-day everything at Tangier is quintupled. There are English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Moorish (or Cheriffian) residencies, churches, schools, post offices, banks, and places of recreation. There is, for its size, the most cosmopolitan population, the most confusing mixture of languages, customs, conditions, and currency. The Government may be described as conglomerate, consisting, as it does, of all the ancient, time-worn fragments of bygone legislations, cemented together by custom, international jealousy, and dread of upsetting the existing order. All this makes for originality; which, aided by the all-pervading friendliness of everybody, results in producing a most seductive atmosphere.

As it is all up and down hill, and the roads are difficult to walk on, the best way to get about the town is on donkey-

them are still visible at low tide. No benefit had been derived by anyone through possession of the port, and to give it up meant a big difference to the expenses of Charles's depleted revenue, while the garrison would add to his army. But the anxiety of the French to see the demolition of the forts showed that *they* had no doubt as to its value. It was supposed that Louis XI actually found the cost of Lord Dartmouth's destructive errand.

The Portuguese Ambassador asked that Tangier should be returned to his master, undertaking that a large proportion, if not the whole, of its cost to England should be refunded; but Charles, doubting the King of Portugal's ability to maintain the place against the Moors even if he could find the money to redeem its cost, refused to consider the request.

back. For walking, good stout shoes with low heels are really imperative.

Tangier has a little of everything that everybody wants, and never enough for satiety. The weather is sufficiently fickle to give the charm of variety. It is never very cold, and never too hot. When it rains, it pours; but the steep roads soon dry, and while the showers continue they afford an opportunity for making up arrears of correspondence neglected while the sunshine lasts.

There is an English sports club. Here the ex-Sultan is often to be seen, in his Arab robes, playing golf with the English Resident—whose American wife, with her compatriot, the wife of the Italian Consul, is having tea in the club-house.[1]

Tangier has its opera house, several cinemas, and a casino. It has churches of all denominations; and schools of at least five nationalities. The French schools put all the rest in the shade, and are A1.

The college is named after the one-time French Minister at Tangier, Monsieur Regnault, who founded it in 1909.

The Spanish, run by Franciscan fathers, ranks next. The Italian is no better than our own—which is a disgrace, yet would not exist, even in its present humble condition, but for the exertions of a few residents.

The Moors, of course, have their own schools of various grades. They say that the Koran contains everything it is necessary to know; so "book-learning" for the people consists in getting by heart whole chapters of the Book of Books. But they are taught, at the same time, useful trades. One of the amusing sights in the Arab quarter is a collection of little folk squatting cross-legged on the floor of a bare room round a teacher—who has a long, but seldom used, switch at his side—and repeating after him in monotonous sing-song the sacred injunctions and maxims

[1] All the wives in the Diplomatic Service to-day appear to be American; they no doubt like the little brief authority—or is it their national facility in getting ahead that inspires, and obtains, the envied positions for their husbands?

of the Prophet. They may at the same time be stitching slippers, or weaving wool for *djellabas*; but the round shaven heads—with one lock left to pull them up into Paradise—are all devoutly bent in assiduous attention to their instructor.

For sportsmen there is excellent fishing, both fresh and sea-water. A little hunting can be had—though not so much of fox and jackal as of curio and bargain hunting in market and shops. French, English, Spanish, and Moorish shops abound, rubbing shoulders with each other in the streets, like the banks. With a little searching everything that is needed can be found, prices varying according to currency. English, American, Dutch, and Spanish are of course much more expensive than French and Italian goods owing to the exchange. Moorish things in Tangier are more costly than in French Morocco for the same reason.

IV

A big proportion of the people of Tangier come from Gibraltar. There is a large Spanish element as well, partly occasioned by the presence of the garrison at the Spanish fort. There are lots of Italians, too; and French, Greeks, Portuguese, Armenians, etc., etc., but at present only a sprinkling of Germans. A good many English have migrated there since the war; the climate is a great attraction; and living is cheap because there is no need to spend money on anything but actual necessaries. A run over to Gibraltar or Algeciras is always possible, thanks to the *Bland* Line with its bi-weekly service, when a change is desired.

The district, or suburb, known as the Hill, is practically all British. Some of its inhabitants are employed in Government service; some are in commerce; others are growing oranges; others simply vegetating in Tangier because the climate suits them. It is very pretty—a collection of charming villas with luxuriant semi-tropical gardens, linked by avenues of eucalyptus, pine, pepper, and palm trees.

The Spanish fort can be visited by permission of its Commander. This officer converts the unlettered, unskilled Arabs of the Spanish zone into disciplined, adroit and ingenious warriors, whose lealty and devotion to their foreign rulers will, of course, never permit them to transmit their knowledge to their kinsmen of the hills with a view to the undoing of hereditary foes! To keep them contented within the fort, a series of chess-boards, in tiles, have been let into the paving of the terrace-roof, where they lounge during leisure hours, playing their everlasting game.

Beyond the fort is a large open space on the top of the hill where the rich Jews congregate in spacious villas. Tangier, before the French occupied Morocco, was the only city where Jews were not allotted a separate quarter. Everywhere else they had to live in the *nullah* and submit to very severe laws. They were not allowed to ride anything but a mule, nor to till the ground, and they had to pay very heavy taxes. They could not wear light colours, and had to wear black caps and throw their cloaks over their right shoulders. But the Jewish women wore a most elaborate dress and much jewellery, with a crown or diadem of pearls and diamonds, and many bracelets and rings. Admiration for them, by the way, often influenced the Caids in favour of their menfolk.

The Pasteur Institute, the French General Hospital, and a British "North African Mission," that attends to both physical and spiritual needs to the extent of its rather limited powers, are all on the same plateau as Tangier's little Jerusalem.

The Spanish hospital, at the other end of the town, on the top of another hill, is a miracle of management. Incredible is the amount of work done by the eight Franciscan nuns who compose the entire staff. They do everything —nursing, cooking, housework, laundry, needlework; and in addition to the care of the wards—medical and surgical, for Moors and Spanish, for men and boys, women and girls and children—they run an institution for the supply of pure milk to nursing mothers and infants,

sterilizing and bottling the milk, and teaching the women how to nurse their infants properly. All the psalm-singing and telling of beads in the whole world could not approach the value of this example of true devotion and real Christianity.

. . . . .

Tangier owes a great debt of gratitude, that every visitor shares, to Mr. Chappory and his late father-in law, who, between them, are responsible for nearly all the trees in and around the town. When they first came there were none at all, and they planted them wherever there was a vacant space. Consequently an immense addition was made to the natural beauty of the place, and, incidentally, to its healthiness.

V

The Arab quarter, though right in the middle of the town, is quite distinct and very conservative. The best way to visit it is to enter by the old gate near the landing stage—the Bab-el-Massa—and go through, up the many steps of the steep street, to the *souk*, or market-place. Much of it dates back for hundreds of years, with exactly the same conditions prevailing now as then. Some of the Moors are very wealthy, but they make little show of their money in Tangier, and do nothing at all towards the improvement of the town.

The *souk* (open market), up at the top of the town, is the magnet for all visitors—and all have to pass through it on the way to the English church and the Residency. It is an irregular square on the top of the hill, and some of the buildings bordering it are as ancient as the rest are modern. The mosque, decorated with shining-green tiles, stands opposite a hideous European structure. Outside the venerable Bab-el-Souk—the gate that leads into the Arab quarter—may be grouped cars—from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce, from a little Citröen to a huge char-à-banc

—together with camels carrying great loads of fodder, or sacks of corn, or veiled women; with laden donkeys, water-carriers, Franciscan friars, Spanish soldiers, French and English sailors, the latest fashions from Paris and London, the careless garb of unmodish residents.

Outside the shops and churches sit the money-changers, their trays filled with a marvellous collection of coins and little scales for weighing them, calling out their offers as insistently and raucously as bookmakers at a race. All the way up the long, steep, narrow street from the sea-front to the *souk*, East and West is inextricably mingled. There is wide choice of restaurants, tea-rooms, and *cafés*. A strong scent of mint floats out from an Arab house; a window is full of French pastries; another of Spanish; on a pavement tables and chairs and white-aproned waiters invite the thirsty to liqueurs, frothing Bock, fragrant coffee.

"*Balak! Balak!*" yell the donkey boys—and everyone else who wants someone to get out of the way. And "toot-toot" squeak the considerate car-owners, while the aggressive ones delight in a warning whistle shrill enough to waken the dead; or a discordant blast, certainly akin to their own souls, that cause as many accidents (from shock) as they avert.

Hundreds of tiny booths, no bigger than a deep shop-window, accommodate their Moorish owners behind counters piled high with slippers, embroideries, scarves, laces, leather bags—fringed and stencilled—bottles of scent, beads, cushions, card-cases, *djellabas*—white or brown; veils, red Fez-caps, pottery, post cards, copper things, weapons with curiously inlaid handles, old pistols, knives—all the thousand and one things that are so tempting to look at, such a nuisance to own!

In the market itself there is incessant entertainment in addition to the snake-charmers, sword-swallowers, and story-tellers who collect crowds around them. The sellers of sweetmeats, fruits, vegetables, fish, dates, baskets, pottery, slippers, sabots, birds in cages, poultry, skins, eggs, arrange themselves in rows just as in every other

market. But other commodities are changing hands too—a child, perhaps; a bit of information that will alter or end a life; a marriage bargain. It is generally the old women who arrange these matters; they look just like witches, and probably have as much power as their progenitors of Endor. There are fortune-tellers, jugglers, acrobats, and most of these have travelled extensively, and speak half a dozen languages. Old and new, yesterday and to-morrow, are arm in arm everywhere in Tangier. Men from the desert in voluminous *djellabas*; and trim mechanics of the Air Union. Camels, motor-chassis, and chars-à-banc. Mohammedan women, veiled so that not an inch of their person is visible; and young and old Europeans, in sleeveless frocks reaching only to their knees. An Arab *café* where the men are all smoking hookahs, sitting on their haunches on the floor; and a flapper looking in at the door who exhales cigarette smoke through her nostrils. A Salvation Army band blaring its way down the street, and a nearly naked water-carrier ringing a bell, or blowing on a flute, to advertise his coming. . . . Truly, it is "a very strange, fantastic world, where each one pursues his own golden bubble!"

The blank walls of the Arab quarter, that give such an uncanny air to its streets, arouse comparisons that are by no means generally in favour of European ways. Why open one's house to the inquisitive street, to its noise and its dust? The Arab way is infinitely more sensible—and more refined. Their windows look on to their own enclosed gardens, on to courtyards with fountains and flowers; they can be left open without fear of thieves, or dust from traffic, or peering eyes. And since the women do not go abroad, why worry them with the ceaseless passing of people with whom they have no concern?

> Sacred to Love, and sweet repose,
> Behold that trellis'd bower is nigh,
> That bower the verdant walls enclose
> Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.[1]

[1] *Stanzas to Laura*, Isaac d'Israeli.

And how delightfully it would relieve the tedium of house-hunting at home to come across such inscriptions as the Arabs put over their front doors. What competition there would be for a residence bearing the fervid prayer over the porch: "May riches, plenty, and perfect security fall to the lot of the owner of this mansion."

VI

Europeans and Americans are far too ready to speak of the Arabs in derogatory and even insulting terms, when some of their silly women are not raving about the "romance" of being carried off by Sheiks.

"These filthy Arabs," is a remark frequently heard—and no more sensible than the pot's reproach to the kettle. For the Arab, most faithful in his observance of his own religion, which enjoins upon him very particular ablutions at stated hours every day, would shrink in horror at the mere idea of many of the customs of his critics. And the streets, dirty as they too often are, are no worse than ours would be but for a watchful town council.[1]

"Infernal beggars" is another objectionable epithet. The children in the towns, the blind and the maimed, do beg. But not so impudently as the Irish everywhere in Ireland; nor do they fling curses at those who do not respond. And they are satisfied with very little. "God preserve the almsgiver from hunger," say the poor blind men and the mutilated unfortunates dragging themselves painfully along the ground. They beg the passers-by to give "*M'taa Arba*—God's property"; and thank, not the individual, but Allah, for alms bestowed. Who can resist such a reminder that we are but stewards of the Almighty, or venture to seem so insignificant as to be unable to spare the cost of perhaps a cigarette—a flower![2]

[1] Witness any park after a holiday—nay, any main street in the evening, or before noon, in London!

[2] At one time the Cheriffs (descendants of the Prophet) used to levy toll upon their fellow-Moors and everyone else who could be

Cunninghame Graham remarks that: ". . . as the word morality is derived from *mores*—customs, therefore, customs in all countries being different, so is the theory of morality."[1] And people who cannot accept others as they find them, especially the inhabitants of a country to which they have come for their own pleasure or profit, should stay at home.

. . . . .

The French, by the way, have the honour—and, let us hope, the profit—of bringing electric light to Tangier as well as the light of learning; and of water in pipes from a reservoir; but as yet there is no gas supply, and all heating has to be done by coal, wood, or oil.

. . . . .

There are plenty of pleasant excursions in the environs of Tangier, but the roads are not those of French Morocco. This is the drawback of divided interests—of a cosmopolitan town council.

The track—it cannot be called a road—out to Cap Spartel, runs past the house built by the wealthy American-Greek, Perdicaris, whence he and his stepson, Cromwell Varley, were kidnapped by Raisuli[2] about 1910–11. It was done more out of pure bluff than with evil intent. But Perdicaris was terrified out of his wits, and his customary acumen deserted him. He threatened Raisuli with the power of his adopted country, the United States; and boasted of his importance and wealth. Raisuli, fully as clever and as shrewd as any Yankee, very naturally rose to the occasion. He demanded a heavy ransom . . . the American

persuaded to contribute. But the French have made a law forbidding this, and begging of any kind is less prevalent in French Morocco than in Tangier.

[1] *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, Cunninghame Graham. Duckworth.

[2] Raisuli, a Moorish aristocrat with all the virtues, if also the failings, of his caste was in 1906 made Governor of Sfax, and proved efficient, though too severe on those who offended. He built a castle at Sfax which was burnt by the French, who demanded his deposition, and the injustice of his Caliph's treatment turned him into a rebel.

Government, on its dignity, sent two men-o'-war to Tangier to demand explanations; the European inhabitants entertained and were entertained by the officers and crews of the ships; the United States paid the ransom of 80,000 dollars; the Greek was released. . . . But the house on the hill never saw its master again; the fine view out to sea, the delightful gardens, the comfortable house, remained deserted. Perdicaris had had all the kidnapping by a Sheik—all the "romance" *he* desired! The ransom was afterwards refunded by the Moorish Government.

Beyond this house the road descends, winding in and out down the hills, until it reaches Cap Spartel. The lighthouse is not far from the place where the P. & O. s.s. *Delhi*, with the Duke and Duchess of Fife on board, went ashore. They had to make their way as best they could through the undergrowth, over stony ground, bare-footed and lightly clad, to the lighthouse, where all that was possible was done for them by the keeper and his family, until assistance was sent out from Tangier next day. The remains of a Roman aqueduct can be seen here.

Another drive, in exactly the opposite direction, past the new railway station of the line to Fez, is to Old Tangier, the original Tingis where the ruins of a bridge and arsenal still exist. Mr. W. B. Harris, *The Times* correspondent, had a house built here on Moorish lines. The ground-floor rooms are beautifully decorated, the work having occupied two artists of Fez for several years. The staircase has trellis-work taken from old Spanish churches, probably reredos screens. Mr. Harris has an equally pleasant house and even more delightful garden on the Hill—both far too good to be wasted, as these generally are, by the absence of a tenant.

CHAPTER VII

THE SPANISH ZONE

If the King's in the palace, nobody looks at the walls. It is when he is gone, and the house is filled with grooms and gazers, that we turn from the people to find relief in majestic men that are suggested by the pictures and by the architecture.

EMERSON

Not till the end is the Gloria chanted.

Spanish Proverb

I

THE narrow streets of Tangier are often almost blocked by great coaches bearing on their sides the legend:

LA VALENCIANA.

These are the property of an enterprising Spaniard, Señor José Llodra Sala, who runs a daily service between Tangier and Tetuan—and Tangier–Arzila–Larache.

The roads in the Spanish zone are so appalling that the best way to visit these towns by the overland route is by air. The *Compagnie Latécœur*, of the Haymarket and Rue Royale, run a service between Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Larache; have an office at Tangier, and are always ready to arrange for flights. But failing flight, it is far better to patronize *La Valenciana* than to wear out tyres, and ruin springs, of private cars, if a visit to Tetuan or Larache is contemplated.

Señor Sala has a good choice of small cars in addition to his fleet of coaches, and being one of the most courteous and obliging of men, wayfarers who apply to him can always be sure of satisfactory transport.

II

With a lovely aspect across a fertile valley to the Riff Mountains, Tetuan itself is not beautiful: though report says that once it was. To-day it is neither Moorish nor Spanish; merely a horrid medley of Oriental and European. But it is worth visiting, if only to study the difference between International, Spanish, and French Morocco, and —especially—for the glimpse of the Riff country in the distance.

At the junction of boundary where travellers are supposed to show passports, a board laid across the road forms a—moral—barrier. There are a few mean huts of wood and iron, in a dismally untidy encampment, for the even shabbier, unkempt Spanish soldiers or *gendarmes* on duty. All vehicles draw up here, although the examination gone through is quite perfunctory.

This introduction to their zone is typical of the Spanish occupation. Money has been voted over and over again for the making of the road, but always it gets swallowed by officials, and the roads remain mere tracks.

In 1859, the Spanish Government, feeling that it was time they stepped into the limelight again, raised a very old, but ever popular cry:

Guerra al Moro!

As one man, the whole country responded. An army, divided into three corps, was sent off and a fleet of 58 vessels, with 230 cannon, commissioned. The expedition was placed under Marshal O'Donnel, whose Irish name was one of many in that war—MacRohan, MacMahon, O'Reilly, etc. As our Government had shown itself strongly against any occupation of Tangier, Tetuan was the objective. On November 19th troops landed at Ceuta and after several skirmishes the battle of Tetuan took place. There were 40,000 men defending the city; Mulai Ahmed's army occupied the slopes of the hills and camped in the gardens of

THE TANGIER GATE

THE SOUK (MARKET) AND SULTAN'S PALACE

TETUAN, SPANISH MOROCCO

Tetuan, while his brother N. Abbas, the Cherif, was occupying the hills of Djilai.

European discipline, aided by superior artillery, won; but not until they had been fighting for three months. The Spanish army entered Tetuan on February 6, 1860. They were so elated by this victory that they talked of swallowing up *La Perfide Albion* for daring to dispute their right to Tangier. But on checking up the cost of war, this efflorescence subsided.

Spain might have put to better use in Morocco the £800,000,000 sterling she expended there in guerilla warfare between 1916 and 1927. . . . But if that money had been spent in roads and railways, irrigation and tree-planting, what would have become of the huge force of soldiers deprived of all *raison d'être*?

. . . . .

One of Tetuan's main attractions is that it is one of the chief stages for caravans on their way to Mecca via Alexandria and Egypt. At the time of the annual pilgrimages, it is packed with people from all parts of Morocco, and therefore crowded with types not usually met—from the far interior, both mountain and desert.

. . . . .

This secluded town is the burial place of a political adventurer of the days when changing an opinion very often meant losing a head. John William, Baron Ripperda, was born in 1680, of noble parents belonging to the province of Groningen in the Netherlands. Educated at the Jesuit College in Cologne, he married a Protestant, and was converted to the reformed religion. In 1715 he was sent by the States on an embassy to Spain. There either the grandeur of the court, or conviction that the Reformers could never hold out against Roman Catholic might, induced him to recant. He gained the favour of Philip V, resigned his Dutch commission, and took up his residence in Madrid. He then made the fatal mistake of thinking that he could outmarch, with his phlegmatic Dutch cunning, the subtle

Latin brains of Alberoni—and in consequence was deprived of his pension and of his estate.

On Alberoni's downfall he contrived to win the confidence of Elizabeth of Parma, who sent him to Vienna on the mission of winning for her son, Don Carlos, the hand of one of the princesses. On his return in 1725, he made the Queen believe that he had effected his purpose, and that Don Carlos had been accepted as the future husband of the eldest Archduchess. He was immediately made Prime Minister, and rewarded with a dukedom. To keep up the imposture, he told lie after lie, and spent the nation's funds lavishly in hush money to avoid exposure. But at last, in May 1726, he was deprived of his offices, and sent a prisoner to Segovia.

After two years he managed to escape to England; but his hopes of obtaining influence there were ruined by the treaty of Seville. He went back to Holland; but only as a stepping-off place for Morocco, where he arrived, in 1731, at the court of the Emperor Moulay Abdallah, the Sultan who revived Casablanca and built a mosque and public baths there. There he embraced the Mohammedan faith and was placed at the head of the administration. But alas! his royal patron was shortly afterwards deposed, and the weathercock was again without a perch. He managed to escape to Tetuan. There he declared himself to be the last and the greatest of all the Prophets; and there he died, in 1737.

III

There is a Roman Catholic church at Tetuan, dedicated to N.D. de la Victoire, and there are about forty mosques, —mostly considered superior to those of Tangier.

The town first became of importance after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and the Jews from Portugal, when many of the exiles found a refuge there. Needless to say, it was a nest of piracy, for its little port at the mouth of the river made an ideal harbour for the robber-ships. At one time its gardens were very celebrated for delicious fruits

and its markets for leather-work, but the Spanish occupation appears to have had a bad effect on all Tetuan industries. Spain has bestowed upon it one big boon—a railway to Ceuta; but probably the Arabs do not regard it in the light of a blessing, since it simplifies the transport of men and ammunition from Spain.

IV

Ceuta, with a garrison of twelve thousand men, is forty *km.* from Tetuan. It was formerly the capital of Mauretania, and the Eptadelphos of the Greeks. Very picturesquely placed on a rocky peninsular overlooking the narrow passage between Morocco and "The Rock," it was Taric's point of embarkation for Gibraltar and Spain. It was taken by the Portuguese in 1415, and they, in 1570, parted with it to Spain. Moulai Ismail tried hard to recover it, but though he blockaded and besieged it repeatedly between 1674 and 1701 he could not take it.

The place has a peculiar interest for us, because it was owing to the sons of our Princess, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, that it became a Christian city. Philippa married Dom Joao I, King of Portugal, and founder of the House of Aviz. Philippa was a woman of noble mind and high courage, greatly beloved by the Portuguese; but only one of her five sons can really be said to have inherited their mother's valiant spirit. Their father proposed a tournament at which they could give proof of their fitness to become knights; the young Princes, not liking to win their spurs at play, begged the King to allow them to wait until they could emulate their uncle, the Black Prince, who had given his name to the eldest. Most inconveniently there happened to be no war going on just then; but Dom Fernando, though only fourteen, and youngest of the five, suggested an expedition against the Moors, whose piracy was a pestilent nuisance at the time. The King agreed, and fitted out an expedition to take Ceuta. This sea-port was a veritable nest of ruthless corsairs,

bent upon taking as many slaves as they could. Slaves were worth a lot of money to the Moors, either as labourers for their own use, or to be held at ransom; and they not only seized every ship they could overpower, but menaced the whole coast.

The King regarded the expedition actually as a kind of Holy War, to rid seas and coast of some of these enemies. And he not only spent immense sums in fitting out the fleet, but went to infinite trouble to put the Moors off the scent so that they should not attribute the real cause to his preparations.[1]

But when all was ready, an outburst of plague in Lisbon put a stop to the expedition, for the Queen was one of its victims. The King would not leave her. Had he not been fully persuaded that it was pleasing in the sight of God to go to war against the Unbeliever he might have regarded this danger as a warning; on the contrary, even the dying Queen, in giving each of her sons a sword as a farewell gift, enjoined them to "defend widows and orphans, but fight against the Infidel."

Very soon after her death the King and his five sons set forth, in August 1415, with the biggest fleet Portugal had ever yet gloried in—59 galleys, 33 ships of war, 120 transports—the first that had ever sailed from a peninsular port flying the banners and streamers familiar to Northern armaments.

The Governor of Ceuta was Zala ben Zala. King Joao's preparations had not been either unheeded or misunderstood by the Moor; he had collected a great band of allies to help him fight the Christians. But as the fleet had been dispersed by a severe storm on the first day it was sighted, he believed that the danger was over and had allowed his friends to return to their homes. And suddenly the whole fleet again made its appearance; before the Governor could collect his allies, the Christians had landed, the King directing them from a small boat. The troops were led by

[1] Among these was a public challenge to the Count of Holland, covered by a secret message explaining that it was merely a blind!

his two eldest sons, Duarte and Henrique. Unable to oppose the army of Christians the small body of Moors retreated, and the Princes entered the city followed by 500 men, close behind the retreating Arabs. Prince Pedro was coming on behind, and the three brothers with their men made their way to a mosque, where they made a stand until the King and the rest of the army entered the city.

They attacked the citadel, wherein Zala ben Zala had taken refuge; but he did not wait to be taken, and escaped during the night.

King Joao, having released the Christian prisoners in the dockyards and prisons, had the principal mosque purified and consecrated as a cathedral. A Bishop was appointed; and Ceuta was placed under the government of Dom Pedro de Menezes. Four years later the Moors tried to recover it, but were beaten again, the Prince Henrique and Pedro going from Portugal to the assistance of Dom Pedro de Menezes in his fight against the Arab forces.

Eighteen years later King Joao died—also of the plague—on the anniversary of the taking of Ceuta. His son, Duarte, succeeded; very soon afterwards he was persuaded by his brother Fernando to make an attack upon Tangier. Henrique and Fernando took the command, Fernando proceeding by sea while Henrique went round by land from Ceuta. But at Tangier they were defeated by Zala ben Zala; and the only terms they could obtain from the Moorish Kings was that one of the Portuguese princes should remain as hostage until Ceuta had been restored to them as the price of the safety of their troops and fleet.

Prince Fernando offered to stay; Henrique, for the sake of his men, was compelled to accept the sacrifice. He became so ill with grief and chagrin that he could not accompany his men beyond Ceuta; and the fleet met with very bad weather on its way home, so that only a dilapidated remnant of the expedition arrived back in Portugal. Meanwhile his brother, the King, had equipped a fresh fleet, which he sent to Ceuta, but to Henrique's disappointment he was not allowed to take it on to Tangier for the rescue of Fernando.

Duarte had consulted his States-general, and they had decided that, Ceuta being too valuable to be handed over even in exchange for the King's brother, a ransom was to be offered instead.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Fernando had been spending a most unhappy time at Tangier. At first the Moors treated him kindly; but as time went on without any message from the Portuguese, they lost patience and imprisoned him in real earnest. And in Portugal the plague was still devastating the country, so that neither money nor men were easy to raise.

When Fernando had been a prisoner for two years his brother, the King, died of the terrible disease. He was succeeded by his little son, six years of age; and everybody appeared to forget all about the hapless prisoner of Tangier.

But at last the King of Castile and the Moorish King of Granada agreed to join forces and assault Tangier for his rescue. Immediately he learned of this intention, Zala ben Zala sent him to Fez, where the King had him thrown into a prison devoid of light and air until he considered the danger past. A prisoner, nevertheless, he remained, though allowed to work instead of remaining in the noisome hole, until he died seven years after his defeat at Tangier. By that time he had made himself so beloved by the Moors for his patience and Christian conduct generally, that the King declared he was worthy to be a Mohammedan, and had a tower built over his tomb in memory at once of the Prince and of the Moorish victory that had put him into his power. Thirty years later his body was exchanged as ransom for one of the two sons of the King of Fez, who had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese; and it was placed in the crypt of the Abbey of Batalha.

The Portuguese poet, Calderon, wrote a poem on his story. And Ceuta, so un-Christianly gained, so unfraternally kept, remained a "Christian" city—Portuguese until it passed to Spain with the death of Dom Sebastiao, the last of the House of Aviz.

V

When the railway between Tangier–Larache–Rabat–Meknes–Fez is at long last completed, it will be easy to visit Ouezzane, which is almost on the border between the Spanish and French zones. It is regarded as the third of the "Sacred" or Holy towns, ranking after Moulay-Edris and Fez; and until 1920 it was closed to Europeans.

On October 7, 1920, the French troops occupied it, and fixed their camp immediately outside the town. Since then, as a French journalist put it in his newspaper: "The region has enjoyed an atmosphere of security and sympathy known only under the French flag."

Ouezzane is the residence of a Cherif, a descendant of the Prophet. It is the head of one of the most important brotherhoods among the Mohammedans, of which every Moorish and Algerian town has a branch. There are many pilgrimages to the tomb of the founder, Moulay Abdallah, of the family of Edris II. The town is on a plateau overlooking the road between Tangier and Rabat.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CREED OF THE MOSLEMAH

Forever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us in Divine.

ADDISON

THE wayfarer in Morocco must never forget that Christianity flourished in many parts of North Africa for very many years. Even in the days of Mohammed's lifetime Abyssinia was a Christian country, as we have realized in the story of his second wife Umm-i-Halibah. And one of Morocco's patron saints is our own St. John, known to the Moors as Sidi Yahia. But not only have the Moors adopted Christian saints and accepted Jesus Christ as a perfect model of saintly conduct and Divine inspiration: their very religion is based on Christian tenets. Here is a verse from the Koran:

It is not righteousness that ye turn your faces in prayer toward the East and the West, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and the angels and the scriptures and the prophets, who giveth money for God's sake unto his kindred, and unto orphans, and the needy, and the stranger, and those who ask, and for redemption of captives, who is constant at prayer and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant when they have covenanted, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity, and hardships, and in time of violence; These are they who are true, and these are they who fear God.

. . . . .

Alcoran, or the Koran, means Reading, or Collection; and Mohammad was adding to his first gospel for twenty-six years. His followers claim that their doctrines are as old as the first laws: "Since God first chastised the children of

Adam." They say that Noah repaired what the first lost; Abraham added: then Joseph: then Moses: Christ established it: and Mohammad confirmed it.

Their opinion is that while both Jewish and Christian religions are true, they were abrogated when God spoke to his servant Mohammad.

The foundation of Mohammedanism is actually Predestination, but there are innumerable sects. The Chupmessahites among the Turks (Chup meaning Protector, and Messahi a Christian) believe that Christ was God and Redeemer of the world; and many have died in the upholding of this creed.

Soon after Mohammad died each of the five claimants to succession produced an "Original" *Alcoran*; these multiplied into countless different interpretations, and caused continual fighting among the various sects until at last Moavia, the seventh successor to the Caliphate, employed well-earned days of peace in "regulating the Law."

To this end he summoned a Congress at Damascus of the chief disputants, but, finding it quite impossible to reconcile them in conferences, he chose six of the most learned, and shut them up separately to study the books and select the best clauses from each. The Six Books thus compiled make up the present Koran, and the strictest prohibition was issued against all teaching, speaking, or acting in any way contrary to what was contained in them. All the rest were thrown into the river—but unfortunately for future peace, an Arabian rescued some, and gathered them into what was called, after himself, Leshari's *Alcoran*.

Nevertheless four different interpretations remained in use. The most superstitious of these is the one followed by the Arabians and most of the Moors. The one founded by Ali, and the most rational, is followed by the Persians. Omar's is the Turkish creed and the most material. The Tartars follow the Koran according to Osman. The differences between them are very similar to those between the Christian sects; and in the first fifty years after Mohammad's death they gave rise to nearly as much bitterness,

brutality, and bloodshed as Christianity has indulged in from time to time.

Among the tenets drawn from the Jews is that obliging Caliphs to give audience to their subjects, even the humblest; and the custom of dispensing judgment at the gate—which is one reason of their great size—is drawn from the Old Testament—Deut. xvi. 18: *Judges shalt thou make in all thy gates.* And I Kings vii. 7: *Then he made a porch where he might judge, even the porch of judgment.* These gates nearly always bear the inscription, found on most Moorish buildings: *There is no God but Allah. Mohammad is His Prophet. There is no Power or Strength but in Allah.*

In the Koran our Lord Jesus Christ is called the Word, the Power, the Soul, and the Strength of God. The creed admits the necessity of prayer for the dead, but makes no distinction between prayers for good or bad, as they believe that while God chooses whom He will first pardon, all are eventually pardoned excepting atheists and idolaters. And they consider that no one has a right to judge whether or no the dead have died in the Faith, as that is one of the Divine secrets concealed from us. They are confident that the punishment of the damned will cease, and that all devils will eventually be converted by the teachings of the Koran.

"The Soul," says the Koran, "is part of God." And while they declare that all is arranged by Destiny, they maintain freedom of individual will.

The open hand—sometimes called the *Hand of Fat'ma* (Fatima, daughter of Mohammad and wife of Ali, his kinsman and adopted son)[1] sold in all manner of shapes as a talisman to avert the Evil Eye—is really representative of the five tenets of the creed: 1. Belief in God and in Mohammad as His Prophet. 2. To pray and wash. 3. To

[1] Another "Christian" edict, puzzling in its injustice, was that of Joanna of Portugal and her son, the Emperor Charles V, prohibiting the use and sale of these hands—while continuing the use of medals and pictures of the Saints, the Virgin Mary, the Christ-Child, and the Crucifixion!

give alms. 4. To keep the feast of R'mdan. 5. The Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Mohammedan morality consists in doing good, and shunning evil. But the methods of carrying this out are often as inexplicable to us as our attitude towards the Ten Commandments must be to them. Needless to say, unworthy Mohammedans are as adept at evading the spirit of the Law while pretending to keep it in the letter as are any of our own crafty rogues.

As an instance, the Sultan Solyman III swore to his Vizier and favourite, one Ibrahim, that while he lived Ibrahim should never be put to death. But the time came when he wanted to fall in with the wishes of his Vizier's enemies; and he told them to carry out their designs while he was asleep, as sleep being a kind of death, he could not while in that state be responsible for what was done.

The prohibition against wine is said to have caused Mohammad at least seven days' serious meditation, and he made it in the end chiefly because, he said, though good in itself, excess is poison, and in any case might be the cause of disrespect and lack of attention in the soldiers. Once in Spain, where the wine was particularly good, a *Fequi* was exhorting a dying Moor to pray, when he cried out:

"O Lord! of all the good things Thou hast in Paradise, I ask only for two; grant me to drink this Malaga Xarab, and the Zebibi of Seville!"

They obey the probibition against images so strictly that no picture of their Prophet or of any saint is ever seen.

Some sects use rosaries; these are called *comboloio*, and are generally made of corals or other semi-precious stones, ninety-nine in number, and all of the same size. As they finger each in turn they cry: *God preserve me!*

. . . . .

Many of their beliefs are a jumble of superstition. Their really comical ideas of Paradise are all drawn from the

imagination of various appetites, of course a stretch of policy on the part of Mohammad to encourage recruits.

Among the blest are: The camel that Mohammad rode, and the camel of the Prophet Saleb: the horse of the Kaderla—the St. George of the Dervishes: the ram sacrificed by Abraham: the Ass of Esdras: the Dog of the Seven Sleepers: the Cow of Moses: the Ant of Solomon: the Queen of Sheba's Parrot. They might have added the Spider whose web over the mouth of the Cave in Mount Shur, where Mohammad concealed himself on one occasion, deceived his pursuers, and so saved his life.

In proof of Mohammad's power to perform miracles they say that he drew water from the ends of his fingers; and that he went in one night from Mecca to Jerusalem, where he ascended into Heaven, had a view of Paradise and Hell, conversed with God, descended the same night, and was back in Mecca by sunrise. But although he is said to have related this story of the nocturnal flight, he always denied that he had any supernatural powers.

The stones, trees, and beasts are supposed to have acknowledged that he was "the true messenger of God."

Friday is their Sunday—the day on which Mohammad entered Medina as a conqueror; the day when, Eden being ready for him, Adam was moulded from seven handfuls of earth. On Fridays the Sultans, the Caliphs, the Emperors, all the most high among Mohammedans, as well as the lowest, go to the mosque, and there are additional prayers; while the women go to the graveyards, as a social gathering, —often their only outing in the week.

They have seven grades of Paradise, and the last and best is "a delicious garden watered with fountains and rivers of Milk and Honey and Wine, with divers sorts of Trees always green, and Apples whose Kernels are turned into Girls so handsome and sweet that if one of them should spit in the Sea, the Waters would be no more bitter. This Paradise is guarded by Angels. . . ."

. . . . . .

Mosques, or places of worship, are always square, and built of the best stone available. The principal gate opens into a square courtyard, whenever possible paved with white marble, and surrounded by low galleries whose roof is supported by marble columns. Here the worshippers wash before going into the mosque, even in the middle of winter.

The regulations about ablutions are most precise and very stringently carried out. If interrupted while going through the process, they have to begin all over again.

There are no pictures on the walls of the mosque, which are all white, but have the name of Allah written here and there in large Arabic characters, often in gold. Every mosque has several towers, each with three little open galleries one above the other, called minarets. Most of the mosques contain a place for the tomb of the founder; this is covered with a pall, and has two candlesticks at either end, and many seats round it for the Believers to sit and read the Koran for the deceased.

It is forbidden to enter the mosque with shoes or stockings on, so there are always plenty of mats or rugs on the floor. There are no altars, no images. When Mohammedans pray they turn towards Mecca in honour of their Prophet.

The building of mosques was a privilege reserved to those who had won a battle in the field. They believe that every Mussulman who kills an Unbeliever goes straight to Paradise. But they seem to be satisfied with franking their way to beatitude by one death, for, as a rule, they prefer taking captives to unnecessary massacre. When the Emperor Romanus, about 1070, fell into the hands of a Mohammedan captain named Ajan, he was asked what he would have done had the positions been reversed.

Romanus said: "I would have run Ajan through the body!"

Ajan replied: "I will not imitate that cruelty, so little conformable to the teaching of your Prophet, Jesus Christ."

And he "sent him away with all manner of civility."

Mohammedans are very charitable to the unfortunate. In the old days it was the rule for every mosque to have attached to it a hospital, and a guest-house in which any traveller could live for three days free of all charge.

CHAPTER IX

TANGIER TO CASABLANCA

But Oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill, athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! As holy and enchanted,
As ere beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing to her demon lover!

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Kubla Khan*

ON Tuesday afternoons a little ship, that might be mistaken for a yacht if she were painted white, comes gallantly into Tangier Bay. She is the *Djebel Sarsar*; and she carries at her mast-head a golden cock that proclaims her the fastest craft in the Mediterranean. Once belonging to the P. & O. Company, carrying mails between Brindisi and Port Said, she is now part of the Bland Company's fleet that carries mails, passengers, and cargo up and down the whole of the North African coast.

The *Djebel Sarsar* gets down to Casablanca in about twelve hours, though the jaunty little craft does not run at her full speed in this passage, being obliged to keep the same time as her comrade, the *Djebel Zerhoun*, which divides the bi-weekly service with her. But her captain—British, as are all this Company's officers—is proud of his naval punctuality, and even if the weather is bad there is little doubt of finding him on time next morning.

She sails from Tangier for Casablanca with the afternoon tide, usually while it is still light enough to see the remains of the Moorish forts, Cap Spartel, and the lighthouse, and something more of the Morocco coast. But the ports—Larache, which is Spanish; Rabat; and Salé—are all passed in the night.

Nearly every hill-top is crowned with the dome-shaped tomb of some saint. Sometimes they are shaded by palms;

more often they stand alone, their white tops dazzling in the sunshine. The coast looks grim and deserted, but actually there are few miles of it without a village, big or small, nestling among the cliffs.

A few years ago this was the haunt of pirates. They built their ships in the hidden coves, and made forays across the sea to the coast of France and Spain—even to England. Often they had European captains to teach them navigation, and to act as pilots—perhaps men who were mere adventurers, but some who were deserters, some renegade slaves.

Many of the European slaves in the hands of the Moors were actually handed over to them by British sailors. For Protestants revenged themselves upon Catholics by giving them into the power of Moorish pirates. These men were inflamed with cruelty against Romanists owing to the ruthless way in which they had been turned out of Spain, and subjected to all manner of torture and barbarity by the pious (?) Spaniards. It was the English and Dutch refugees who taught the Moors most of what they knew of modern seamanship—but eventually both English and Dutch suffered as much as other Europeans by that instruction. As usual, however, retribution fell upon the innocent people of a later generation instead of upon those who had earned it.

It was Roman Catholic missionaries who did the little that was possible towards ameliorating the lot of these unfortunates. Many of them devoted all their time to the collection of alms for ransoms. There was an Order of the Holy Trinity, founded expressly for this purpose in 1198; and one of the Missions—a Portuguese Brotherhood sent by King Joseph I in 1765—rescued two hundred and twenty-three men and five women from captivity. An English merchant left property worth £10,000 a year for the same charitable object.

Larache was taken by Spain in 1622, but when in 1688 the Moors besieged it, they took it, and made the whole garrison slaves. This was supposed to be due to the French

FONDAK DEL TRIGO

THE COURTHOUSE AND PRISON

TANGIER

having sent engineers to show the Arabs how to attack, etc. The Spaniards took it back later.

It is very pretty from the sea; perched on rising ground, and crowned by a mosque on the top of a hill—actually in, or close to, the *souk*, or market. Surrounding the white houses are orange groves, cork woods, olives, and palms. Tradition says Larache was the capital of the kingdom of Antæus, and the guardian of the Hesperides, his daughters. It is one of the few Moorish towns to own a woman patron-saint; her name is Lalla Mannanah, and she is supposed to have saved it from an inundation by the sea. Like Tetuan, it is best reached by air; all the roads in Spanish Morocco are atrocious, and the harbour of Larache has a tricky bar which makes landing an uncertain quality.

. . . . . .

The wayfarer may as well glance at the ancient history of Morocco before landing at his next port. It is not possible to do more than take a flying survey; for the story of the Moors is too vast to be compressed into a few chapters, or even into several books. It is far more wonderful than that of our own civilization; yet—most extraordinary fact of all—it is not themselves who think much about the past glories of their people, but we, the strangers, the Unbelievers; and it is we who are endeavouring to arrest the decay of their marvellous works. They have not by any means lost the arts that created their masterpieces; but they have lost the incentive to work. . . . Their great kings and rulers being dead—and, with them, the supply of slaves taken in battle, who were forced to labour early and late—the Moors of to-day apply to existence their own ancient Arabian proverb: "Live satisfied with little, and thou shalt be a king."

CHAPTER X

THE ETERNAL SEQUENCE

Sesostris, King of Egypt, made four captive kings draw his chariot, as if they were horses. One day he noticed that one of them was looking very attentively at a wheel of the chariot, and asked him why.

"Because," replied the royal slave, "it gives such a perfect idea of the transitory things of this world, which are no sooner up than down, and no sooner down than raised again."

This wise answer procured him his liberty, and Sesostris did never again treat his prisoners with such contempt.

THEOPHYLACTUS SIMOCATTA in *Hist. Maureti Imper.*

GUIDE books enumerate the succession of rulers to whom Morocco has been subject since the Phœnicians of Carthage first circled North Africa with posts all along the coast to Tangier, the point they believed to be the end of the earth. And skeletons, grottos, quaint drawings on rock and wall, remnants of pottery, metal ornaments and weapons, prove that it was inhabited ages ago by as many, and possibly fiercer, animals, both two- and four-legged, as are to be found in the length and breadth of the land to-day.

But it is necessary to look a little deeper into things if the present mentality of the Moors, and how they came to be in this part of the world at all, is to be understood.

Actually, the history of Morocco is that of the world—one continuous series of slaughterings of weaker by stronger. Murder, rapine, destruction—interval for renewal of nation and city—again a programme infinitely more bloodthirsty and brutish than is ever carried out by beasts of the jungle; another fresh reconstitution—renewed offensive—yet another obliteration. . . .

Nothing is stranger in civilization than the fact that this eternal repetition has never yet taught the lesson it embodies. The covetousness or ambition of one man sets the

ball rolling. Follows treachery or violence, with resulting massacre of millions who have nothing whatever to do with the original quarrel, and do not care a rap whether A or B is on top so long as they may live in peace according to their idea of bliss. The eventual fall of a nation is followed by its slow recovery . . . and retaliations. Over and over and over again the process is repeated—and here we are, still at it, after thousands of years of the same silly sequence. And so we will be until women strike, once and for all, against bearing children for such futile purpose.

The only king who seems to have realized the folly of killing was Theodorus II, who, when asked why he did not put to death some people who had offended him, replied:

"Would to God I could bring back to life all who have died for the same cause."

Another fact that seems to have missed its mark is that, in all the long series of usurpations that have initiated or concluded these wholesale massacres, practically every one of those who had no "Right Divine"—and a big proportion of those who had—met either a violent or a most miserable death.

Priests, pretending to be the mouthpieces of their Gods, have been even more guilty than Princes. But, while the "pagan" Head of the worshippers of trees and stones could encompass the death or ruin of only a handful—by pretending, whenever they offended him, that they had erred against "sacred" laws—the "civilized" servants of Christ have butchered thousands, without even the excuse of personal affront; and while they looked on at the agonizing victims have actually dared to wave before their tortured eyes the Cross of the Redeemer. . . .

Those inclined to look superciliously on people of other countries should ask themselves how much their own nation has done to promote its interests or further its progress. If the truth be told, Europeans have done very little, and taught very little, that is of real value to anyone but themselves.

The Arabs were no more bloodthirsty than they found

their foes: Greeks, Romans, Goths, Vandals, Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, in turn showing them more ferocity than they themselves ever practised. It was, in fact, the Arabs who first set an example of tolerance and true Christianity. . . .

The early Romans, being purely pagan, could not be expected to treat other people in truly fraternal fashion. Instead, they illustrated the value of their vaunted civilization by making slaves of their war-prisoners, of both sexes, irrespective of age and condition.

With Christianity came no diminution of either fighting or slavery. But . . . once it was established, the pagans were given edifying examples of the difference between theory and practice, in the bloodshed between brothers over mere details of creed.

CHAPTER XI

PRELUDES TO MOHAMMAD

The Arab poet, Djamil, was asked why he loved Butheima, who was so lean that birds could be cut to pieces with her bones. He replied: "Thou see'st her only with thine eyes, otherwise thou would'st not hesitate to appear before God an adulterer in order to possess her."

Butheima was inconsolable at his death. When she appeared before Abdulmelik her presence prepossessed him so little in her favour that he observed, "Tell me what it is that excited Djamil to compose and dedicate to thee such tender verses?"

She replied: "What is it that people found in thee, that they created thee Caliph?"

Abdulmelik smiled, and granted her what she desired.

WEIL

I

MOROCCO had been a bone of contention among the rulers of Europe for over three hundred years before Mohammad was born in A.D. 570.

An Italian nobleman named Bonifacius, who was a soldier of renown, was in A.D. 420 Governor of the Roman possessions in Africa. He had been transferred from a command in Spain owing to disagreements with his brother-officers. He acquired great wealth and influence in Africa, and lived so harmoniously with St. Augustine that he contemplated himself adopting the monastic life. But St. Augustine wanted no firebrands in his communities. He persuaded the Governor that he could do the Church far better service by remaining a soldier, if only he would alter his ways to the extent of setting a good example.

Soon after this, Bonifacius married a lady who was a disciple of Arian. She converted him; he fell out with the

orthodox Church, and consequently with his Emperor, Valentinian, who recalled him.

Bonifacius refused to go; Valentinian sent an army to enforce his commands; Bonifacius appealed to the King of the Vandals—Genseric the Goth. Genseric came; Bonifacius repented of his invitation and tried to get rid of his ally; Genseric repaid the insult by making terms with Valentinian, expelled Bonifacius, and took his place.

Meanwhile a little drama had been taking place in Italy. Valentinian had a sister named Honoria who had been brought up so strictly by Placidia, their mother, that she was ready to do anything to shake off her shackles. Being "a forward minx," she wrote to Attila, King of the Huns, enclosing half a ring, and offering to marry him if he would come for her. Attila replied by sending a message to Valentinian that as Honoria was his wife she must be sent to him, and her half of the kingdom ceded over. This being refused, Attila ravaged Gaul and Italy; and Valentinian, in a panic, went to Rome to obtain aid of the Pope.

There he fell in love with the beautiful wife of Senator Maximus. Finding that he could make no headway against her virtue he determined to win her by strategy. So he played dice with Maximus until he had won his signet ring as well as all his money. He sent the ring to the lady as from her husband, asking her to go to the palace. She went. But as soon as she could escape, she flew to Maximus with the story of her betrayal. Maximus promised speedy revenge.

The lady fades out of the story here. But Maximus had Valentinian assassinated; usurped his throne; married his Empress Eudoxia; and, to make his position more secure, married his son to one of her daughters.

Eudoxia proved a bigger handful than Maximus had expected. To soften her heart he tried to persuade her that nothing but his love for her had induced him to murder her husband. Eudoxia, daughter of one Emperor, and widow of another, was not to be so easily gulled. This last insult, aimed at her intelligence, was the climax to her resentment.

She sent a message to Genseric, now Governor in Africa in place of Bonifacius, asking him to come and deliver her from the power of Maximus.

Genseric responded to the second invitation as promptly as he had to the first. As he entered Rome, Maximus fled. But he was pursued by the infuriated people, who stoned him to death; and Eudoxia, not satisfied with merely getting rid of him, made her servants tear his body in pieces and throw the remnants into the Tiber.

Genseric then looted Rome for fourteen days, part of his booty being the immense treasure of the Jerusalem Temple brought to Rome by Titus. When tired of pillage, he carried off Eudoxia and her two daughters to Africa, where he assumed full sovereignty. He, himself, married the twice widowed Empress. Her second daughter became the wife of his son Humeric. Eudoxia, Arian, like the wife of Bonifacius, also converted her husband; to show his sincerity, he persecuted, with great cruelty, all the orthodox Christians he could find.

He took Carthage and various other places held by the Romans; established a Gothic Empire in Africa that lasted for eighty years; and died in 476.

His son, Humeric, succeeded him. Gilimer, a kinsman, who was Humeric's heir, grew tired of waiting for him to die, so dethroned him, and took his place. Humeric appealed for aid to Rome.

The Emperor Justinian, delighted at a pretext for recovering his African possessions, sent Belisarius in command of an army which retook Carthage, and pursued the usurper from place to place until he was starved into surrender. They sent him to Justinian in Constantinople; but when asked to say something in his defence, he was so overcome with his misfortune that all he could do was to repeat over and over again:

"Vanity! Vanity! All is Vanity!"

After this, the Romans again held most of the African ports, only Ceuta and Tangier remaining to the Goths of Spain.

II

Some time later a similar chapter of violence and treachery was enacted in Spain. Vitiges, or Vitiza, King of the Visigoths, had made himself so hated by his people that he was compelled to fortify the principal towns against his own nobles.

In A.D. 710 two of these nobles, brothers, Roderigo and Cassa, raised a rebellion against Vitiges; defeated him; had his eyes put out. They governed, however, quite as tyrannically as the defeated King; and his two sons fled to Count Julian, Earl of Algeciras and Ceuta, Governor of the Spanish possessions in Africa, to ask him to help them dethrone the usurper.

. . . . .

There was a palace in Toledo that was always kept shut up. It was so strongly fastened that Roderigo felt sure it must contain treasure. The people told him that there was a prophecy that the ruin of Spain would follow upon its being opened. Roderigo laughed at this, and had the doors unlocked; nothing was within excepting an old chest full of linen of curious shape, and ancient apparel. But the chest bore the inscription:

A tali gente ex itium Hispania Imminet.

Fulfilment of the prophecy was soon brought about by Roderigo's own vileness.

CHAPTER XII

HOW MOHAMMAD WENT TO THE MOUNTAIN

In 1261, after the 5th Crusade, "the Pope—Innocent III—showed merciless intolerance towards the Greek patriarchs, with great cruelty and injustice. The savage fury of the Crusaders made the streets of Constantinople run with Christian as well as Moslem blood, and defiled its sanctuaries with blasphemy and massacre. And their brutal callousness to art permitted them to commit to flames or ruthless smashing all that was beautiful in art, costly in material, exquisite in the making, and precious by rarity. Tombs were burst open and rifled, masterpieces thrown down and shattered. In the Venetians alone the impulse to destroy was weaker than the temptation to theft, and the horses of Lysippos, borne across the sea to Venice, still stand above the gorgeous portals of the basilica of St. Mark. . . ."

G. W. Cox, *The Crusades*

This deep-hearted son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes, and open, social, deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. . . .

Carlyle, *Mahomet*

I

A.D. 571–632

WHILE all this history was in the making, Mohammad had arisen: his people had grown more and more powerful: at his death they were in command of the whole of Arabia, and prepared to extend their territories beyond even those of the Romans.

The Prophet's father-in-law, Abu Bekr, was chosen as Caliph, though many thought Ali, his adopted son, and the husband of his daughter, Fatima, should have been made leader in his place. The dispute has been the cause of trouble ever since, giving rise to irreconcilable dissension among the Mohammedans even to this day: one party, among whom are the Turks, declaring that the first three

successors were the rightful ones, and the other, among them the Persians, holding for Ali: the two parties, though agreed on the main points of their religion, calling each other "damnable heretics" over this.

The death of their Founder was, indeed, the signal for eternal strife amongst the Faithful. It wanted only the slackening of the reins to let loose all the evil passions engendered by Mohammad's yielding to the doctrine of force. If, as many have suggested, the Mohammedans were purposely raised up by God to be a scourge to the Christian Church for not living in accordance with their own religion, their failure to obey Mohammad's earlier, and truest, commands brought sufficiently heavy retribution on their own heads.

Abu Bekr died, having reigned only two years and three months, aged sixty-three, on the day that Damascus was taken. Excepting that the whole of his sovereignty was given up to warfare—wherein he believed he was doing good—he was in all respects of exemplary character. He never took a penny for himself, as he was determined to serve his people without payment. Omar, on hearing that Abu Bekr had left only five pieces of gold, said that he had left his successor a hard pattern. On his death-bed he called his secretary and bade him write:

> In the name of the most merciful God. This is the testament of Abu Bekr Ebn abu Kohafa, made at that time when he was just going out of this world and entering into the other: a time in which the Infidel shall believe and the wicked person shall be assured, and the liar shall speak truth. I appoint Omar Ebn al Khattab my successor over you; therefore hearken to him and obey him. If he does that which is right and just, it is what I think and know of him. If he does otherwise, every man must be rewarded according to his works. I intend to do for the best, but I do not know hidden things; but those who do evil shall find the consequences of it. Fare ye well, and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you.

Omar, Osman, Ali, and Hasan, Ali's son, who followed in due succession, were all murdered,—Ali by order of

the famous general who afterwards became Caliph—when Ali's son had also fallen a victim to his hatred—Moawiyah, son of Abu Sofian, Mohammad's one-time enemy. To justify the killing of Ali, Moawiyah pretended that the Caliph had interpreted the Koran in a fashion injurious to the Faith: to convince the people he obliged the Imaums to anathematize both Ali and his teaching every day after the public prayer. And this was done for many years, until another Caliph prohibited it, saying:

"God hath commanded beneficence and equal justice to all, not envy and evil speaking."

. . . . .

An example of the influence and the character of Mohammad's own teaching is to be found in the proclamation made by Abu Bekr on his election; in the response to it; and in his exhortation to the troops. He told the people that he had resolved to continue the Holy War into Syria, and ended:

"And I desire that ye also know that thus labouring for the propagation of Islam, ye will be obedient to God, and will fulfil the intentions of His Messenger. . . ."

Without delay the Arabs responded to this call; they came flocking, as if to a festival:

From every district of the land, and from all tribes of the nation. The sandy plains of Hegiaz poured forth their hordes; people from the valleys of the Yemen abandoned their tents, and shepherds from the mountains of Oran came down in great numbers. Wherever the sun darts its rays, from the Northernmost points of Belis above Euphrates to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb on the South, and from Basra above the Persian Gulf to the uttermost part of the East, even to Suez and the Red Sea on the West, all came, in numbers without count, every man with his full will to the work. Ill-furnished, indeed, with arms, and badly clothed, were these warriors, but each man was full of fervour and religious zeal; all were rejoicing and confident in the success certain to crown these first wars of the Prophet; every heart was animated by his

promises; insomuch that in a short time there was a host innumerable both of horse and foot assembled at Medina, and encamped around the city.

At the review of this immense force, Abu Bekr entrusted the command to Jezid ben Abu Sofian. After making a short prayer in which he implored God to be the guide and protector of the host, and to lend judgment and moderation as well as strength to the forces, he addressed Jezid in loud tones that all could hear:

Jezid, to thy care I commit the charge of this Holy War, and the guidance and conduct of our people. Do not oppress them, nor treat any with harshness or haughtiness. Remember that all are Moslemah like thyself. Bethink thee, also, that there are many great and prudent captains in thy company; these do thou consult on all fitting occasion, and do not presume too much on thine own opinion, but avail thyself of their advice. Beware that thou dost not act with precipitation. Proceed ever warily, and not as one who is rash and without judgment. Be just towards every man; for he who is not upright to all can never prosper.

Then he made an oration to the troops, exhorting them to be good Moslemah; obedient, brave. They were not to abuse their advantages, nor to stain their hands in the blood of those who yielded; nor to harm women, children, or old men. They were not to cut down palms or other fruit trees, nor in any way destroy the products of the earth; neither to ravage fields, nor to burn down dwellings, nor take from the enemy anything but what was absolutely necessary for their needs. Only such cities as served as asylums to the enemy were to be destroyed; nor were monks and hermits to be disturbed. Prisoners and those who surrendered were to be treated with pity: "As God shall do to you in your need." And: "Let there be no perfidy nor falsehood in your treaties with your enemies; be faithful in all things, proving yourselves ever upright and noble, maintaining your word and promise truly."

The troops were then divided into two hosts; the first

set off for Syria, the other to Irak and the confines of Persia. "These undertakings," say Arabian historians, "were favoured by God, who gave our Moslemah repeated and very signal victories over the Greeks and Persians."

The fame of their earliest conquests flying before them terrified their enemies, so that they were often opposed to men afraid to fight; while they, bold and confident of victory, met all the dangers and horror of war with contempt.

II

A.D. 634–643

In the time of Omar "it pleased God that the Moslemah should raise their banners over the sumptuous cities and palaces of the mighty Persian kings, and destroy that ancient and renowned monarchy."

Omar conquered Egypt: and his captains "made tributary six millions of Copts, without counting the Jews, who were very numerous." The zeal, moderation, and rigorous discipline of the Moslemah captains, and the excellent order preserved among the troops, rendered utterly useless all the efforts of the Greeks to impede their rapid progress.

But a terrible tragedy for posterity occurred some time after this conquest,—the result of a soldier's ignorance and the bigotry of an otherwise admirable man. One John, surnamed the Grammarian because of his great learning, had besought Amrou, the victorious Mohammedan general, to allow him to have the books in the library, adding that as everything of value in the city had been put under seal, but no notice taken of the books, they were presumably of no value to the conquerors. Amrou replied that he could not give them away without consulting the Caliph: Omar's reply to the request was:

"What is contained in these books you mention is either agreeable to what is written in the Koran, or it is not: if it be, then the Koran is sufficient without them: if otherwise, then it is fit they should be destroyed."

And Amrou thereupon distributed the precious manuscripts among the keepers of the *hammams*—the hot baths, of which there were 4,000 in the city—for firing. And so immense was their number that despite the rate at which they could be disposed of in this way, it took six months to consume them all. About five hundred years later a similar holocaust was made of the library of Tripoli—said to have contained three million volumes—by Count Bertrand of St. Giles, son of the Crusader, Count Raymond of Toulouse, his excuse being that they were the works of the false prophet of Arabia!

It was by Omar's orders that the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea was made, to facilitate the conveyance of provisions from Egypt to the people of Medina and districts surrounding it. He "drove all the Jews and Christians out of Arabia; subdued Syria, Egypt, and other territories in Africa, and the greater part of Persia," and was the first to enter on rolls the names of all in military service or in receipt of pay from the public treasury. He built the great mosque at Jerusalem, at the cost of £1,792,000. And he was author of the law that forbade any woman who had borne a child being sold as a slave. His diet was barley-bread, and often, by way of abstinence and mortification, he ate it without salt. His drink was water. He was absolutely impartial in his administration of justice, always open to the complaints of the meanest; and every Friday night he divided all that was in the treasury according to the necessities of his people, saying: "The things of this world were given to us by God for the relief of our necessities, and not for the reward of virtue, because the proper reward of that belongeth to another world."

III

A.D. 643–655

Omar was three days a-dying, and his friends importuned him to name his successor. He thought Ali scarcely serious

enough for so weighty a charge; and Othman too likely to favour his own people. Finally he appointed six persons who were to consult upon and decide the question within three days of his death. These were Ali, Othman, Telha, Zobeir, Abderrahman, and Said, all of whom had been familiar companions of Mohammad. This was done, and they decided to elect one of themselves. They offered it first to Ali, on condition that he administered according to the Koran, the tradition of the Prophet, and the determination of two seniors. Ali objected to the last clause, as both Abu Bekr and Omar had; but upon the same conditions being offered to Othman, he agreed, and was elected immediately.

Like his predecessors, Othman sent off his generals in different directions to "spread the Gospel"—and enlarge his dominions; and with the usual result. "Moawiyah went to Syria and Egypt, Amrou and Abdallah went respectively to Cyprus and Khorassan; and were triumphant on all sides.

But Othman was unpopular because he was neither firm nor capable of dealing properly with the many who were jealous of his position. Preferring to give way rather than hold out aginst unjust demands he soon found that: "Discontented and seditious subjects are not to be pacified by complying with their demands, for the more is granted by the king in such circumstances, the more insolent they become."[1]

Ayesha was his mortal enemy because she wanted Telha, son of Zobeir, to be Caliph in his stead. So was Mohammed, one of the sons of Abu Bekr. Between them, when Othman had been reigning for about twelve years, they set up insurrection, and it was determined to depose the Caliph. They besieged him for six weeks in his own house at Medina. Then one day Mohammed and some friends burst into the house, where they found the Caliph —aged eighty-two—reading the Koran. Notwithstanding his defencelessness, his age, and his position, they all fell upon the poor old man together: one wounded him in the

[1] Ockley.

throat, another stabbed him with a sword, and, directly he fell, a third sat on his breast and stabbed him in nine places. Naylah, his wife, in trying to defend him, lost the fingers of one hand as she endeavoured to ward off the stroke of a scimitar. And, as a last indignity, they refused his body burial for three days, until Ali interceded, when they carried it on one of the palace doors to a recess between the public burying ground of Medina and that of the Jews, insisting that it should not be laid among true believers. Eventually Moawiyah took the spot into the Mohammedan enclosure.

Yet Othman was by no means deserving of such a fate. Like his predecessors, always diligent in his religious exercises, he fasted frequently, and read and meditated much on the Koran. A very rich man, his charity was unbounded. His only fault seems to have been that he promoted his own family and friends whether they were suitable for the posts or not; and so, eventually, came to grief.

IV

A.D. 655–660

The Arabs, having expressed their determination to be governed in future only by "men who had descended from the loins of the Prophet,"[1] and Ali, being his adopted son and husband of his daughter, naturally taking precedence of his own two sons, Hasan and Hosein, unanimously elected him on the very day that Othman was murdered. But several of the leaders, and especially Ayesha, his step-mother-in-law, were dead against him. He knew this, also that the whole tribe of the Ommiyah—friends and descendants of Omar, of whom Moawiyah, the great general, was chief—would do all in their power to disturb and oppose his government.

So, although he had been a little hurt at being passed over for his predecessors, he was by no means desirous

[1] Ockley.

now of bidding what he realized would be eternal farewell to all peace and leisure by accepting the Caliphate. And he refused point-blank at first. Then, when the people of Medina went to him, and in reply to his objections said: "We adjure thee by God! Dost thou not consider in what condition we are? Dost thou not consider the religion? Dost thou not consider the distractions of the people? Dost thou not fear God?" he did all in his power to persuade them to elect someone else. Finally he sent for Telha and Zobeir—Telha being Ayesha's candidate for the Caliphate —and told them that if either of them would accept the leadership in his stead, he would gladly give them his hand in perfect sincerity. This both declined, saying they would give him theirs instead.

Ali knew that their hatred of him had no real foundation, but was simply the result of the inherited dislike between the tribes. And he told them that, "as these dissensions had their foundation laid in the times of ignorance (meaning before Mohammad's coming), so the discontented would still increase, for the devil never left the place he had taken possession of after once he had made a beginning."

His apprehensions were justified, for the dissensions began immediately. Ayesha herself went into the field, when at last it became impossible to avoid a pitched battle, and, "mounted on her great camel was carried up and down, riding in a litter of the shape of a cage", —which gave the day and the people on her side the name of: "The day, and the people, of the camel." And while the camel was able to stand on its legs the hottest of the battle raged about him. No less than seventy men who successively held his bridle had their hands cut off, and the litter was stuck so full or arrows and javelins that it looked like a porcupine. At last the camel was hamstrung, and Ayesha forced to lie where it fell until the battle was over. Then Ali, having won hands down, came and asked her how she was. Though "some reproachful language was exchanged between them," he treated her very civilly, and dismissed her with a very good equipage and his two

sons, Hasan and Hosein, as escort for a day's journey. But he confined her to her house at Medina, and forbid her at her peril to meddle again with affairs of State. In addition to his sons he sent with her a retinue of women dressed as men, and Ayesha complained bitterly and constantly that they were too familiar in their approach. It was not until after her arrival at Medina that she discovered the delicacy of Ali's contrivance, and then she had the grace to be "as liberal in her acknowledgments as she had been in her reproaches."

After this battle, Ali, being master of Irak, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Khorassan, might have looked for permanent peace. But the Syrians under Moawiyah were still rebellious, and he at last felt obliged to subdue them, so marched with ninety thousand men. He had many successes, but his enemies were in the end too much for him, and at last assassinated him when he had reigned only four years and nine months.

Some historians say that he told his son, Hasan, to see that his murderer was executed with one stroke only: the Arabian writers are more likely correct in saying that his death was a terrible one: first his hand was cut off, then his foot on the opposite side; next his eyes were put out with a red-hot iron; then his tongue was cut out; and finally he was burnt alive: "The curse of God be upon him."

Ali is described as having had "a very red face, large eyes, a protuberant belly, bald head, and large beard. He was rather short, pleasant and youthful-looking, smiling frequently, and very accessible to all."

He had three children by Fatima, all sons, Hasan, Hosein, and Mohassan who died in infancy; and during her lifetime he had no other wife. But after her death he married again eight times, and had altogether fifteen sons and eighteen daughters.

Though remarkably able as a general, and such a redoubtable fighter that everyone was afraid to go near him in battle, Ali was a peace-loving man, who preferred quiet

and study to war, and would never have entered upon it of his own will. Among all Mohammedans, of whatsoever sect, he has a great reputation for wisdom. He wrote poems, and history and books of philosophical sentences. His great work, written on parchment, has never been translated: it is said to typify in figures and words all the great events which are to happen from the foundation of Moslemism to the end of the world.

The keenness of his wit is shown in an answer he made to one of his captains, who asked him the reason why the reigns of Abu Bekr and Omar had been so peaceful, and his own and Othman's so full of trouble. Ali replied, simply:

"The reason is plain. Othman and I served Abu Bekr and Omar during their reigns; but Othman and I found nobody to serve us but you, and such as are like you."

He was eating dates with Mohammad one day when Mohammad, for a joke, slily put his stones on to Ali's plate. When they had finished he said: "He who has most stones must have eaten most."

"No," retorted Ali. "He surely must have eaten most who swallowed his stones also."

V

A.D. 660–661

The choice of Ali's successor fell upon his eldest son, Hasan. But Hasan had "inherited more of his father's piety than his courage, and was reverenced not only upon account of his near relationship to Ali, but because he was very studious of the practical part of religion and considered by all a very good man."

In pronouncing his father's eulogy he said to the people: "You have killed a man on that same night in which the Koran came down from Heaven, and Isa (Jesus), upon whom be peace, was lifted up to Heaven, and in which Joshua, the son of Nun, was killed; by God, none of his

predecessors exceeded him, nor will any of his successors ever be equal to him."[1]

But, finding that the people were still divided and wanting to fight even among themselves, he wrote to Moawiyah offering to resign the Caliphate to him upon certain conditions. To this abdication his brother Hosein was strongly averse, but Hasan, assured that there would be no peace otherwise, adhered to his determination. And although Moawiyah would not agree to all his conditions—and did not keep to those he consented to—the abdication was arranged and Hasan and Hosein went to Medina to live privately, "choosing rather to surrender to Moawiyah than to shed the blood of the people."

About eight years later Yezid, son of Moawiyah, induced one of Hasan's wives to poison him, on the promise of marriage. She made five attempts before she was successful, but Moawiyah gave her a large sum of money rather than let his son run the risk of sharing her first husband's fate.

VI

A.D. 661–679

Moawiyah, the sixth Caliph, was the first to allow the Mussulmans the use of ships, and to send out naval expeditions of war. Until his time the Arabs were strictly prohibited from going to sea. Amrou, the general who conquered Egypt in the time of Omar, had written to his master that the sea was "a great pool which some inconsiderate people furrow, looking like worms on logs of wood." And Omar immediately forbid all navigation. But his real reason probably was that he knew his people would have no chance on the water against the Romans and Franks, who were quite accustomed to it, while the Arabs knew nothing about it.

Moawiyah not only dared the terrors of the deep, but actually besieged Constantinople from the sea, having

[1] Ebn al Athir.

tried in vain to take it by fair means or foul from the land side. Eventually, after battering away at the Porte without success for seven years, he signed a truce of seven years more with the Emperor, and withdrew on condition that he was to be paid "ten besants of gold a day, with a slave and a good horse," during all that time.

Desirous of seeing his own son, Yezid, his successor, he made the Caliphate, until then elective, hereditary. He made Damascus the capital; and settled down there to enjoy peace. Hoping to put an end to the arguments and discussion about the various readings of the Koran, he called a conference to regulate the Books of the Law. He reigned for nineteen years and three months, and died, aged between seventy and seventy-five, and full of honours, in A.D. 679, leaving two sons, Jezid and Abdallah.

Moawiyah was a great patron of literature, even more so than Ali, and gathered at his court all the scientific men of his day. He loved poetry, and would do anything for poets, not only in giving them generous gifts, but pardoning freely any offences they might have committed. He originated the custom of post-horses: and it was during his reign that the Greek sciences began to have an influence over the Arabs. He was always munificent, even to his opponents: to all but his hereditary enemies he seems to have been of a merciful disposition, brave, good-natured, and an excellent administrator. It is said that he was the cause of Ayesha's death, as he certainly was of Ali's and all the other members of his family that he could find. The story is that Ayesha resolutely refused the idea of making the Caliphate hereditary and to promise her allegiance to Yezid, Moawiyah's son and heir. So Moavia invited her to an entertainment; and, having had a deep pit in the floor covered over with leaves, he had her chair placed over it. Upon being conducted to her seat Ayesha "sank instantly into eternal night, and the mouth of the pit was immediately covered with stones and mortar."[1]

[1] Price.

VII

A.D. 679–705

The immediate successors of Moawiyah had short stormy reigns, and were of very little importance to the world until the inauguration of the fifth—(the eleventh after Mohammed). This was Abdelmalic (A.D. 684–705), who reigned for thirty years, completed the conquest of Arabia, subdued India in the East, and in the West penetrated as far as Spain. He continued the naval developments of Moawiyah, and built ships of war to pursue by sea the Mohammedan conquests that were spreading far and wide. Himself a poet, he delighted in the society of authors, even extending his hospitality to the Christian poet, Achtal.

VIII

A.D. 705–715

His son, Walid, who succeeded him, was all that Mohammad would have abhorred. He was vain, greedy, treacherous, vindictive, and the only idea in his head was that of conquest for his own glorification.

He began the building of the great mosque of Damascus the year of his coronation. The Christian church, the most magnificent in the world, stood where he wanted his own to be; he offered to buy it. But the priests objected to the removal of their church and refused his price, whereupon he had it razed to the ground, and gave them nothing at all. . . . Prosperity and success had soon obliterated the teaching of the Prophet—or perhaps Walid interpreted the command to avoid harshness and haughtiness as applying only to Moslemah, and not to Unbelievers. To punish the Christians still further, he prohibited the use of the Greek language throughout his dominions.

Twelve thousand stone-cutters were employed daily on the building of this mosque, but it was not completed in

the reign of Walid. Nor did he succeed in the great desire of his heart—the conquest of Constantinople. He raised an immense army for this purpose—having already sent three, which ravaged Roumania and Silesia and returned to Damascus laden with booty—and was building a great fleet to carry it and besiege the Porte from the sea, when he died, and had to trust to his brother Suleiman to carry on his work.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CONQUEST OF AFRICA

In Saracenic wars the gold and silver, prisoners and cattle, movables and immovables taken in war were divided into five portions. One was applied by the Caliphs to religious and charitable purposes; the sentinel of the camp, the soldier who fought, the retired veteran, and the widows and orphans of the slain were entitled to equal participation of the remainder, but the horseman always received a double portion. . . . Death in an enemy's country was preclusion of right to a share in the spoil. . . . A soldier who received pay was entitled neither to plunder nor martyrdom.

MILLS, *Mishcat*

Perfection consists in three things: patience in affliction: moderation in our pursuits; and assisting him that asketh.

Sentences of Ali

I

IT was during the reign of Othman that the war was carried far into Africa.

With the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, Abdallah, Othman's general, conducted 40,000 valiant Arabs from the camp at Memphis to the subjugation of the unknown regions of the West . . . they pitched their tents before Tripoli, while a reinforcement of Greeks, advancing to relieve the city, were surprised and cut to pieces on the seashore. But the siege was suspended by the arrival of the prefect Gregory, with 100,000 Roman troops and Moorish, or barbarian, allies. The representative of the Greek emperor rejected with disdain the usual choice—of conversion or tribute; and the Saracenic general broke up his camp before Tripoli.[1]

The battle went on for several days from dawn till noon, when the heat usually compelled a truce while the soldiers

[1] Mills.

sought the shelter of their tents. But one of the captains—Zobeir—grew tired of this intermittent fighting. One day he and his men carried on, and, having evaded the enemy in the night, they turned up early in the morning at their own camp, before it was astir.

"Is the tent a station for the general of the Mussulmans?" cried Zobeir indignantly.

The general explained that 100,000 pieces of gold and the hand of the prefect's daughter had been offered to any Christian or Mussulman who took his head into the enemy's camp. "She is fighting by the side of her father, and her incomparable charms fire the youth of both armies," he continued, in extenuation of his retirement. "My friends have begged me to quit the field, as the loss of their general might be fatal to the cause."

"Retort on the Infidels their unmanly attempt," returned the indefatigable Zobeir. "Proclaim through the ranks that the head of Gregory shall be repaid with his captive daughter and the equal sum of one hundred thousand pieces of gold."

And finally Gregory was slain, the Romans vanquished. Tripoli yielded, and Gregory's daughter was led captive into the presence of Abdallah and Zobeir. Zobeir took no notice of the girl, and Abdallah, "surprised at his indifference at the sight of so much beauty," asked why he did not claim his rich reward.

"I fight for glory and religion, and despise all ignoble motives," replied the enthusiast.

But Abdallah "forced upon the reluctant chief the virgin and the gold, and pleased his martial spirit with the office of communicating to the Caliph at Medina the success of his faithful soldiers."

II

Another expedition was made later by Moavia ben Horeig Azocuni. But the real conqueror of Africa was Ok'ba ben Nafe, *El Fehri*, who subdued the whole of

Eastern Barbary, after recovering the city of Cyrene,[1] first taken by Moawiyah, which had shaken off the Moslemah yoke after the departure of the Mussulmans. Now Ok'ba destroyed so many of its magnificent buildings that upon its surrender he rebuilt the city, called it Cairouan, and, in place of the structures that had fallen under his bombarding, he built mosques and schools wherein he commanded that the language and doctrines of the Faith should be taught "to such children as had been wandering about, lost to hope and without a refuge."

After this, Ok'ba, with his army of one hundred thousand horsemen, went on through Africa until they reached the coast near Mazagan. There the general spurred his horse into the sea until he could advance no farther, when he raised his arms to the skies and cried:

"Lord, if these profound waters did not prevent me, I would proceed still farther to the unknown kingdoms of the West, to carry onward the knowledge of Thy Sacred Name and Thy Holy Law, and put to the sword the rebellious nations who worship other gods than Thee."

III

Ok'ba did not have it all his own way in Africa, and eventually lost his life there in a great battle against "an innumerable horde of the people of Barbary assisted by the Christians, A.D. 682."

The leader of this army was a Christian, one Aben Cahina (Abel Cohen?), who was afterwards defeated and killed by the Arabs. But some time later Hassan, an officer under one of Ok'ba's successors, fought for several years against a great force led by a woman known as Cahina, Queen of Barbary, probably the widow of Aben. When she saw that at last fortune was going against her, she sent her two young sons into the Arab camp before the

[1] Cyrene was built by the Greeks under the Carthaginians, about 130. Rome. They held it for about two hundred years, later on it was destroyed and rebuilt by the Romans.

last fight, in which she was taken prisoner. The troops spared her life because she was a woman and a queen. But when she refused the conditions offered her by Hassan —that she would pay tribute, be obedient to the Caliph, and become Mohammedan—he had her decapitated.

This caused his own downfall, for, thinking to please Walid by the sight of her head, he sent with it such valuable booty and such reports of the riches of Africa that the Caliph's brother, Abdelaziz ben Meruan, begged to be sent there. Making no excuse, Walid thereupon deposed Hassan to make room for Abdelaziz, who deprived him of his treasures as well as his command. This caused Hassan such sorrow that he died of sheer grief.

Abdelaziz sent General Muza ben Noseir into the land of Almagreb (Morocco). Muza, knowing that his chief was very avaricious, took care to send him all the spoils, including slaves of both sexes and horses of great value.[1] Consequently Abdelaziz sent glowing reports of his new general to the Caliph, who made him Emir of all the Moslemah troops in Africa, especially charging him to continue his conquests in the West.

Muza collected additional forces from Syria, Egypt, Barca, Carthagena, and the land of Barbary, and with these brought all the tribes into subjection, including even the warlike people of Dara, Sahra, and Tafilet. He sent his son Abdelaziz to maintain the frontier with ten thousand horse. Abdelaziz being, like his father, "possessed of much suavity," and with plenty of resolution, not only succeeded in obtaining the mastery over them all, but "completely won the hearts, and the very souls, of those warlike but barbarous people."

Having arranged all this, Muza returned to his headquarters at Cairouan.

[1] Here again the injunctions of the Prophet and his first successors seem to have faded into air, in so far as booty and perfidy were concerned.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STORY OF MUZA

It chanced on a certain occasion that the Alfequis and Alemas were disputing in his presence, when the King, becoming weary of their subtleties, rose and said:

"I neither know nor understand any other doctrine than the firm and cordial belief which I have ever entertained of the Power of Allah; nor do I require any reasoning to convince me of His Omnipotence. As to my arguments, they are here."

And he laid his hand on his sword.

CONDÉ, *History of the Arabs in Spain*

AND now we return to the disaffected folk of Spain.

Some time after Muza got back to Cairouan a message came to him from Count Julian, of Ceuta and Algeciras, asking him to help dethrone King Roderigo. It was not only for the sake of Vitiza's sons that Julian had determined to take this step. His daughter, while on a visit to Spain, had been treated by Roderigo just as, hundreds of years earlier, Valentinian had treated the wife of Maximus. Mad with fury when he heard of this insult to his house, Julian determined not only to give the young Princes their revenge, but to ruin Spain utterly. He got his daughter back under pretext of her mother's illness. Then he sent to Muza, offering him all the places in his own hands in Africa, and also all he could take in Spain, if only he would lend an army for this purpose.

This suggestion interested Muza. Being very prudent he made further inquiries of Julian about conditions in Spain —the character of the King, and so on. The enthusiastic accounts of the climate, the wonderful fruits, great rivers, and rich towns, determined him. He sent a message to his Caliph, reminding him that he had subdued and made tributary many tribes of Barbary and Morocco, and that his conquering Moslems had "raised the banner of the

Faith on all the towers of Tandja[1]." He added that there was nothing but a narrow strait of twelve miles between him and the coast of Andalusia; and that he hoped to be allowed to take his soldiers into Spain, "for the purpose of bearing to that land the knowledge of God and the Alcoranic Law."

Walid, feeling that the proposed attempt was "in perfect harmony with the traditions of the messengers of God which promised the extension of the Law even to the uttermost confines of the West," gave his general leave to proceed.

Muza then sent Taric, "the one-eyed general" commanding in Tandja, to reconnoitre the country with a body of cavalry, and see if all Julian had told him was true. Count Julian helped Taric to embark from Tandja with five hundred horsemen in four large ships. They overran the whole of Andalusia and took back with them to Morocco numerous captives, with flocks and other booty. This initial success encouraged Muza, who ordered the construction of sufficient ships to carry a large army; gave Taric's command at Tandja to his second son, Meruan, and sent Taric again in command of the expedition.

At that time there were two small islands close to Algeciras; one called the Isle of Doves, the other the Green Isle. On this Green Isle, the larger of the two, Taric safely landed his troops, and fortified himself on its extremity—the rock named after him, *Ghebal Taric*,[2] also called the Mount of Victory, or Entrance. He then burnt his ships, to deprive his troops of all idea of flight in case of great opposition on the part of the Goths.

Many skirmishes took place between the Arabs and the Goths, but before long Muza received a gruesome proof of Taric's success—in the head of King Roderigo. The accompanying letters described how Roderigo, at the head of all his nobles and with ninety thousand troops, had come out to battle, "seated in a chariot of war, adorned with ivory, and drawn by two large mules. On his head was a crown

[1] Tandja: Tangier. [2] Gibraltar.

or diadem of pearls, and a mantle of rich purple covered his shoulders." Fighting had gone on without cessation, when, on the third day, Taric, seeing that there were still great numbers of the enemy and that his own troops were losing ground, rode amongst them, exhorting them to struggle valiantly, and die as good Mussulmans should. He then promised them rich rewards, and ended by exclaiming:

"Where hope you to find refuge? Behind you rolls the impassable sea; before you is the wearied foe. There is no resource for us but in our valour; do as I do. *Guala*[1]!"

Taric had then "seated himself more firmly on his horse", and spurred him into the ranks of the enemy. Recognizing Roderigo by the richness of his ornaments and those of his charger, he had slain him with his own hand. His followers had made a great slaughter of the Christians, whom they pursued for three whole days.

Muza sent the head of Roderigo to Walid. But, though much pleased with the victory, he was a little jealous that it had been achieved by Taric and not by himself. So he sent a message telling Taric he was to proceed no farther until he had further orders and reinforcements. Then he gathered a great army of ten thousand horse and eight thousand foot; sent his eldest son, Abdelaziz, to govern Cairouan in his place; and himself crossed to Spain with his younger sons, Meruan and Abdelola.

But his orders commanding Taric to wait had not at all pleased the victorious general and his officers. They all felt that it would be a mistake to lose so precious an opportunity of following up their victory. Among those who so counselled Taric was Count Julian. Taric therefore decided to go on. He reviewed and praised his troops; commanded that no offence should be given to the peaceable and unarmed inhabitants; and forbade all plunder excepting on the field of battle and in towns that opposed their entry. When Muza arrived Taric was already master of Toledo and Cordova.

Muza and his sons had constantly shown themselves mild

[1] May God help me!

and merciful to all who submitted to their rule. But the Emir, though generous, was proud and jealous of his authority, and he was more angered by Taric's disregard of his orders and excess of zeal than pleased by his conquests. He did nothing, however, to show his resentment for some time after his arrival in Spain.

He was really too much engaged in new conquests to think of anything else. He met with but little opposition until he arrived before the great city of Merida[1] in the West. The sight of the citadel there made him exclaim that the man who succeeded in making himself master of it would be happy. He sent a message to his son Abdelaziz to bring him reinforcements, having left most of his infantry to keep control of the towns he passed through as he came along.

He took the citadel by strategy just before the arrival of Abdelaziz with seven thousand horse and a large body of cross-bow men.

The sight of this new army, when their own forces were so depleted by the recent battle, made the people of Merida demand peace. The emissaries introduced to Muza saw "a venerable personage with a long white beard," who listened graciously to their proposals, but told them to come at the same time next day for his reply.

Meanwhile Muza dyed his beard. When the envoys came again they could scarcely believe he was the same man. Having heard his conditions they returned to the city, and told the people:

"You are fighting with men who can change their age to youth at pleasure; this is what we have seen their King do; yesterday he was an old man; to-day he is a youth; wherefore arise and make ready to grant to these men all that they require, that your safety may be assured."

The city, therefore, capitulated.

Soon after, Muza departed for Toledo, where he found Taric, who came forth to meet him with gifts of jewels that had fallen to his lot, as chief, in the distribution of the

[1] Madrid.

spoils. Among these was a precious table adorned with emeralds and jacinths, said to be the Table of Solomon, perfect but for one missing foot, in which condition Taric said he had found it.

Muza took the gifts and listened to Taric's apologies—that he had gone on in the cause of Islam, and in the certainty that if Muza had known the state of things he would have ordered exactly what Taric had done, adding that he was the creature and work of Muza, and most truly his faithful servant.

Muza replied politely. But when they reached the Castle, he, speaking in the presence of the assembled officers, told Taric that to punish his disobedience in so grave a matter, and for confiding in the fortune of the troops rather than in the prudence and experience of his chief, he would be deprived of command. He concluded his speech by thanking and praising the officers for their valour and zeal. But all remained silent except Taric, who exclaimed:

"My desire, O Wali, was to serve God and the Caliph. My conscience absolves me; and I hope our sovereign, to whose justice and protection I appeal, will do the same."

His reply only embittered Muza's anger. For his advice in the matter Count Julian was decapitated. Taric was put into prison; and Muza gave his command to the only one among the officers who had spoken up in his favour. This Mugueiz represented that Taric had deserved praise rather than reproof, and distinguished honours rather than imprisonment. But Muza was inflexible, and thereby accomplished his own ruin and that of his family.

For the Caliph sent orders that Taric was to be reinstated, as "one of the best swords of Islam must not be rendered useless."

Muza obeyed. The two generals hid their hatred of one another and thenceforward "ate together"—until Taric went to his command in the East.

Both made great conquests; in fourteen months the whole of Spain had been conquered by the Arabs, and the people seemed happier and more contented than they had

been under the Goths. But while Muza kept all the booty for himself, Taric pleased the troops by invariably dividing the spoils equally, after reserving one-fifth for the Caliph. And Taric, who reported his doings direct to the Caliph, always made some remark in his letters about the coveteousness or cruelty of Muza. Muza, on his side, told the Caliph that Taric was setting his troops an example of insubordination, and spoiling them with injudicious liberality. Walid at last decided to recall both to Syria.

Muza left his son, Abdelaziz, in command in Spain; the other two were again in Africa—Abdelola as Governor of Tangier and Morocco, Meruan of Cairouan.

He took with him as hostages four hundred princes of the royal families of the Goths, and to show their importance made them all wear their gold diadems and girdles.

When Muza arrived in Damascus, Taric was already there, and the Caliph was on his deathbed. The heir, Walid's brother Suleiman, sent him a message telling him not to enter the country until he was in possession of the throne. But Muza took no notice of this, and went straight to Walid with his reports and gifts. Among these was the Table of Solomon, which he said he had found. Taric immediately contradicted him; and his production of the missing foot proved Muza's perfidy, which "greatly astonished Walid."

A few days later he died. Suleiman succeeded. He listened to all Muza had to tell him of the bravery of the people of Spain, France, and Barbary, whom he had conquered; and then asked:

"And among all these various peoples how has it gone with thee? Hast thou always overcome them, or have they sometimes vanquished thee?"

"No, by Allah!" replied Muza. "Not a banner of mine have they ever borne away, nor have my Moslemah once hesitated to meet them, even though they came upon us as eighty to forty."

"Now these words greatly pleased Suleiman," says the historian, "but being offended by Muza's refusal to await

his own accession to the throne before re-entering Syria, he cast him into prison, exposed him to public derision in the light of the sun, condemned him to the bastinado, and fined him in the sum of 100,000 mitcales—other authorities say 200,000 pieces of gold."[1]

Meanwhile Abdelaziz had married the widow of Roderigo, the "fair African", and had continued his father's work—his conquests extending to the Pyrenees and Pampeluna. He sent the contributions and tribute of the conquered people direct to Syria in the charge of ten men, the whole amounting to an immense sum. Suleiman was delighted with this. But he had determined on the ruin of the whole family of Muza for the affront he chose to consider the general's disregard of his wishes. And, completely ignoring the valuable services rendered by the whole family, he sent some of these men back, via Cairouan and Tangier, with orders to depose all three of Muza's sons of their commands and then to kill them.

Abdelaziz was greatly beloved by his staff and men, but the Caliph's orders had to be obeyed. So the staff, anxious to avoid an insurrection by the troops, invented an excuse for killing him. He and his wife were one day in the apartment of the Castle of Seville where the royal crowns were kept. The crown of each king of Seville, after his death, was put away in this room with his name, age, and length of reign engraved in it. There were twenty-five of them, all of gold, adorned with precious stones. Abdelaziz was trying them on to amuse his wife, Ayela, when some of the nobles came in. Here was the excuse they wanted; they told the people that Ayela had persuaded Abdelaziz to assume the regal robes and diadem. The troops at first refused to allow their beloved chief to be killed; but in the end the rabble broke into the mosque when he was at his devotions, killed him, cut off his head, and then murdered his wife.

. . . . .

Muza happened to be paying his respects to the Caliph

[1] Condé's *History of the Arabs in Spain.*

when the casket containing his son's head was brought in. Suleiman lifted the cover before everyone there, and, showing the head, said to Muza:

"Dost thou recognize this head, O Muza?"

"Yes," replied the unhappy father, looking away. "Yes, I know it," and then, unable to repress his indignation, he added: "Accursed of God may be he who hath murdered a man better than himself."

Full of grief he departed instantly from the palace, and set off on a pilgrimage to Mecca. But the death of his sons, on top of his own humiliation, had broken his heart, and he died before he got there.

* * * * *

Vengeance fell fast on the heels of the brutal Suleiman. The son he had chosen to succeed him died immediately after this. A few months later he was looking at himself in a glass, and, admiring his own beauty—he was a very handsome man—he remarked to his women:

"Verily it is I who am the King of Youth!"

One of his favourites, greatly daring, replied, in verse, to the effect that: "Thou art handsome, yea; none can deny it; but all human beauty hath this defect, that it will not remain, and thine shall pass away as the flower of the meadow, as the shadow that crosses the sun."

Whereupon the Caliph fell into profound melancholy. The loss of his fleet before Constantinople no doubt contributed to this. And perhaps someone felt that it would be acquiring merit to help to promote a more worthy successor of the Prophet. At any rate he died a few days afterwards, having reigned only two years and eight months.

CHAPTER XV

THE ARABS IN SPAIN

It pleased God . . . to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family which had bred up and maintained so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honour and renown, far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighbouring states could boast. . . . Such changes and revolutions of kingdoms God, in His providence, has wrought before we were born, and will do so again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly upon His Divine disposal.

PHILIP DE COMINES (of the House of Burgundy)

I

THE rest of the story of the Arab rulers is merely a repetition of bloody conquest and more or less short-lived triumph—as that of all monarchies.

One day an Arab king exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit: "Doth any man in princely thrones rejoice? O, brittle joy!"

Few, indeed, were there who lived happily, or died naturally. And most of the Emirs, subject to the dual caprices and jealousy of both sovereign and brother-officer, held still more uncertain tenure. In the first twenty-five years after the landing of Taric in Spain there were no less than twenty governors, the longest rule of all lasting only five years; while some could not hold out for even six months. And deposition generally meant disgrace, if not death.

II

For centuries the Arabs were the dominant power in the world. They fought on land and sea. They conquered country after country. Reverse, with them, almost invariably

resulted in their returning to the fray very soon in greater numbers, better equipped. In one naval battle off Constantinople a fleet of fifteen hundred vessels was lost—partly owing to bad weather. In another only fifteen out of three hundred returned to tell the tale. But in each case disaster proved merely an incentive to building bigger fleets. In one battle, against Alphonso XI of Castile, they were overthrown, with the slaughter of two hundred thousand men: they returned a few months later with seventy thousand horse and four hundred thousand foot.

They were always far more tolerant in questions of religion than their enemies. This, unhappily, was especially so in regard to the Christians, who persecuted each other as well—Orthodox against Arian, and later, Romanists against Protestants, as the designation changed. The Arabs, after conquest, always permitted those who submitted to their civil rule to follow their own religion, their own customs, so long as nothing interfered with Mohammedan law.

The first Moorish conquerors of Spain exacted from the people of Castile an annual tribute of five hundred maidens. Though the Spaniards bitterly resented it, they did not manage to emancipate themselves from this disgrace until the tribute had been paid many times. At last, after much fighting, it was compromised by the substitution of coin, and hence the *soubriquet*, supposed to denote nobility in Spain, "Revenge £500."

III

For at least five hundred years the Arabs of Spain had every right to consider themselves the most highly cultivated and civilized people in Europe. Very proud, and glorying in their independence, they won a great reputation for hospitality and chivalry.

At a time when most of Europe was profoundly ignorant, —when only the higher ranks of the clergy were able to read and write—they were adepts in astrology, chemistry,

and medical science. Among their great physicians was Albucasis, about 1085, who wrote several "tracts" which are still extant, explaining his method of curing disease, and containing cuts of surgical instruments, surgery being his speciality.

They prided themselves on the grace and elegance of their language. The sonorous and harmonious Arabic found such favour in Spain that it very soon became incorporated into the national tongue. So great was the infusion that even to-day one-eighth of the language of Spain is of purely Arabic origin. Its addition to the old classical Latin made up a language so majestic and eloquent that it surpassed all others. Charles V, indeed, declared that "German is the fittest tongue for speaking to horses: French for talking to statesmen: Italian for conversing with ladies: and English for answering birds: but Spanish is the only one suitable for addressing kings, princes, or the Almighty."

Alfonso the Wise appreciated the beauty of Arabic so highly that when, in 1254, he established national schools in Seville, he made a point of having the study of Arabic included in the curriculum.

Later on, a fanatic priesthood taught the people that every Arabic writing was part of the Koran—which they called "The Book of Mussulman error and superstition" —and to be condemned without examination. Consequently countless priceless volumes—which had nothing at all to do with the Koran—were burnt.

Arab histories were all adorned with verse. Indeed, everything they wrote was beautifully expressed, for all they had to say was put into poetic language. For instance, a history of Fez is entitled: *The Book of the Peaceful Friend in the Garden of Letters*. Another book is called *The Odour of the Rose.*

A certain general, Said ben Gudi, intending to intimate to the members of another family that he did not think very highly of their courage, wrote a poem which commenced:

O, Sons of Meruan, how distinguished are your coursers in the flight! If they do not move so deftly to the battle, yet none can equal the swiftness of their foot in the moment when a timid heart turns the shoulders of the bearer to the sight of the foe. Great are ye in the flight, O Sons of Meruan, and swift are the feet of your steeds. . . .

This general is described as "a cavalier of high merit . . . who united in his person the ten qualities which distinguish the noble and generous cavalier; these are: integrity, valour, knightly honour, gentle courtesy, poetry, eloquence, strength, skill in the use of the lance, readiness with the sword, and dexterity in drawing the bow. . . ."

And when he died, in 896, a contemporary poet wrote the inscription for his tomb:

Here dost thou lie, who, to the poor and needy
Wast ever a sure refuge. Son of Gudi,
Deep was thy shade when summer suns were glowing,
And warm the shelter of thine open arms
When keen the winter blasts were howling round us.
Now, see! Thou hast thyself but these few branches
To shield thy head; yet rose and jasmine twine
Their breathing blossoms round them, and shall fail
Never while blooms the field, while decks the grove
Its wealth of leaf, and while the crystal brook
Lacks not its silvery stores. Since the sun shone
Nor men nor genii yet have seen a nobler
Than he who lies here sleeping. Said! O, Said!
For thee mine eyes rain tears upon the path
Marked out by myrtles to thy dark abode.

King Alhakem, who reigned in Spain in 961, collected a wonderful library; throughout his life sparing no pains and grudging no cost to add to it. He so filled his palace with books that there was no room in it for anything else, and it was always open to all men of learning and genius. "Of these he would select the most wise and learned, and then dispatch them to distant parts in search of new acquisitions. . . ."

In order to obtain a copy of a certain book of canticles,

he sent the writer a letter empowering him to draw on his treasures for unlimited sums, and with it a thousand golden crowns as a commencement. "Abulfaragi sent him the copy . . . with a genealogical history of the Omeyyan Princes, exceedingly minute and circumstantial, in which no fact concerning that noble race was omitted. To this he added an elegant copy of verses in praise of the princes of that family."[1]

It is said that the *catalogues* of this library extended to forty-four volumes, each containing fifty sheets, containing nothing but the names of the books and their authors.

This was in A.D. 960: compare it with the little there was in Britain at that period in the nature of books; and the poetic language of the Arabs with the confused diction of King Alfred. In the preface to his paraphrase of Boethius's *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* (which Alfred carried with him wherever he went), he says:

> And he now prays, and for God's sake implores every one of those whom it lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him if he more rightly understand it than he could; for every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and according to his leisure, speak that which he speaks, and do that which he does.

In A.D. 889 Said ben Suleiman ben Gudi, the general just mentioned, sent a description of a battle to his chief. commencing:

> Already hath the dust of our feet inspired terror into the hearts of our foes. The whole heaven hath become darkened, and the vast cloud uprises itself with menacing frown.
>
> See! from the power of our lances they turn in their fear! Trembling they show us their backs, and the hot sword quenches its thirst in the blood of the flying.
>
> Ah, the dark drops! Rain all crimson! It moistens the dust of the plains. How they fly! Hill and valley are all too close for them! Yea, too close! And we bring them now back, breathless, and loaded with chains. See! See! the pale slaves.

[1] Condé's *History of the Arabs in Spain.*

how they shake at our gaze, how the fears of their hearts blanch their cheeks as they throng the dark way 'neath the feet of our horses and slaves. . . .

Thus, thus hath God done to the false ones that fled from our banners. Over all came the dark wheel of Fate that none living shall flee, and behold they are not! E'en the trace of their lives is no more; they are now as they never had been.

Us and ours did they combat with wiles, with the craft of the coward and slave. Horsemen and footmen alike, with vile arts and machines they assailed us. . . .

And so on.

And in 938, fifty years later, this was the best our bards could do on a similar occasion:

> Aethelstan kin, of earls the lord,
> Rewarder of heroes, and his brother eke,
> Edmund Atheling, elder of ancient race,
> Slew in the fight, with the edge of their swords,
> The foe at Brumby. . . .
>
> The Northmen saile'd in their mailed ships,
> A dreary remnant on the roaring sea;
> Over deep water Dublin they sought,
> And Ireland's shores, in deep disgrace.
>
> They left behind them, raw to devour,
> The sallow kite, the swarthy raven,
> With horny rib, and the hoarse vulture,
> With the eagle swift to consume his prey. . . .[1]

IV

The Moors built wonderful mosques, and one—Bulba, King of Granada—raised such magnificent structures in Spain that his people thought he must have the gift of making gold. The mosque at Cordova had 1,200 pillars of precious marble—jasper, green, black, crimson and porphry, rose, emerald, black and white; each a solid block, and

[1] Althelstan's *Song of Victory*.

brought from all over the world—from Roman temples, from France, Carthage, other parts of Spain—many of them gifts from the Emperor of Constantinople. The walls were worked like lace; the arches were jewelled; the sanctuary, where the Koran of Osman was kept, was all of white marble, the floor of one block, the roof of another, and lit by twenty thousand lamps. When, in 1885, el Abbas, son of the Emperor of Morocco, visited what remains of it, he went round the sanctuary on his knees seven times, and sighed, sobbed, prayed aloud, and wept, grieving like a child over this splendour of his ancestors now lost to his people for ever.

They built stately palaces; bridges as good as those of the Romans; aqueducts. And their work was as much to give the people employment as to adorn their cities. In the building of the "fairy" palace near Cordova, ten thousand workmen were employed daily, and the work went on for years, at a cost of fifty-two and a half millions sterling, of which one-third came out of the King's privy-purse. Little is left of it now but fragments of the 4,300 pillars of rare marble used in the edifice, but who knows what genius may not have been nourished on the wages of the workmen (who received between 7s. 6d. and £1 a day)? The King himself took such interest in the building that once he missed three succeeding Sunday *Zalahs* at the mosque—which brought down on his head threats of hell-fire from the *Fequi*.

V

No better example of the administrative powers and remarkable qualities of the Arabs can be given than the lives of Abderrahman I, II, and III, and some of the fathers and sons who came in between. Abderrahman I was a fugitive, the only remaining descendant of the Caliph Meruan, when the Arabs in Spain having decided that they must have Home Rule to put an end to the constant unrest caused by absentee monarchs, heard for the first time that

THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA
GRANADA

THE MAIDEN'S HALL OF THE ALCAZAR
SEVILLE

he still existed. They sent him an invitation to come and take his rightful place. He was welcomed all the more enthusiastically when they saw that he was:

> In the very flower of his age; of graceful deportment, noble and beautiful aspect, with complexion of clear white and red, eyes fine, large, bright blue, and very animated, a countenance at once friendly and majestic. He was of good stature, but slight—in a word the beauty and grace of his person so increased the satisfaction of the people on seeing him that . . . in a few days his forces were increased by more than twenty thousand men . . .[1]

He found Spain in a state of anarchy; the reigning Prince bitterly resented and fiercely opposed his coming. But between persuasion and force Abderrahman soon had the whole country under control, and the people happier and more contented than they had ever been.

Very learned in the Koran, he was inclined to take all reverses as direct signs of displeasure in Heaven; after one defeat when, grieved and perplexed, he could not hit on any other cause for punishment, he concluded that the inter-marrying between Christians and Mohammedans was the offence. So he made a law that all Christians then married to Mohammedans must, with their children, embrace the Moslem faith; and all future unions between Believers and Infidels could only take place under such conditions.

His great-grandson, Abderrahman II, was also a good king (though he is, quite unjustly, credited with having murdered 6,000 Christians on one occasion). Abderrahman III, of the sixth generation (whose mother was a Christian named Maria), reigned for fifty years, and made Spain one of the first countries in the world. He, too, came to the throne at a difficult moment. But in a few years there was perfect order among the people; the entire country was prosperous; commerce with other nations was so good that the duties on exports and imports made up the greater

[1] *History of the Arabs in Spain*, Condé.

part of an immense revenue. Of this one-third was held in reserve; one-third was used for current expenses; one-third for building. A scientific system of irrigation had improved agriculture and greatly modified the effects of droughts; the navy was equal to any in the world, and the army large and well disciplined. Beautiful mosques and palaces had been built in all the cities of Spain; an embankment along the river at Cordova; aqueducts to bring the water, in "tubes of lead"; the paving of the streets; many fountains and public baths, were among the other public works that kept the people employed. And in consequence of this prosperity ambassadors from France, Italy, Germany, Constantinople, had been sent to the King, offering, or asking, alliance; all of whom were sent back greatly pleased with their reception and loaded with most valuable gifts.

This was between A.D. 912 and 961, when even the richest and highest in England were still sleeping on beds of rushes, and mental acquirements of any kind were confined to the higher ranks of the priesthood.

VI

But though the Arabs proved their ability over and over again—as artists, poets, administrators, soldiers, architects, engineers, physicians—there was always some fatal hitch that prevented their becoming the leaders of the world. The wheel of Fate kept turning; no sooner did they reach a certain height than some wretch—either King or Vizier, incompetent or vicious—brought their power and civilization down with a run.

As to European influence on the later generations, few know the Arabs better than Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and he asks:

> What do Europeans bring to the East? Guns, gin, whisky, powder, shoddy cloth, dishonest dealing, flimsy manufactures; new wants, new ways, discontent with what they know, but

no attempt to teach them a proper comprehension of the new intelligence, so that the natives think Christian and Cheat synonymous terms.

He thinks the religious immigrants of no more value than the commercial. The Franciscans, who have had missions there for the last two hundred years or more, have effected little, and really confine themselves to work among the Spanish. The Protestant missions, the members of whom in Morocco are all, or nearly all, Scots, do even less. The Franciscans at least open schools and hospitals, to which all nationalities are equally welcome. "The Jews," says Mr. Graham, "long ago named all missionaries followers of Epicurus, because, while neither consuls nor merchants, they eat and drink well, and live in good houses. This term was translated by the Moors into *Bikouros* under the impression that it was a title of respect, and *Bikouro* has now become the accepted name for missionary."[1]

There is a story of Amurath II of Turkey, with whom the Christians had made a treaty. During the battle that ensued upon their breaking it, Amurath pulled the treaty out of his pocket, and, waving it in the air, repeated several times:

"Jesus Christ, if Thou be God, as Thy people say Thou art, revenge the injury they have done me in breaking the treaty they made in Thy name."

Happily his prayer was heard, and answered. Amurath won the day.

. . . . .

The Breton doctor, Bodichon, who was the first to plant eucalyptus in Algeria, summed up very neatly the results of all the slaughter, misery, and retrogression caused by the desire for power, greed of gain, and insane struggle over creeds.

"What," he asked, "are the results of the gigantic struggle between Europe and Asia of the Middle Ages? Between four

[1] *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, Cunninghame Graham. Duckworth.

and five millions of men perished. Their ashes have been scattered to the winds. But . . . the mulberry, the sugar cane, and buck wheat were introduced into Europe. Such is the real result to humanity."

He need not have limited his conclusions to the Middle Ages.

And it is only fair to remind ourselves that the Mohammedans were far and away superior in all respects to so-called Christians in their conduct, at home, abroad, and in warfare. The history of the Crusades is the most damning indictment of European civilization that it is possible to conceive. The Mohammedans were scrupulously faithful to their contracts : the Christians made theirs only to obtain concessions, and broke their word the moment their object was achieved. The Mohammedans made their "holy" wars a season for additional austerity and fasting : the Christians theirs an excuse for licentious living and the wildest excesses of all kinds. Comparisons, always odious, can never be more so than in the hideous records of those appalling butcheries that priests and laymen alike made of the Crusades, as opposed to the expeditions of the Mohammedans in their really sincere belief that they had been commanded to root out idolatry—including that of the worshippers of Christ.

CHAPTER XVI

CASABLANCA AND THE WAY TO MARAK'SH[1]

Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes,
With thy bosom bespangled and banded,
With the hues of the seas and the skies?
Is thy name European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine,
Part mollusc, and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between?

A. C. HILTON'S parody of Swinburne's *Dolores*

I

CASABLANCA to-day is a French port in the making, bidding fair to outrival Algiers in the near future. Of all North African cities it is the most dearly beloved by the French, because so striking a proof of what their occupation has done for savage Morocco.

Fez, Rabat, Marak'sh, even Mazagan and Mogador, had histories, when they first really took possession of the country. But Casablanca had never been much more than a fishing village, and fifteen years ago was only a little Arab township of some twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom not more than a thousand at most were European. There was nothing in it that we consider essential to civilization. And it was connected with Europe only via Tangier, excepting the rare vessels that called on their way to or from more hospitable harbours.

To-day Casablanca has over forty thousand European inhabitants. It is a prosperous port, with spacious wharves and a long breakwater which, among other benefits, provides constant work for an army of labourers. The town grows so rapidly that the post office has had to be enlarged

[1] *Marak'sh*: Arabic spelling and pronunciation of *Morocco*.

three times, although it was so big when first erected that its architect was considered a maniac for so over-estimating its importance. There is a truly French plentitude of hotels, of all classes and descriptions, from the most modest to the largest gesture in luxury. There are numerous hospitals; lots of schools and a college; shops as well fitted, go-ahead, and attractive as those of Paris.

The new town is divided up into twenty-three sections, and from its original centre the principal roads fan out in every direction, while boulevards, parallel to and perpendicular with the sea, link them together. The native town is surrounded by a wall, but it is almost hidden by the ever-encroaching new town; and indeed there is little left of the original Arab, either himself or his dwelling, in modern Casablanca.

But what remains is still jealously guarded, and European ideas of sanitation are unfortunately more keenly resented and more slowly imbibed than less beneficial innovations. The Arabs will go into the hospitals—but refuse to widen their streets, to refrain from filling them with filth, to assist or supplement wind and rain in clearing away accumulated or newly deposited rubbish. Wise visitors keep a eucalyptus jujube in the mouth when sauntering through the native quarters, and eucalyptus or eau-de-Cologne on the handkerchief; but even then a sudden breeze will probably carry with it such a whiff of the garnered, and ungarnered, corruption of ages as almost to overwhelm the unaccustomed. The perfumes of Araby are not only those in costly phials! The ultra-pernickety may say, as Martial to his economical host:

> Marsala comes my way, Madeira stays by thee:
> No need to taste the trash; the smell's enough for me.[1]

But let the superior-in-their-own-estimation always remember that equally evil odours will assail his or her nose in a walk through the slums of many big cities, be it

[1] From *A Fardel of Epigram*, F. P. Barnard. Oxford Univerity Press.

British or French,—and especially, strange to say, of ports,—in spite of our town councils and heavy municipal rates. And those tortuous lanes and noisy market-places of the Arabs are no more representative of the cream of the nation than is the East End of London—or Lambeth—or Liverpool. . . .

II

By rushing the landing, and getting through the Customs in double-quick time, it is just possible to catch the first early-morning motor-service to Marak'sh or Rabat. Wise wayfarers take things quietly, and go on next day. There is plenty of interest and amusement in an exploration of the towns—French and Moorish, or both—but the heart must be steeled against all the lures of the shops, for not only are there greater temptations ahead, but the limited space of the cars does not permit of any additions to necessary baggage.

For *dejeuner*, early or midday, there is as much choice of place and provender as in Paris; it can be enjoyed behind palms on the pavement; in the corner of a *confiserie*; or luxuriantly in the palatial dining-halls of the *Excelsior* or the *Transatlantique*, as purse or fancy dictate. And at night there is as much variety of entertainment as at Marseilles or Algiers—plenty of dancing, theatres, cinemas. . . .

Punctually at seven[1] next morning the procession of cars sets off through the spreading town and the open country, either along the coast towards Rabat, or Safi, or more inland to Marak'sh. First go the lumbering tented "omnibus" coaches laden with a miscellaneous assortment of passengers and goods—Arabs muffled up to the eyes, both men and women; Europeanized natives, very redolent of cheap scent and smoking vile cigars; and commercial travellers, Government officials of inferior grade, tourists economical by nature or necessity. These coaches are loaded

[1] There are supplementary services during the day. Seats should be booked in advance.

up to the roof, whereon perch yet more Arabs, with immense bundles, in apparently perilous positions. They are followed, and soon overtaken, by swifter and more costly limousines and touring-cars patronized by richer travellers. In the big coaches the interest of the journey is so much greater that, to the true traveller, it more than compensates for the difference in comfort; but where time is an object the small cars are considerably in advance of the coaches.

And now the thrills begin. The road is excellent, and there are no speed-limits. We feel that we are really and truly in wild Morocco. There are few signs of civilization—no lamp-posts, no fences, no police. There were plenty of Arabs in brown, or white, *burnouses* in Tangier—plenty of veiled women, mysterious men; of donkeys, camels. . . . But down here it all seems different—stranger, more barbarian—perhaps in contrast to the essentially European environment of Casablanca.

The first town, if the coast road is taken on this route to Marak'sh, is Azemmour, a delicious little place on cliffs above a river. A few miles farther on is Mazagan, at one time the principal Portuguese town—and fort—on this coast, but of no particular interest now—if ever. The Portuguese, oddly enough, were in their day more feared by the Moors than the Spanish—and very much more than the English, at Tangier.

One of General Lyautey's excellent roads branches off from Mazagan direct to Marak'sh, but if there is time it is more amusing to carry on round the sea to Safi; thence to Mogador of the wondrous climate where nobody ever gets ill, and consumptives are cured miraculously.

III

The famous Ismail's grandson, Mohamed, built Mogador in 1765, but his grandfather, Mahomed III, of the Hassein dynasty, evidently conceived the idea, for a note in the *History of the Missions of the Capucine Brothers* says:

"This August, 1644, the King of Morocco was in the

country towards Saphy, near the Isle of Mogador, with the intention of building there a port and fortifying it; he had with him thirty Christian slaves for this labour."

His project was nipped in the bud by his death in 1645, and Mogador came into existence only when his great-grandson created the port specially for the district of the Sus, and made all the foreigners resident in Agadir transplant themselves there. It grew very rapidly, as newcomers were free of all taxes, and became very popular with the Jews, who live there even now in greater numbers than in any other place in Morocco.

It is also the *Château d'If*, and the Portland prison, of Morocco, where, less than a century ago, Sultans in need of cash would immure foreigners as well as native Sheiks, and anyone else likely to pay ransoms to regain their freedom. The Prince de Joinville, after bombarding Tangier in 1844, repeated the performance at Mogador, and some of his cannon-balls are still to be seen in use as weights, gate ornaments, etc.

IV

Excepting by people who are going on to Taradant, Agadir is very rarely visited by Europeans to-day, though it is said to be the initial cause of the Great War. It owes its real name of Aquer to a Portuguese traveller who built at his own cost a castle of wood there, about A.D. 1500, and called it Santa Cruz, or Castle of the Holy Cross. The Moors called it the House of the Christians. When King Manuel of Portugal realized the importance of the place as a fort, he bought the castle, and built and fortified a town for the safeguarding of his commerce. In 1656 Ahmed ben Mohamed sent his son to besiege it, himself following with reinforcements. The garrison put up a stiff resistance, but an accidental explosion, due to the carelessness of one of the soldiers, made a breach in the walls through which the Moors entered. It had cost them two thousand men, however, and in revenge Ahmed put to death every Portu-

guese he found in the place excepting the Governor, Monrai, and his family. But he fell so madly in love with Monrai's daughter, Donna Mencia, that he offered to give the rest their liberty if she would respond to his passion. She refused redemption for her family at such a price; and Ahmed, furious in the belief that she scorned him, ordered her to be handed over to the tender mercies of his soldiers. The poor lady could not face such a doom, and surrendered on condition—to which he agreed—that Ahmed married her legally, and allowed her freedom as to religion. Ahmed kept his word about giving her father his liberty, and sent him back to Portugal "in an honourable manner and with many rich presents."[1] But the unhappy Donna Mencia was very soon poisoned by his other wives.

V

The direct road between Casablanca and Marak'sh is at first interesting. It soon becomes more hilly. And it passes through the two ugly little towns of Ber Rechid and Settat, the coaches stopping only just long enough in each to take up or drop passengers and mails, and awaken wonder as to how the European inhabitants can tolerate life in either for longer than a day.

There are many more natives on this route; longer strings of camels and donkeys; bigger herds of cows and goats; more villages, farms, encampments, stray huts, and tombs. And soon the road begins to ascend in real earnest. It winds, up and down, in and out of a chain of little hills, until it descends finally into the great plain lying between the hills and the soaring heights of the Atlas—the plain compared by Leo Africanus to that of Lombardy, "wonderfully fruitful, and abounding with whatsoever can delight the senses of men, or yield them food or pleasure."

With the sun shining on the crown of snow the mountains ahead look very majestic and mighty and not nearly so far away as they really are. And—quite suddenly, it seems—

[1] Thuanus.

there, on the plain, just ahead, is a forest of feathery-topped palms, standing like a bodyguard before a city of many spires.

It is Marak'sh the Red—mightiest, most densely populated, and most tragic of all the Moorish cities.

CHAPTER XVII

MARAK'SH

Fille du Sud

Gueuse et reine a la fois, j'ai des loques sordides;
Ma robe est poussiereuse et mon voile est à jour,
Mais ma sauvagerie a des bijoux splendides;
Des portes, des tombeaux, un palais, une tour.

L'oasis m'a donne ma ceinture emeraude
Pour eventail j'ai les palmiers ou le vent rode
Je mire mon front noir au miroir des bassins;

Mes pieds nus sont lisses par l'eau qui les arrose
Et j'ai pour apaiser les ardeurs de mes seins
La neige de l'Atlas, dont la fraicheur est rose.

From a French journal, *Au Capitaine Vatier*, November 1920

I

MORMOL says that "this kingdom of Morocco was created upon the defeat of one of the Caliphs of Fez, in which he and two hundred thousand of the Moors perished, near Toulouse in France, in 732, upon which this Western Kingdom was divided into five."

This was the famous battle when Charles Martel won his soubriquet; when Eudo, Duke of Aquitaine, jealous of his overlord, Charles, leagued himself with the Saracens.[1]

Eudo's daughter (called sometimes Lampegia, sometimes Menina, sometimes Numerancia) was married to Munuza Otman ben Abi Neza.[2] He had taken her captive when making an incursion on the territories of Afranc; because of his love for her he made peace with her people. Abder-

[1] The Arabs, who claim descent from Ishmael, originally called themselves Ishmaelites; then Hagarenes; then, preferring to be called after mistress rather than maid, Saracens.

[2] Condé.

rahman, his commander-in-chief, refused to confirm this truce, as he had not been consulted about it, and sent word to Munuza that he must go on with the war in spite of it. Munuza, who hated Abderrahman because he had been promoted over his head, refused to break his word. He said that he would make the required defences, but would not, himself, join in fighting Eudo.

On receiving this reply Abderrahman sent a force of men to arrest Munuza. Munuza, to avoid them, took his family to the mountains. But he could not escape. The punitive force came upon him one day when he was with his lady in a meadow by a fountain. They overpowered him, cut off his head, and took it, with the lady, to the chief. Abderrahman, on seeing the beautiful prisoner, exclaimed: "Now, by the might of Allah, never was so precious a chase made before in these mountains."

He determined to send her to the Caliph at Damascus. She is not mentioned again, and was most probably recovered by the Franks after the ensuing battle, when Abderrahman was killed before Tours (A.D. 732).

Eudo had married his daughter to the Arab chief in order to strengthen the alliance. But the marriage gave such encouragement to the Arabs that they had visions of conquering all France and Italy, to add to their vast possessions in Spain.

And one day Eudo was alarmed by the incursion of myriads of Arabs—coming, not as allies, but as conquerors. In despair he appealed to Charles: and, having taken a fresh oath of allegiance, was permitted to assist in turning out the invaders. The Moors, under Abderrahman I, had already spread over the whole of the country between the Garonne and the Loire; and into Burgundy as far as Autun and Sens; ravaging the countryside, towns, monasteries—and taking as prisoners all who were worth carrying off as slaves.

Abderrahman had heard of the wealth of Tours, and was making for this city—was already under the walls of its palace—when he was informed that the Franks in great

numbers were close by. He retreated towards Poitiers, fixed his camp near that city, between Vienne and the Chain, and awaited the enemy. In anticipation of a stern struggle he had collected all his forces from other parts of France, and had with him an army of 400,000 men.

Charles had an army greatly inferior in number to the Moors, and one by no means unmoved by the stories they had heard of the power and ferocity of the invaders: of their novel methods of warfare, their camel cavalry, elephant transport, and countless hosts of infantry.

Charles addressed his soldiers very earnestly. He asked them to realize that they had no other France than the spot upon which they stood. He ordered the gates of Tours to be closed, and death to be the award of any man who attempted to enter as a fugitive. And he stationed bodies of men at the sides of the serried ranks of battle, who were to be ready to treat as an enemy every man who tried to get away.

Meanwhile Eudo, in the rear, was to await an opportunity to attack his late allies.

Says Condé:

> The Moslems and the Franks met on the banks of the Loire near Poitiers. During the whole of the first day there was hard fighting until night fell. At dawn they recommenced. The Moslems had penetrated into the heart of the enemy when Abderrahman, during the hottest part of the battle, noticed a lot of cavalry going off to the rear to defend the spoil amassed in camp. The movement was throwing the Moslem forces into confusion. Abderrahman rushed from side to side, exhorting his troops to do their duty; but at last, fighting wherever the battle was fiercest, he fell dead with his horse, pierced with innumerable lances.

At night both the armies retired. In the morning the French found that the Arabs "had folded their tents and silently stolen away." Most of the booty they had collected in their locust-like swoop over France was left behind, together with a vast heap of dead—some say

375,000—in the midst of which the body of Abderrahman was found.

The French next laid siege to Narbonne. But it was so bravely defended by the Moslems that Charles had to raise the siege and retire, after great loss.

Abderrahman's soldiers, meanwhile, had retired into Spain only to await reinforcements from Africa; and it was not until seven or eight hundred years later, after other equally disastrous invasions and many terrible battles, that the Arabs were finally driven out of France.

II

The city of Marak'sh was built by Yussef ben Tashifin, son of Abou Tashifin the Morabite, who had fled southwards from the tyranny of people who did not agree with his views. Followed by a multitude in search of liberty, they crossed the Atlas mountains into the fruitful plain of Morocco.

The Morabites are, says Mouette,[1] "a people who make great profession of holiness and learning, living like pagan philosophers or Christian hermits, some among them so respected that their people go to their solitary places and crown them."

But Marmol de L'Afriq says that: "They live very licentiously, and having purified their souls by fasting and prayer, think that they have a right to do as they please. At weddings and festivals they dance and sing love-songs until they fall, weeping with excitement and giddiness, when their disciples carry them off to their hermitages."

The leader of this tribe bought of the people of Ag'met the land whereon Marak'sh now stands. At first they had only an encampment of mud huts among the palm woods; these woods made excellent shelter for those among them who waylaid passing travellers and looked upon caravans as lawful prey.

Abou Tashifin died; and his son, Yussef, developed the

[1] *Histoire du Royaume de Maroc.*

village into a walled city, and his little tribe into one strong enough to make war with their ancient oppressors, the Saracen Moors of Fez.

They took Fez. Following up their triumph, they drove the Saracens before them, adding Algiers, Tunis, and all that coast to their conquests.

In 1086 Al Mo'Tamid, Emir of Seville, incited Yussef to join him in fighting Alphonso VI of Castile, and promised him Algeciras as reward. Yussef, though over eighty years of age, promptly responded. With a huge army he crossed from Ceuta to Algeciras, where he joined up with the Andalusian Moors, and they laid siege to Toledo. But Alphonso proving too strong for them, they retreated. Alphonso then persuaded the Count of Barcelona and the King of Aragon to help him: a terrific battle took place near Badajoz in which both sides suffered terrible losses. The Moors won the day, but Yussef having to go back to Africa because his son was dying at Ceuta, his allies did not follow up the victory. Alphonso thereupon redoubled his efforts. Mo'Tamid again appealed to Yussef, who collected a still greater army than the first, and returned to besiege Toledo a second time (1090). He could not take the town; but, seeing that his hosts appeared less cordial than his services deserved, he turned upon, fought, and beat them. Then he recovered Valencia from the Moors by the aid of the Caid, and, sole master of the Arabs in Spain, retired to end his days in his own land at the age of one hundred, leaving the government of Moorish Spain to his son and heir, Ali.

For all their triumphs the Moors had had great losses in their fights against the Castilians. Alphonso was now calling himself Emperor, a title given by the Romans only to those who had won battles where over ten thousand of the enemy were killed in the field. In 1108–9 they met again at a place called Ucles, and the heir to Castile, Don Sancho, was among the Christian princes who fell in a terrific combat known as the Battle of the Seven Counts. This broke Alphonso's heart, and he died soon after, most of his

conquests falling into the hands of the conquering Ali. His daughter, Urraca, widow of Count Raymond of Burgundy, succeeded him; and to strengthen her hands and unite the Christian powers in Spain she married Alphonso I of Aragon (1104–1134).

But for the Moors the wheel had turned once more. Yussef's son, Ali, was thwarted by Alphonso of Aragon in his attempt to besiege Toledo, as his father had been by Alphonso of Castile. The following year there was another great battle, and Ali was killed with three thousand of his men.

III

And now from Tafilet and the Atlas Mountains came one Abdala Ibn Tumart—a schoolmaster much revered for his wisdom and preaching—anxious to convert the world to his own reading of the Prophet's doctrines. He was backed by a powerful army under a kinsman named El Moumen, who very soon made short work of all who dared oppose this *Mehdi*, or "One Directed by God,"[1] as Abdala called himself. Abraham, son of Ali, the King of Morocco, showed such tolerance towards the proselytizers that they had won many over to their side before he determined to expel them. This may have been after listening to a preacher in the mosque who bade his hearers: "Call not Ibn Tumart the sinless Imaum and Mehdi. Call him rather the wretched sinner and impostor. There is no Mehdi but Jesus of Nazareth."[2]

But it was too late. There was a battle. El Moumen won the day, and the too complacent Abraham was forced to fly. Finding, when not far from Oran, that his enemies were gaining on him, he spurred his horse to the top of a steep hill, and leaped him over a precipice, preferring

[1] This *Mehdi* is supposed to have followed the alleged example of the Prophet in sending people into wells to cry his Divinity to the passers-by, and then burying them to save them from any chance of yielding to the temptation of treachery.

[2] Ibn Khaldun.

certain but voluntary death to being made a slave or murdered by his conqueror.

The victorious El Moumen then returned to "sit down before Marak'sh," where Abraham's son, Isaac, had been crowned in his place. As the sometime village had become a well-fortified city with very high walls made of "Lime, Sand, and a Fat Earth which renders the Cement so Hard that it will yield Fire if struck with Stone," the garrison was able to hold out for over a year, unmoved by all El Moumen's threats that he would not leave it until he had "sifted it through a sieve." But at last they were obliged to surrender. By this time, 1147, Abdala having died of disease, El Moumen was Sultan; and, in order to avoid all opposition to his rule, he strangled the boy Isaac with his own hands, and then hunted for any other members of the Tashifin family so that all possible pretenders to the throne could be put out of the way. He destroyed the palace, the mosques, and everything else that could remind him of the late rulers; and, to make good his oath, had some of the houses crushed to powder. He began rebuilding the city, but as many of Abraham's provincial Viceroys and Governors had refused to accept him, El Moumen was obliged to spend a great deal of time in campaigns to upset the new kings they had set up—at Algiers, Tremessen, Tunis, Tripoli, even at Fez and in the mountains of Morocco. He conquered them all, and at the age of sixty-five he was at Salé on the eve of an expedition to Spain, when he died—"leaving a crowd of sons."

El Moumen is described as being "white-skinned and ruddy, with dark hair and eyes, and a thick beard . . . a valiant horseman, learned in the Law, and a great lover of poetry."

Though capable of such cruel ruthlessness in carrying out his designs, he was a man of great discernment. When he wanted recruits for his army he worked on the Arabic love of poetry and music, sending bards all over the country to tell the people in song the story of their ancestors' great achievements.

THE WOOD MARKET

THE RUG AND CARPET MARKET

MARAK'SH (MOROCCO CITY)

His reign would have been glorious had he not been uch a "man of blood, and sepulchre of death,"[1] for he id much to improve his country and the condition of the eople.

After him came his son, Yakoub Yussef, who completed ne conquests El Moumen had begun, and did a great deal nore building of mosques and palaces. And after Yakoub 'ussef came his son, El Moumen's grandson, Yussef 'akoub (1184), better known as El Mansur, the con-ueror, founder of Rabat.

IV

El Mansur added to the great mosque of Koutoubia—ne Mosque of the Library, commenced by his grand-ather, and built by the Christian and other slaves taken battle—that "monument raised, stone by stone, to their efeat." He decorated it with jasper and alabaster from pain; with the doors of the great Cathedral of Seville; nd the bells, which he hung inverted, as Arabs never se them. This mosque is described as having walls welve feet thick, and a staircase so wide and even that nree men on horseback may ride up it abreast. The tower the highest in all Africa; and "the three globes of silver nat once hung at the top were put there by El Mansur n memory of one of his victories in Spain—this silver eing but the tenth of the fifth part of the Spoil."

Marmol has a curious story to tell of these four great lobes surmounting the Koutoubia Tower, which were of old, with insides of copper inlaid with a thick plate of the recious metal. The Sultan Ahmed—another El Mansur—1530–1544) took down one of these globes in 1540 and eplaced it by a brass one he had had gilded by a Jew. o avert the temptation of treachery from his tool he had im arrested, executed, and his body carried at night to ne top of the tower, where it was hanged on the bar. he people were informed that this was done by the

[1] *David and Bathsheba*, George Peele.

Guardian Spirits of the mosque. But when Ahmed fell the truth leaked out, and his defeat and death were attributed to his having removed the sacred globe: "so that none of his Successors have dared attempt the like since."

. . . . .

Inside the enclosure of the mosque, in the exquisitely decorated mausoleum of the Sultans—a ruin, alas! but with plenty of evidence as to its sometime magnificence—is the marble tomb of Ahmed el Mansur. It bears an inscription full of beauty and pathos which, translated,[1] says:

Here is the resting place of One who made Glory itself to be proud.

Ahmed, whose standards were ever victorious, and who knew all the splendours of the world.

O Divine Pity, come roll thy waves over him for ever!

Water this tomb with the rain of thy loving kindness that hath no end!

Perfume this earth with a balm as lasting as his memory.

At the very moment of his death these words were true:

Verily he rests in the bosom of the Almighty Lord of Earth and Heaven.

V

The beautiful palace, Bahia, is a modern one, and less than half a century old. It was built by the Grand Vizier Ba Ahmet ben Moussa, who reigned as Sultan during the minority of his original master's heir, Abd el Aziz. The palace itself, and its enchanting Moorish gardens full of sweet-scented trees and delicious fruits and flowers, is very carefully kept up by the French, who use it for the Governor's residence when he visits Marak'sh. The great courtyard in the centre is the scene of all kinds of official functions—receptions, the presentation of medals, and so on—and the palace itself for the Governor's residence when in Marak'sh. It stands in the midst of a perfect

[1] C. E. Andrews in *Old Morocco*. Hurst and Blackett.

maze of little streets. *Apropos* of these an amusing story is told.

A big official reception was being held when a very hot and exceedingly angry gentleman turned up at the office of one of the principal secretaries. He complained that he had been for hours wandering through the dusty and shadeless lanes in search of the Bahia, where quarters had been assigned to him. Horrified at the seeming slight to an honoured guest, the secretary, himself only recently arrived in the city, undertook to go with him to show the way—and both got lost! Feverishly they wandered, in the stifling heat of midday, in and out of seemingly endless alleys all exactly alike, until at last they chanced upon a guide sent in search of them. Then, half expiring with vexation, weariness, and thirst, the guide led them round a corner, and in two minutes they were in the cool courts of the Bahia, where dignified spaciousness and reposeful quiet of the vast palace soon calmed their fiery excitement.

VI

There was once in Marak'sh "a vast, strong castle, built all of marble, and as big as a small city," the work of Abou el Abbas, who reigned about 1374. The Carrara marble used for building it was paid for, weight for weight, *in sugar*. It had very extensive gardens and parks (the Aquedal) around it, but they had gone back almost to nature many years before the French set to work on the reparation of this veritable garden city. Now, though everything is still very wild, a certain amount of order has been brought back. The groves of orange trees extend for miles, interspersed with open glades, lakes, flower-gardens, where golden, but juiceless, fruit from old trees strew the ground. There are bath-pavilions, fountains, and orchards; but the old palace is only a ruin in the midst of it all.

. . . . .

A peculiarity of Marak'sh is that the streets being all of sand no footfalls are heard—yet it is the noisiest of all the cities owing to the fearful and hideous clamour of the central market-place—the most abominable spot in all Africa.[1] It is just like pandemonium—like some savage conception of hell—as though all the sordidness and misery of the world were collected together and flung into this one steaming corner of the earth. The heat, the filth, the smells, the ghastliness, the savagery, the noise—the appalling, endless, maddening noise—of Marak'sh market, what words can tell?

Yet, withal, what an irresistible spell it has of mystery, of glamour, of uncanny attraction! On that wall were spiked the decapitated heads of the many Christians and Mohammedans who offended, or were beaten in battle, or blocked the way of some ruthless son, brother, nephew. . . . In this corner are to be found the fortune-tellers; in that, the makers of magic, the snake-charmers, the poets. There are auctions, money-changing, dancing, all going on at once. Everywhere booths, and such spread-out stalls as may be seen at any open-air market such as the Caledonian in London—the poor collections of rubbish that still find value for somebody, and often reward the painstaking searcher with a gem. Buttons and old coins and nails—bits of china, scraps of jewellery, beads, amber, amulets—the hand of Fatima in every imaginable material and variety of shape and size. Vegetables, fruit, cakes, sweets—shops of all kinds, and traders of all sorts; a vast market, just as at Tangier and Rabat and Fez, but with a difference—a great difference, not only in the quality of the things for sale, but in that of the people who sell them. Not the friendliness of the folk of Tangier, nor the half-bantering, half-sulky attitude of those of Rabat, nor the urbane courtesy of Fez; but an independence bordering on insolence characterizes the much more barbarian natives of Marak'sh. They are darker complexioned, more savage,

[1] The Place el Djemma.

more sinister, than those met everywhere else—in the mass, that is—for here, too, there is a great admixture of tribes.

At the back of the great open square there is another labyrinth of lanes—the native quarter where all the work is done, the pottery-making, smelting, embroidery, carpet-weaving, leather-work, and so on. Marak'sh being specially famous for its metal-work the artificers turn out most exquisitely ornamented swords and scabbards, daggers and knives. Here, too, the trades forgather in streets, as our drapers in Regent Street, our doctors and dentists in Harley Street. . . .

VII

Marak'sh is as much garden as city; and the new French town on the outskirts lends itself to this characteristic. Here are delightful avenues of palms and flowering peppers, rubber, eucalyptus, bamboo; pretty villas in their little gay gardens enclosed by hedges of blue plumbago, scarlet geranium, prickly pear, with trellises weighed down by roses, wisteria, vines. There are plenty of hotels, all quite up-to-date, but in Marak'sh itself the only one fit to stay in is the "Transatlantique"—a converted Moorish dwelling.

From the city numberless excursions can be made, into the plain, or to the villages and small towns on the slopes of the Atlas.

VIII

A little bit of local history hints at the vital necessity of a course in diplomacy for all missionaries. Five Franciscan monks one day arrived in Marak'sh. The tolerance of the Mussulmans—born, no doubt, of contempt for the Unbelievers who cannot hope for peace in the Hereafter—permitted them to carry on their evangelistic work without let or hindrance. But this tolerance led the friars into trouble. For instead of accepting it at its true value, and appreciating the generosity which allowed them to introduce a rival creed, they made tactless, and at last insolent,

attacks on the Prophet and his Koran. Eventually they were expelled from the city—but quite gently, without any cruelty, or even contumely. Quietly and politely they were requested to accompany an escort without the city walls, and then were led in the direction of Ceuta, occupied by their own countrymen. Instead of profiting by the hint, and finding some other field for their ministrations, the Franciscans took advantage of the leniency of their escorts to evade them; stupidly returned to Marak'sh, more foolishly still made further and even more violent attacks on the creed of their hosts; and the Sultan, to silence them effectually this time, had them put to death.

PLACE DJEMMA-EL-FUA IN MARAK'SH (MOROCCO CITY)

CHAPTER XVIII

EN ROUTE IN MOROCCO: CASABLANCA TO RABAT

For my own part, I could not but look with wonder and respect on the Chinese. . . . They walk the earth with us, but it seems they must be of different clay. They hear the clock strike the same hour, yet surely of a different epoch. They travel by steam conveyance, yet with such baggage of old Asiatic thoughts and superstitions as might check the locomotive in its course. Whatever is thought within the circuit of the Great Wall; what the wry-eyed spectacled schoolmaster teaches in the hamlets round Pekin; religions so old that our language looks a halting boy alongside; philosophy so wise that our best philosophers find things therein to wonder at; all this travelled with me for thousands of miles over plain and mountain. . . .

R. L. Stevenson, *Across the Plains*

I

WITH the advent of the P.L.M. extensions to Morocco, Fez will be linked up with Marak'sh without the triangular journey via Casablanca and Rabat. It can be done by air now. But the usual procedure at present is to go back to Casablanca, then to Rabat, and on the next day to the Sacred City. A variation of the Rabat–Fez section can be made by taking a longer route and visiting Knitra—which can be made to include Moulai Edris and Volubilis.

The roads are all excellent—thanks, chiefly, to the German prisoners of the late war. And if the question of cost outweighs that of time, no one need be afraid to travel by the big omnibus coaches, for a journey in such very mixed company is extremely amusing and full of interesting, if not exciting, incidents. The contrast in itself of these sedulously muffled-up women travelling by motor-coach is enough to awaken a whole battalion of ideas

and conjure up millions of other people's opinions and sayings.

The Arab passengers are never by any chance on time at the coach office, and when they do arrive they are so much encumbered with unwieldy baggage that getting them settled is worse than any monkey-puzzle. They appear to carry their entire household equipage with them—pots and kettles, mattresses and blankets, a basket or two containing fowls; possibly a dog, a lamb, or a goat; their clothes, and, by no means least, the animated mummy that represents *madame*—(possibly in duplicate)—ladies who may be "fair and chaste," but are most certainly "*inexpressive* shes," poor souls, since even the one eye ordinarily left unveiled is, as a rule, hidden on these desperate jauntings.

Some of these women are so prodigiously fat that getting them up into the coach must give them assurance throughout the journey that they are indeed not only witty in themselves, but the cause of wit in others. Usually they are pushed, shoved, and hauled in, with much puffing and blowing, and many exclamations shrill, and clamorous cries to Allah; but occasionally they help themselves, and then ankles—oft-times entire legs—may be seen, clad in purest silk, with high-heeled shoes of unmistakably Parisian origin! These, be very sure, are the ladies who are fast unloosening the Gordian knots of antiquated custom, for the nether garments of Lalla Rookh—billowy above, and beautifully furled below—still prevail in the best Mohammedan circles.

The peaceable attitude of the Arabs—perhaps their real nature (when not strung up to violence by the ambitions of their rulers)—is never more clearly shown than "on the road." The patience with which they accept the incidents of a journey, pleasant or otherwise, is remarkable.

Often a dark patch, miles ahead, at the side of the road, resolves itself, as the car approaches, into a group, with bundles, desiring transport. If there is no room the driver waves his hand, or shakes his head, or obliviously

hastens past. If it is the omnibus coach, and there is but one foot of space left on the swaying roof, the driver will probably try to fit the Arab household into it. He may get one half of the baggage up, and have to haul it down again, because, from behind a rock, one, or two, or more, shrouded female figures have appeared, and cannot be left behind.

"*Bismillah!*" (As God pleases) says the hopeful patriarch, his faith in the omnipotence of the *Roumi* making him believe that space will miraculously increase, despite appearances.

But the fiery little Frenchman, furious at having not only stopped for nothing, but needlessly fatigued himself in the sun in this vain attempt, is almost beyond words with wrath: he pitches the bundles overboard, splutters a wild diatribe with much gesticulation at the would-be travellers—whose expressions are divided between disappointment and conciliatory smiles—and jumps up into his seat again. The Arab seats himself once more amidst his bundles: "Is not sitting better than standing, standing better than walking?"[1] Without a word of complaint he says to his family: "*Mashallah!*" (As God has pleased) or "*Inshallah!*" (As God may please), and awaits the next passing car.

One day some roadmakers, thinking, in excess of zeal, to get one more shovelful of stones into place before the advent of an approaching limousine, miscalculated the speed of the car—the stones just caught the glass of the windscreen and broke it. The chauffeur stopped and got down to speak to the culprit, who raised his spade in a threatening gesture, but dropped it without a word on the warning protest of the rest; and the chauffeur, prudently letting well alone, climbed back into his seat and drove on. Luck was not with him that morning, for, only a few miles farther on, again he had to pause in his headlong flight—this time because a man with a donkey was in the middle of the road, and did not get to one side fast enough.

[1] Arab proverb.

The chauffeur ran up to him, gave him a tremendous punch on the head, and drove the donkey off with stones. Not a muscle in the Arab's face changed; he was as immobile and expressionless as if nothing had happened. Allah had willed that a headache should be his lot on that bright sunshiny morning: there was nothing to be gained by murmuring against it: and the donkey had to be caught. . . .

But this limousine was fated to meet with very good reasons why the daring *Zakar*[1] Citröens following fast behind should overtake it sooner than usual. A camel, heavily laden with sacks of wheat, was the next obstruction. Again the limousine pulled up; again the chauffeur, muttering curses fierce and furious, got down. This time there was no man to punch; the camel was cavorting along by himself. The chauffeur drove him off the road on to the sandy wilderness beside it: pulled out his knife, and dug a vicious slit into one of the sacks, so that the wheat poured forth on to the ground; this was a lesson to its master to keep his animal off the sacred highway! And if Allah had been attending to the prayers his servant was at that moment engaged in, would He not have turned every grain into an ant—a warrior ant—to attack that consequential Frenchman?

The Arabic idea of distance depends entirely upon their own individual power of locomotion, or what they imagine you want it to be. As the French invariably say *"Tout droit"* (straight on) when asked the way, so the Moors reply *"Kreeb"* (near) when asked distance. But *kreeb* may be like the Scots' *"bittock"*—anything between a short stroll and a long bicycle ride. . . .

II

The scenery between Casablanca and Rabat is not particularly interesting. But the country is very fertile, and

[1] *Zakar* is the name of one of the motor-car companies that run regular services of coaches and private cars.

the growing grain all around gives it a very cheerful appearance. Here and there a farm, European or native, not of much importance either way. The one really intriguing place on the road is the farm of a horse-breeder, whose paddocks, fenced in, surround the high wall of the gardens. As the Arabs are no longer afraid to improve the breed of their animals, a close inspection of this place should prove worth making.

Arabs are supposed to love horses even better than themselves.[1] A country-bred Arab will often stint himself to feed his horse—and when it is a question of horse v. wife and children, there is never any doubt as to which has the preference.

In the happily bygone days no man but the most powerful dared possess a really fine horse. Even a chief, unless childishly simple, would endeavour to conceal his ownership of anything out of the common. For its confiscation by a stronger power was certain—by fair means, perhaps; by ruin, slavery, or death, most probably. A revengeful servant, a treacherous friend, a chance meeting—any insignificant happening might betray the existence of such a treasure—to a greedy one with stables well stocked perhaps, or to one whose stud needed renewal—and the thing was done. The only way to avoid trouble after disclosure was to make a voluntary gift.

Perhaps the unfortunate owner of the pearl revelled in blissful unconsciousness that his jewel was known outside his own household. An unexpected invitation to pay a friendly visit might warn him: a challenge to fight might rouse his fears: a sudden incursion suggest diplomatic sacrifice. One thing only was certain—the ultimate transference of the object of envy—and nothing more likely than that the poor wretch who had bred him would find himself a beggar—without eyes; or with hands gone after slow process of rotting in bandages of raw hide wrapped round fists closed over quicklime and salt: or a slave toiling

[1] No one would imagine it who sees their ordinary treatment of the poor creatures!

in the service of his late guest—or host. It was better in the old days for a man not to tempt Providence—unless he had ample means of defending his own.

Some of their legends about horses are really poetic. They say that when God wished to create one He cried to the south wind: "I would fain have a creature of thee; condense thyself."

The Angel Gabriel then took a handful of the condensed wind and gave it to God, who made of it a light bay horse.

When Mohammad was asked if any horses were in Paradise, he replied: "If God permits you to enter Paradise you will have a winged horse of ruby which will carry you wherever you wish to go."

The horse, says the Arab, prays three times a day. In the morning he says: "O Allah! make me dear to my master!"

In the middle of the day: "Be good to my master, O Allah, that he may be good to me."

In the evening: "May my master, O Allah, win Paradise on my back."

Favourite horses have amulets hung around their necks to protect them from evil, and are fed with all sorts of delicacies—dates, sugar and even *couscousoo*. True believers are, in fact, especially exhorted to treat their horses well. "Every grain of barley given to your horse," says the Koran, "shall bring you a pardon in the other world."

CHAPTER XIX

EL MANSUR—THE VICTORIOUS

So great was the intrepidity (of the victorious Saracens) that there was not a single deputy-lieutenant or general amongst them that would not have thought himself worthy to be branded with indelible disgrace if he should have suffered himself to be intimidated even by the united forces of all Europe. And if anyone asks why the Greeks did not exert themselves more towards the extirpation of these insolent invaders, to say that Amrou kept his residence at Alexandria, and Moawiyah his at Damascus, is sufficient answer to anyone acquainted with the characters of those men. . . . Whosoever considers the briskness and activity of the Arabians—the effect of the warmth of their climate, temperance, and constant exercise joined to their enthusiasm—will find an easy solution of those extravagant actions that seem to distinguish them from the rest of mankind,

SIMON OCKLEY, *History of the Saracens*

I

RABAT owes its existence to El Mansur, the victorious Sultan Jakob Aben Jusef, son of Jusef Abu Jakob, son of El Moumen, the conqueror of Marak'sh. His mother was a daughter of his father's Vizier, and he was born in his grandfather's palace at Morocco, in 1161. When his father was killed in Spain in 1184, El Mansur immediately took command of the army, and the fearful punishment that befell the Christians for the murder of Jusef Jakob was chiefly his doing.

The Moorish army was at that time besieging the city of Santaren. By some mischance, the King's orders were misunderstood; camp was struck during the night, and when the King rose next morning he found himself alone with his own small *cortège*. The enemy very soon discovered this; the gates were opened, and the garrison poured forth. After killing all they could of the guard,

they penetrated into the King's own pavilion. He had only his own sword for defence, but he managed to kill the first six of the attacking party. Then he fell, wounded in a hundred places, and thinking he was dead, they left him and went on with their killing, not sparing even the few women of the King's enclosure. But two cavaliers, at the head of a troop of Moorish horse, who chanced to come up at this moment, broke through the Christian forces, and drove them all away from the remnant of a camp. They sent some of their number to recall the army; and when they got back, their fury at finding the King wounded was so intense that they stormed the city, and killed over ten thousand of the inhabitants before they made a pause.

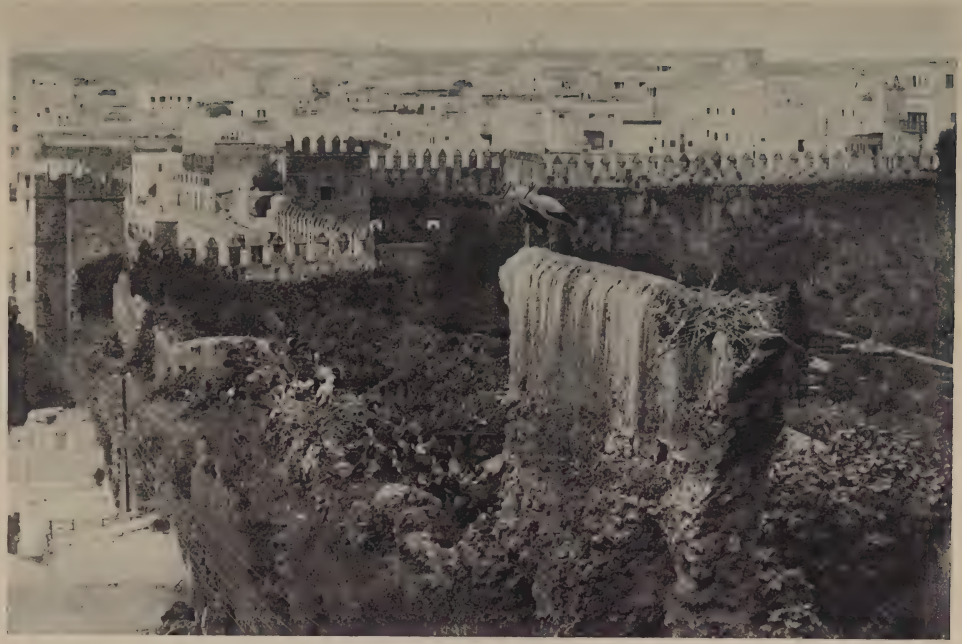
The King died before the army got back to Seville. But, in order to avoid possible complications, this was not made known until they reached Salé.

II

Jakob El Mansur is described as having a ruddy complexion, with fine long-lashed eyes, and brows that met; his face was round, with a perfect nose; his neck slender and shoulders broad. "His mind was liberal, his heart generous and compassionate; he was persevering and brave, eloquent and learned, the friend of the wise, and of all men whose qualities made them useful to religion and the State. . . . All his people loved as well as respected him."

Unhappily for his memory, there is another side to this portrait. He had but little mercy in war. Wherever he went as conqueror he permitted his men to pillage and burn the towns, to devastate the crops, and to carry away into slavery such of the inhabitants as remained alive.

He was, however, undoubtedly good to his own people. His first act after his accession was to distribute money among the poor of all the villages in Morocco. Then he freed all prisoners whose offences were slight, forgave such debts as were owing to himself from his poorer subjects,



GENERAL VIEW OF RABAT

SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE WALLS OF THE OUDAYAS' PALACE WITH STORKS AND THEIR NESTS ON THE RAMPARTS

as well as remitting any arrears of taxes owed by them; made a personal visit to all the provinces, and fortified all his frontiers.

He initiated the custom of having inscribed at the commencement of all his letters and documents: "To Allah alone be the Praise," and to this his historians ascribe the fact that during his reign the Empire was so greatly exalted and increased, both in Africa and Spain.

He built Rabat because he found Salé too small for the vast army that encamped there in 1194–5, in readiness for another expedition to Spain.

On his return to Salé from the campaign of 1194 the camp for his soldiers and prisoners of war was set up across the river. The story goes that the first time he visited it he was so much moved at the sight of its extent, that he prostrated himself to the ground in thanksgiving. His companions seeming surprised, he explained that his gratitude arose from the thought of how wonderfully he had been favoured by Allah, to be permitted to achieve his present greatness from a very small beginning.

He told them that he was only a boy when he first came to Salé. He was accompanied by two friends; all three so poor that they could not afford between them sufficient money to pay the ferryman for carrying them all across the river. The youngest of the three solved the problem by offering to swim if the others would carry his clothes. But when half-way across he grew tired, and rested his hand on the gunwale of the boat. The ferryman thought this was taking mean advantage of the bargain, and gave his hand such a hard rap with the oar that he almost fainted with the pain. He swam on, however, and reached the other side in safety.

That swimmer was El Mansur, the famous conqueror to whom Allah had now given victory over the proud Spanish kings of Castile, Leon, and Aragon.

During the first years after his accession El Mansur had a great deal to do in his own country. Two of his brothers and an uncle conspired against him, and obliged

him to put down the rebellion with a very firm hand—beginning with their own execution. Then he visited Spain, where his still smouldering resentment over his father's death made him vindictively cruel to the wretched people of the district of Santaren, which he devastated completely. He cut up and destroyed the fields, with their crops and fruits; burnt the villages, and took back with him to Africa no less than thirteen thousand captive women and children. On arrival he heard that another city was in rebellion; but by this time the mere threat of his coming was enough, and before he got there everything was quiet. After this he had a bad illness which kept him laid up at Fez for several months. During that time the Christians took advantage of his absence from Spain to do all the damage they could to his people there. Quite forgetting what El Mansur had just done to the Spaniard, the Arab historian naïvely complains:

The Christians fell upon the lands of the Faithful as do wolves upon the sheep-fold, persecuting the true Believer with cruel and fearful onslaughts, whereby the towns and fields were alike laid waste, continuing thus until they left not a district in Spain that was not ravaged and desolated by their troops.

And they passed on, "victorious and inflated," until they encamped before Gezira Alhadra (Algeciras) whence "the accursed Alphonso" sent a letter of defiance to El Mansur:

In the name of God, the Clement and Merciful. The King of the Christians to the King of the Moslemah. Since thou canst not come against me in person, nor despatch thy people of war to meet my people, send me barks and ships of passage that I may cross in them with my forces to where thou art abiding. I will then fight with thee in thy very own country, and these shall be the conditions of our conflict: If thou shouldst vanquish me, I will be thy slave, thou shalt have great spoils, and shall be as he who is henceforward to give the law: but if I come forth conqueror, then all shall remain in my hand, and I will give the law to Islam.

The King's rage on reading this letter rekindled his religious zeal: he had it read to the army and the tribes, and all his subjects were immediately seized with so burning a thirst for vengeance that they congregated from every part, old and young men, demanding to be led forth against the enemy.

Jakob el Mansur told his son and heir, Mohammad en Nacir, to write a reply to Alphonso. He did so on the back of his own letter:

> Thus saith the Omnipotent Allah, I will turn against them, and will make of them the dust of desolation by armies which they have not seen; neither shall they be able to turn aside or escape from the same. I will cast them into the depths of the abyss, and bring them to nothing.

El Mansur read this; approved of his son's sagacity; and immediately sent off the missive. Then he ordered the red pavilion of war to be brought and his great sword, and the great army set forth. They crossed the sea in companies, one after another, until all were encamped at Algeciras, and immediately pressed forward.

"The opposing forces met on the plain before Alarcos at daybreak on Wednesday the 9th of Aaban; the Christians led by Alphonso VIII of Castile; the Arabs by El Mansur. Before the sun set that day, countless numbers of men were dead; King Alphonso was in flight; the fortress and city of Alarcos were in the hands of the victors, and twenty thousand captives, taken in the city alone, besides many women and children, arms, provisions, treasure, and spoil of all kinds left behind by the Christians in their camp."

In commemoration of this victory El Mansur built the tower Giralda in Seville, with the mosque of which it forms part. An enormous ball, so big that it could not be brought through the gate—part having to be removed for its entrance—was placed on the top of the tower. (This has since been removed, and a figure of Faith put there instead.) Besides this, he added eight naves to the existing eleven of the mosque at Cordova, also a chapel.

He did an immense amount of building in Morocco. In fact there seems to be no end to the works attributed to him, though what he actually accomplished during his short reign is eloquent enough testimony to the vast number of slaves that groaned under his sanctity. The wonderful system of waterworks; the completion of the great mosque and Koutoubia Tower at Marak'sh; the Tour Hassan at Rabat, and the mighty double walls of the citadel, with their seven inner and three outer gates; then the mosque at Salé, among others scattered over the country; numerous hospitals for lepers, the mad, the blind; and the two palaces near Tangiers—the Little and the Great.

The Little Palace, Alcazar Cequer, near the Straits of Gibraltar, which are only three miles wide at that point, has a pretty and romantic story attached to it; El Mansur having built it for an old fisherman who had sheltered him once, when he had been hunting and had lost his way. It was taken by Alphonso, "the African,"[1] in 1458, but abandoned as useless by John III in 1540.

The Alcazar Quiver (El Ksar el Kebir) or Great Palace, is near Larache. This, too, was taken by Alphonso V in 1458. Not far from it is the place where Don Sebastian of Portugal lost his life in 1573, when going to the aid of Mohammad, the usurper of the throne of Abd el Malic. Some say he lost liberty only, and that he lived, a slave, among the Arabs until his death. Sebastian landed at Tangier on July 9, 1578; the battle was fought on the following August 4th, when all three perished, Mohammad in a morass, Abd el Malic killed in his litter, and Sebastian either killed or taken prisoner. It was known as the Battle of the Three Kings.

When dying, El Mansur said: "I have committed three great errors in my life. The first was in allowing the nomadic tribes to enter Morocco. The second in giving liberty to the prisoners of Alarcos. The third in using up

[1] So called because he took Tangier, etc., from the Moors. It was during his reign that Guinea was discovered. Died in 1481.

the treasure of the State in building the ramparts of Rabat."

III

El Mansur's son, Mohammad en Nacir (1199–1248), was in the midst of another campaign against Spain when, in 1209, an embassy arrived at his camp from King John of England.[1]

John had sent to ask Mohammad's aid against his rebellious barons.

John was not only aware that by this invitation he was exposing England to the miseries Spain was still suffering in consequence of a similar one of five hundred years earlier, but that he was offering to ally himself with the enemies of his own niece, Eleanor, daughter of Henry II, and wife of Alphonso II of Castile—"The Noble and Good"—who was, at this very moment, struggling to save his country from further incursions by the Moors.

Mohammad had broken the truce made by his father, and at this time luck was all on his side. None of this deterred the murderous usurper of the English Throne. Yet his last appeal to foreign arms was actually the cause of his present plight. He had made England and Ireland tributary to the Pope in return for help against France; and now the Pope, Innocent, resenting his refusal to allow the prelates supreme power in England, had placed an interdict upon all his dominions. The churches were all closed. The statues and pictures were covered with black veils. The holy relics laid on ashes in the naves. The whole country was in mourning. The dead were buried in unconsecrated ground. No bells were rung. The priests would perform none of their rites excepting the baptism of infants and the sacraments for the dead.

John paid no heed to anything until he learned that a Bull of Excommunication against himself in person had been issued. He knew that this would be followed by a sentence of dethronement; and realizing that the barons

[1] Matthew Paris.

were only waiting for a chance to depose him, and that Philip of France wanted very little excuse to invade England, he was at last alarmed. Hence his appeal to Mohammad, there being no Christian ruler likely to listen to him.

His envoys were two knights, Thomas Hartington and Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, with a priest known as Robert of London—afterwards Abbot of St. Albans. They were led through several apartments lined up with Arab guards with scimitars in their girdles, to the presence of the Sultan.

Mohammad was "a man of moderate size and grave aspect, and he kept his eyes fixed on a book that lay open before him while he listened to the reading of the letter the envoys had brought."

In this letter John offered to embrace the Mohammedan faith and to hold the crown as a fief of the Sultan, in return for his aid against the barons.[1]

Mohammad en Nacir made no comment, but questioned the envoys as to the population and strength of England; the age and personal character of the King. Finally he dismissed them with vague expressions of friendship. But he had the priest recalled, and adjured him, "by his respect for the Christian faith in which he trusted for his salvation" to tell him the truth as to what manner of man John really was.

Robert of London had to own that his sovereign was "a tyrant, who would soon feel the wrath of his subjects."

This ended the affair. Mohammad had enough on his hands. He refused to weaken his forces by going to the aid of a man who would certainly not keep his promises, and simply make a tool of him—if he could. So England was saved from an Arab invasion by the good sense of a Moor.

Mohammad's own triumphal career in Spain did not

[1] What the envoys felt on hearing this offer read out, Matthew Paris omits to tell us.

last very long. In 1212 he was badly beaten at Las Nevas by Alphonso VIII of Castile. When he died his ten sons divided his kingdom between them; but, with the prestige of their father gone, El Moumen's Moorish Empire fell to pieces.

CHAPTER XX

RABAT

The ages have passed and come with the beat of a measureless tread,
And piled up their palace-dome on the dust of the ageless dead.

From crystal, and coral, and weed, up to man in his noblest race,
The weaker shall fail in his need, and the stronger shall hold his place.
ARCHIBALD HENRY SAYCE

I

THE cars discharge their passengers just within the great walls of Rabat—Rabat, the white town, with its background of blue-grey mountains under a canopy of azure-blue sky, on the edge of the turquoise sea.

Rabat has not lost its individuality as has Casablanca. Not yet. But it will not be long before the old citadel, the mosque, and the Tour Hassan are the only outstanding Moorish features of the place. For although Maréchal Lyautey insisted upon an entirely new town for the French, the old Arab town is fast becoming submerged in the growth of the European population.

Strange it is to see how old and new are elbowing each other even now. On one side of the road the brand-new Hôtel Transatlantique; an English bank; a row of offices, shops and houses. Immediately opposite, the Arab graveyard, where the veiled women flock every Friday to sit and talk with their friends on the only day, and in the only place, they are permitted to leave their homes to meet on common ground. And near to it, the tall brown walls of the citadel—once both palace and fortress; now a museum with a garden inhabited only by the families of herons or storks that have built their nests on the rampart—storks held in veneration by the Moors as the

"tombs of some ancestors," for they believe that the souls of corrupt or unfit judges inhabit the bodies of these birds.

Thanks to the intelligent care of the Department of *Beaux-Arts* the characteristics of the ancient place have been well preserved. The rooms are exactly as in the days of old—filled with Moorish furniture, with pictures, armour, pottery, embroideries, jewels, and the silken and velvet heavily embroidered garments of its one-time inhabitants. The divans are piled high with marvellous embroideries and tapestry. On walls and floor are many of the multi-coloured rugs made in the village close by—for Rabat rivals Salé now in its manufacture of carpets. There are arms, books, toys; and it is easy to believe that those who lived and loved among them long ago are not so very far away, and perhaps enjoy them still, so strong is the feeling of their nearness, so fragrant and sweet the intangible aroma of their past presence—like the sweet perfume of a vase that has once held pot-pourri; of a drawer wherein lavender has been laid. . . .

Close to the palace wall is an old well, with a poor unhappy old horse eternally circling round it, accomplishing his purgatory in readiness for a place in Paradise. In front lies the garden—a very delightful garden, but very French—prim as hands can make it, and oh! so unlike all conception of one wherein flocks of women and children found the only recreation and playground of their lives!

The Moorish dream of happiness being centred in a garden, it follows that many of those who have the power try to establish a little earthly Paradise of their own. Hence the—now traditional—glories of the various palace gardens, to-day mostly wildernesses of riotous growth, where even the fruit trees have been allowed to degenerate to their original wild state, bearing fruit no longer edible, for all its attractive appearance.

But a garden, to Moors, means, first of all, a place for rest, where shade and coolness are first requisites, so that trees and running water are valued above flowers. They do not desire trim terraces, neat symmetrical parterres,

close-clipped foliage, box-borders, velvet lawns, statuary, rockery, but greatly prefer things to run riot, with broad grass-grown avenues shaded by big trees or vine trellises, with summer-houses for their wives, for baths, etc., orange trees for perfume; and all the fruits—lemon, lime, walnut, olive, mulberry, almond, apricot, pear, loquat, banana, date, with, for ornament and shade, the myrtle, cypress, poplar, willow. . . .

The palace is built on the edge of the cliff, overhanging the river, overlooking on one side the town of Salé across the water; and, on the other, Rabat—beyond the port, the wharves, and the store-houses of to-day. The ramparts command a view of many miles over the surrounding country. And, tucked away in a corner at the back of these frowning walls, is the gayest little Arab *café*, on the roof of a house, shaded with trellises entwined with vines and flowering creepers. Here may be sampled the mint tea beloved of the harem, and Arab coffee, *couscousoo*, dates, fried cakes, fruits, Turkish delight. . . .

A little farther on is the carpet factory village, where even the children amuse themselves by deftly weaving and knotting the multi-coloured wools into the brilliantly hued carpets that were once the monopoly of Salé, and helped to create her original fame. Here the women work unveiled; no man is allowed inside the factory, but they are delighted to see European women visitors.

II

Like Tangier, the most amusing thing at Rabat is its contrasts—the combination of old and new, ancient and modern. The water-carrier with his bell and his dripping goatskin on his back, meeting an Italian with an ice-cream barrow, all decorated with lemons as in Naples. The dark, earthen-floored Arab *cafés*, where the men sit cross-legged on the floor, smoking their long pipes or drinking black coffee out of little brass bowls, and playing cards or chess—next door to the last thing in French restaurants, with

THE TOWER OF HASSAN

SALÉ ACROSS THE ESTUARY OF THE BOU REGRY

RABAT

liveried porters and jazz band. Camels, goats, donkeys, motor-cars, hopelessly tangled up in a tortuous lane. Dapper clerks in Parisian clothes, blue-uniformed officers, white-robed Arabs, brown-burnoused Berbers, nearly naked labourers, mutilated beggars, exquisitely-gowned ladies, and ragged miserable hags, all jostle one another on the narrow pavements, in the *souk*. . . .

The most striking contrast of all—and the most unpleasing, because it leads to such uncomplimentary remarks by Moorish men and women—is that of their women with ours, both European and American. Our narrow tunic frocks—skimpy of skirt, brief of bodice, sleeveless, collarless—convenient and comfortable as they are, cause very acid comments as they pass along the street. And, since all decent women go veiled in Morocco, wayfarers really should, in common politeness, make a practice of wearing something not *too* blatantly opposed to the custom of the country, just for the credit of their own people in the eyes of the inhabitants. To the Arabs they seem:

> Such as on stages play, such as we see
> The Dryads painted, whom wild Satyrs love,
> Whose arms, half naked, locks untrussed be,
> With buskins laced on their legs above,
> And silken robes tucked short above their knee.[1]
>
> . . . . .

And again in Rabat—as everywhere in Morocco, alas!—the poor little donkeys arouse wrath and pity in the hardest hearts. One staggers under a load of heavy twenty-foot planks. Another carries three sacks of flour or corn, one on either side, and the third on his back as a saddle for a fat Arab riding astride it with his yellow-slippered feet dangling to the ground. A third has the appearance of a walking haystack supported on four very slender legs, for his body is completely hidden under his load of green fodder. Many of them have sores purposely made, so that the driver can be sure of a tender spot to touch them

[1] *Jerusalem Delivered*, Edward Fairfax.

when he wants them to hurry. Their cruelty to donkeys is especially curious, for the ass is one of the few animals admitted to Paradise. But surely, if there is justice anywhere, the cruel Moors of Morocco will be reincarnated as donkeys, and donkeys belonging to poor men. . . .

"As for the donkeys," says Cunninghame Graham, "the Bible, Koran, and the rest of the Sacred Books, were written for men, and the galled jade may wince for all time for all Jehovah, Allah, Obi, and the other Olympians seem to care."[1]

Yet, as he points out, the domestic animals in Morocco seem to be more in sympathy with mankind than in most countries. "What makes a flock of sheep follow an Arab, but must be driven by Europeans? Nothing is more common than to see an Arab with lambs and goats walking behind him as dogs with us."[2]

A short walk, through streets partly Arab and partly European, is all that lies between old and new Rabat. In the new French village, with its shady avenues and charming villas, the only Arabs seen are a few stately old men in flowing, snowy robes; a few uniformed messengers, soldiers, and police; and perhaps a few applicants for advice or assistance, on their way to the Residency. All the French officials live in the new town; the commercial people live, as a rule, over their places of business, or perhaps in the small hotels in that semi-Moorish, semi-European section between ancient and modern towns.

The English Resident—or is it Consul?—is to be found down by the river-side, not far from the port. The English bank faces the Citadel, close to the Hôtel Transatlantique.

III

Outside the wall of Rabat there is another—the wall that once enclosed the town of Chella, now no more. A few ruined tombs there are, among some palms and cactus

[1] *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, Cunninghame Graham. Duckworth.
[2] *Ibid.*

plants. But goats browse where once stood the dwellings of Chella; and one or two pilgrims, a few ancient crones, some truant children, and the ever-inquisitive tourist, are all the human beings to be seen to-day in this most mournful place.

Chella is said to be older, even, than Salé; to have been built by the Phœnicians. Its present appearance suggests that it must have been one of the places treated as Abd el Moumen threatened to treat Marak'sh. To make good his oath (not to go until he had "sifted" the town), he ordered a good part of the houses to be beaten to powder, "to fit them for the sieve. . . ."

The Romans followed the Phœnicians; when they were all almost forgotten an Arab town arose on the same site. El Mansur surrounded it with a crenellated wall, and added the remarkable gate still standing.

Next it became the burial place of the Beni Marini Sultans. The tomb of Abou el Hassan Ali—who flourished about 1331, and who had a white wife known as *Sun of the Morning*—is still held sacred, and is cared for after a fashion by one or two ancient men who are not at all kindly disposed towards any who venture too near. It is only within the last few years that Christians and Jews have been permitted to visit it at all; and even now visitors are often greeted with sinister mutterings and black looks from the ragged old Arabs always squatting among the ruins.

CHAPTER XXI

SALÉ

Hateful is the dark blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

TENNYSON, *The Lotus Eaters*

SALÉ, elder sister of Rabat—that "irreducible Salé of the sumptuous carpets," the *Sala Colonia* of the Romans, and capital of the Kingdom of Fez during the time of the Goths and until the City of Fez was built—is to-day a mere ruin, a melancholy example of the transiency of glory.

The inhabitants boast of their aristocratic descent from the Muriscoes expelled from Spain in 1610; but even then several centuries had passed since Salé had fallen from her original high estate.

The principal mosque is attributed to El Mansur; and tradition says that it was built by thirty thousand of the Christian slaves he brought from Spain. Another thirty thousand were employed on the Tour Hassan; while thirty thousand more were sent to Marak'sh. All buildings whose architect is not certainly known are attributed to Yussef Yakoub—assuredly the greatest builder of the epoch—but it is more than likely, considering the importance of the town long before his day, that the principal mosque had been in existence for ages before he was born.

The Moors say that Salé was founded by Noah when the ark rested on the mountain behind, the Djebel el Goudi. It was always a shipbuilding port, down to the time of Robinson Crusoe, who says:

Our ship was surprised, in the grey of the morning, by a Moorish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. . . . About three in the afternoon he came up to us . . . and . . . to cut short . . . our ship being disabled . . . we were obliged to yield, and were carried all prisoners into Sallee. . . . The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended, nor was I carried up the country to the Emperor's order, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the Captain of the rover as his proper prize, and made his slave.[1]

In Salé's good days it was, in fact, the most important port in Morocco. There assembled the vast hosts of Abd el Moumen, his son, and grandson, for their expeditions to Spain; there were held the rejoicings on the return of victorious armies with their thousands, and tens of thousands, of captives; there Abd el Moumen died; and thence started the long funeral procession into the mountains.

Its citizens had customs peculiar to themselves, as that of employing attorneys in law-suits when all the other people of Morocco pleaded their own causes. They had a great reputation for their courtesy and business ability, thereby attracting all the Christian merchant-sailors of the Continent and England, who came to Africa in search of ivory, skins, carpets, woollen stuffs, dates, and honey. The carpets of Salé are celebrated even to-day.

But the prosperity of the port soon awakened the cupidity of princes. It was too rich a prize to be neglected. Foreign as well as local rulers sought for opportunities to seize it.

One day, when the people were all celebrating some holy feast, they were surprised by the troops of Alphonso X of Castile,[2] who had disembarked and entered the city before anyone was aware of their arrival. The Spaniards pillaged and sacked with the usual bloodthirstiness of the period,

[1] *Robinson Crusoe*, Daniel Defoe.

[2] Alphonso the Wise and Astrologer, who said that "if God had advised with him on the Creation, he could have given Him good counsel."

and were back in their boats and away almost before the unfortunate Moors had time to realize what had befallen them.

They fortified the city after this—but it was the end of peaceful trading. All too well had violence effected its hateful end. From thenceforth the courteous merchants of Salé became the cruel pirates that kept navigators in the Mediterranean and Atlantic in a state of nervous tension. Ere long they threw off all semblance of submission to the ruling powers of the land. They separated from Rabat; and, instead of trading, put all their energies into the building and manning of marauding ships.

Naturally the whole world then regarded the people of Salé as the children of Satan. But:

> Let not this mode of raising cash seem strange,
> Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
> For into a Prime Minister but change
> His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation.

At first they confined their ravages to the shipping and ports of their hereditary enemies—Spanish, Portuguese, French. Many of the refugees from religious persecution joined them, however, some voluntarily, some as captive slaves; and the English and Dutch sailors among these taught them navigation, and often showed as little compunction and as cruel ferocity towards the prisoners as the Moors themselves.

As the corsairs became more and more independent and successful they gave up all discrimination: attacked, looted, destroyed, or seized every ship they encountered, and enslaved crews and passengers no matter what their nationality. And as their success grew, the people of Rabat, Larache, Safi, and indeed all the ports on the coast, joined forces with them, clandestinely if not openly.

At last in 1629 France sent a small fleet to blockade Salé —but it retired, without firing a shot, owing to bad weather.

In 1672 the Sultan of Morocco appealed to Charles I for help against the rebel pirates; but it was not until 1686

that England sent a small squadron of eight ships, each of between four and five hundred tons burden, and mounting thirty or forty guns. When they arrived they soon learned that Salé and Rabat were "out" with each other, and made good use of the fact. The loyalist Moors attacked Salé from the land side; the English ships bombarded it from the sea; between them the fort was demolished, and the pirates were forced to surrender. The pirate ships were destroyed—as many as were found—the leading rebels executed; and the English sailed away homewards with 329 British subjects, men, women and children, saved from captivity, as their reward.

John Dunton, the man who acted as sailing-master of the little fleet on this occasion, had himself been a prisoner at Salé, and he tells the story of his escape in his dedication to Lord Vaine of his account of the expedition.

The Moors had sent him as master and pilot of a man-of-war with twenty-one Arabs and five "Flemish renegadoes," with orders to go to the English coast in search of prizes and captives. Dunton obeyed. He took his ship to the Isle of Wight; as soon as it was dark, so that the Arabs on board did not know where he was heading for, he went in under the guns of Hurst Castle. Next day everything fell out as he had planned—he was arrested with his crew and sent to Winchester for trial. There he told his story to such effect that he was sent out in the following year in charge of the punitive expedition.

But this misfortune did not quench the ardour of the pirates—rather the contrary, no doubt. Driven out of Salé, they lurked in every inlet along the coast. Their hatred fanned by their losses, and with nothing left to lose, they became more desperate and inhuman than ever. As they were by this time able seamen, and there was plenty of traffic up and down the coast, they had very soon seized ships enough to give them a fresh start, and in no time were as powerful as before, and back in their old stronghold.

In 1680 the French made another expedition against them. This was at the instigation of Moulai Ismail, who,

though waging most bitter war against them, was unable to make much impression owing to the support given them by all the other coastal towns. This second blockade of Salé, with six men-of-war, seemed to promise immunity from further raids by the pirates, for a number of their ships were destroyed, and very little of the town was left standing. Moulai Ismail signed a treaty giving France certain commercial privileges which enabled her to establish a trading-base in the port. And as England held Tangier; Spain held Larache and Ceuta; and Portugal, Mazagan and Safi; there seemed every reason to hope that at last there would be an end to the daring depredations of the rebels.

Not a bit of it. Every port harboured pirates, whether knowingly or not; all served as refuges for escaped and escaping victims, but they acted as havens for the Corsairs as well. There was not, on the whole length of the six hundred miles of coast south of Tangier, a single lighthouse, beacon, buoy, or any other warning for sailors. The coastal Moors considered, in fact, that a shipwreck was a special gift of Allah.

It was actually close upon a hundred years later before this tyranny of the seas was finally put down. In 1765 France again bombarded Salé—still the head and front of the offending—and kept on bombarding it for two whole days. Then a new treaty was signed; a French consulate was installed; order at last prevailed.

But with the downfall of their power the people of Salé lost all heart. When they were peaceful, inoffensive traders, they had been ruthlessly robbed and heartlessly left for dead. They had risen again to take what they considered a fair revenge—and had forgotten all the virtues and the beauties of honest labour in their new and very exciting profession. They simply could not get into harness again, after centuries of buccaneering; nor settle down to the painstaking and slow, if sure, methods of their great-grandfathers. So prosperity in Salé declined still farther; energy slackened; ambition fled.

. . . . .

INTERIOR OF THE MADRASEH AT SALÉ

Two hundred years ago Salé was described as having: "houses whose porticoes are adorned with Pillars and Tables of Alabaster and Jasper stone, and the streets are built exactly on a line. . . . Here are some antiquities built of brick, and amongst others two large Cellars where they lay their Merchandise and sell the Christians they take at Sea. Their principal mosque and great Tower, which they call Sammatasse, were built by thirty thousand Christian slaves whom Moulay Jacob Almansor brought from Spain. . . ."[1]

But to-day the one-time capital of the Kingdom of Fez is nothing but a dirty, miserable, sordid village, its buildings all but ruins, its inhabitants apparently as spiritless as they are poverty-stricken.

Perhaps the growing importance of the traffic will arouse their old self-respect. Perhaps Salé and Rabat will become merged into one, old rivalries be buried for ever. But at present so little of its one-time beauty remains that, excepting for the view of Rabat, sea, and river from the ruins of the fortifications, and the interesting contrast between the people of the two towns, it is hardly worth spending time upon it that could be more profitably employed in Rabat.

[1] *Descript. de l'Africq*, Villalain Divity.

CHAPTER XXII

MOORISH WOMEN

I come from fields of death, and in its sheath
My good sword rests; but thou, O glaive of Love,
Giv'st no repose; still thou dost wound my heart
With torments ever new. Afar, methought,
Were pain and woe that could not well increase,
Yet fiercer glow the fires within my breast
As I draw near thee, Love. . . .

KING MOHAMMAD OF SPAIN, A.D. 882

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour:
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and passion were the natural dower
Of Haidee's mother, but her climate's force
Lay at her heart, though sleeping at the source.

BYRON, *Don Juan*

I

IT seems time to consider the women of Morocco, and the wayfarer will probably have seen more of them in Rabat than in all the rest of the country. Why this should be so it is difficult to say. It may be because the cemetery is so near the main road; and to the cemetery flock the women and children, every Friday, past the hotels, past the great walls of the old Citadel, along the roads, on the footpaths, their robes and veils billowing around and behind them as they flit by . . . yet, with the one eye they leave uncovered, there is little they miss of the costumes, the manners, the attitude, or the doings of the European and American women they meet on their way to the weekly *rendezvous*.

There are the unveiled women of the carpet factory, too,

who do not, nevertheless, parade the town, or leave their village excepting for the Friday visit to the graveyard, but are always ready to smile and to converse by signs, with visitors.

Besides this, the European quarter of Rabat is not so distinct from the rest as in the other towns. In fact, to get from any one part to another, without passing through one or two Arab streets with their high, blank, windowless walls, would be difficult. The market lies in the very midst, close to the great gates; the cemetery is on one outskirt; the old village with its carpet factories lies between the back of the citadel and the river; and the port is on the river banks between the Moorish town proper and the medley of Arab and European with the hotels, shops, and offices, where a few European buildings thrust themselves in amongst the ancient ones, and wide new streets shoulder the narrow Moorish lanes aside. There is a trumpery, *parvenu* look to these modernities . . . it is not until the new and completely French suburb is reached that the wayfarer ceases to resent—often unconciously enough—the existence of these flaunting *magasins*, Continental *cafés*, and *confiseries* among the remains of old Rabat. But it is owing to their presence that we see more of Moorish women here than in the other cities of Morocco. . . .

II

One of the first reforms made by Mohammad was the condition of Arab women. He found them little better than slaves; even Khadidjah, when nearly forty years of age and a wealthy widow, was still so much in subjection to her father that she was compelled to resort to stratagem to obtain his consent to her marriage with Mohammad.

Obliged to proceed with caution and make his reforms by degrees, he could not abolish polygamy altogether. His loyalty to Khadidjah and the chastity of his life before his marriage spoke eloquently enough for his own

preferences in the matter. He limited it, however, to four wives, and was careful to urge the Faithful: "If ye fear that ye shall not act equitably, then marry but one woman only." He added: "Among all things which are licit, divorce is most displeasing to Allah."

He decreed that a virgin should not be married against her will; that the dowry given by the bride's father should be hers; and that a husband should have no right to his wife's property. The Moslemah husband has to pay all household expenses irrespective of what his wife may own; and she is always entitled to a share of the inheritance.

Mohammad was invariably considerate and kind to women. He had such faith in their influence that he said:

"A son gains Paradise at his mother's feet."

And if, when saying prayers, he heard a child cry, he would hurry to conclude, so that the mother could go and comfort it, "knowing how mothers suffer when they hear their children cry."

The Moslemah have misconstrued many of his decrees concerning women. They profess, for instance, that he forbade their presence in the mosque because he thought them unworthy to enter holy places. Mohammad's reason for keeping them out was, of course, his recognition of men's weakness; he did not want them to be disturbed at their devotions by the agitating presence of the opposite sex. On one occasion he told one of his father's sisters that old women were not admitted into Paradise. Upon her weeping, he added: "But all women will be resuscitated with the aspect of females of thirty-three years of age, as if they had all been born on the same day."

He enjoined marriage as a sacred duty. "When a man marries, he perfects half his religion." But, like all ardent professors of creed, his followers twist his words to suit their own ends; and when they cannot afford slaves as well as legitimate wives, they put away one or more of the wives upon any pretext that may occur to them, in order to make fresh marriages.

As to the wealthy, and especially the Sultans who

should set examples to their subjects, too many of them ignore the spirit of his teaching altogether, and:

> . . . were the Sultan just to all his dears
> Each could but claim the fifteen hundredth part
> Of what should be monopoly—the heart.[1]

III

An illustration of what goes on behind the veil is found in the story of "a bold young woman, one Mulki Kadin." Favourite to the Sultana who was grandmother and Regent to Mohammad IV, Mulki was real ruler of the Empire, because "she had the entire love of the Sultana." Not even the Grand Vizier could do anything without her consent; certainly not the rest of the Ministers of State. And when there was any very important subject under discussion the Cabinet Council was held in Mulki's private apartment.

But at last the proud Mohammedans grew unbearably restive under this feminine administration. One day they sent a message to the young Mohammad, begging him to go to them in the banqueting hall. They then demanded of him the heads of the favourite's eunuchs; and, sending for them, they strangled those guardians on the spot. Next day they massacred Mulki and her husband; and made the weak-minded Prince, who could not even protect his own household, take his proper place as Sultan, to be ruled by them instead of by a woman.

How able must Mulki have been, to have incurred such virulent jealousy!

To-day, if Arab women do not find earthly happiness in their children, it is few indeed who have any at all. They are merely toys themselves, when young; and too often nothing but drudges later. Most of the girls, excepting in certain tribes, are veiled "as soon as the look of a man can make them blush." And the veil is abandoned only when they are "old enough to be no longer a temptation."

[1] *Don Juan*, Byron.

Nevertheless, though professing to believe that God has expressly excluded women from Paradise, even while protesting that Allah is All Mighty, they fear a woman's curse more than a saint's, and believe their wizardry to be more potent than that of the Evil One.

IV

In the days of their Spanish prosperity the Arab women were more emancipated than they are now. As regards veiling, the general opinion among them was voiced by Al Sitte Malik, daughter of the professor of the University at Al Azhar, who said:

> To unveil, if one is chaste, is no harm; if one is not chaste, veils, even in excess, are no protection.

At that time, when the Arabs were most esteemed, their women, though secluded, took a really big part in the affairs of their men.

Alhakem's father, the great King, Abderrahman III, used to "find distraction from the cares of State in listening to the elegant songs composed by his female slave Monza, who was also his secretary; and to the poems of Aixa, a damsel of Cordova, who is said to have been the purest, most lovely, and most learned maiden of her day. Sada, daughter of Abdullah el Rayl, was also an accomplished maiden of that period. . . ."

Radhia, the "Fortunate Star," freedwoman of King Abderrahman III—who resigned her to his son Alhakem—was the admiration of her age for her elegant verses and the profound learning she displayed in her historical works. After the death of the King the "Fortunate Star" travelled much in the East, where she was applauded by the learned in all parts. "Wherever she appeared, the renown of Radhia was found to have gone before her."

King Alhakem II thought so highly of his Sultana, Sobeiha—mother of the future King Hixem, and Regent

during his minority—that he did nothing without consulting her, either in home or domestic affairs, or in matters of State, even those relating to foreign countries. He was deeply attached to her, too, though she was not very beautiful. When, on one occasion, he had to go away from her for some time, he wrote to her:

From thy sweet eyes, in that sad hour of parting,
There fell hot tears; but thine, they bathed thy cheek,
And lay upon thy loveliest neck, a circlet
Of pearls beyond all price. My tears were rubies
Of purple glow, and now, e'en now, sweet love,
I marvel that the heart within me break not,
For fain would then my soul have ta'en her flight.
The tears that drowned my eyes were not from them,
But from my heart; and they betrayed their source,
By that deep tint which never comes but thence!

I know not how it chanced that the fierce flame
Of that atrocious grief consumed me not.
Maddening I asked, "Where is my light of love?
My heart's sole treasure, where?" Yet there in truth,
There didst thou lurk. Aye, in my heart of hearts,
Where thou art ever; Pole-star of my life,
Soul of my soul. Mine own! Mine own Sobeiha![1]

Haxem, a general, who lost a town through trusting to the honour of his opponent (and was consequently imprisoned and decapitated by his King: "that thy fall shall teach others to be more prudent and cautious"), wrote to his wife from his prison when wounded almost to death:

High towers and gates of brass forbid my steps
To seek thy presence, Agha mine. Brought forth
Beneath the influence of a star unblest
No marvel that I pine a captive lorn.
Still doth blind Fortune turn her changing wheel,
And me, she casts below. My boding soul
Tells me of coming death, in tones of truth
That do not falter.

[1] *Collection of Ali el Hassan Ben Ayoub.*

Friends would have me fly
And say my life shall thus escape the rage
Of him who would devour it. But the flight
They counsel is for timid hearts; and mine,
If not of those that highest beat, hath ne'er
Forgotten its nobility. I fly not.

Where is the man who from the firm decrees
Of Allah hath escaped? But that just God,
Who knoweth all my innocence, shall turn
The bitter cup that now I drink, to him
Whose hand hath given it to my lips—whose heart
Now glories in my fall. Yea! He shall drink it,
When comes the time—e'en to the bitterest dregs.
Such is my hope, and such my faith. Adieu.[1]

At the time when "it was found that the women had become studious in their retirement, nor were there wanting many who distinguished themselves for their good and ingenious compositions," King Alkahem had "a very beautiful damsel in his Alcazar at Lobua who was learned in grammar, loved poetry, and was well skilled in arithmetic and other sciences. She was a singularly elegant writer, also, and composed some very beautiful letters. Of her services King Alhakem often availed himself when he had letters of secret import to prepare; and there was no one in the palace who could equal her for the acuteness of her perceptions, the force and elegance of her style, the propriety of her thoughts, and the sweetness of her numbers."

There were also Fatima, a servant of the Royal House, whose writing was of great perfection, and who copied manuscripts for the King; and Aixa, who was much

[1] Condé's *History of the Arabs in Spain*. It is satisfactory to note that the Wali Haxem's prediction was fulfilled. His ungrateful sovereign, Almondhir, was killed a few months later in battle against the same man that had so treacherously misled his general,—the "crafty fox" Calib Hafsun ben Arius. Some historians say that the real reason for his mercilessness was Haxem's unbounded grief at the death of his late sovereign, Mohammad, Almondhir's father. Almondhir regarded this as an affront to himself.

renowned for her learning and other qualities. . . . "There was no damsel in Spain who could surpass her in beauty or in the praiseworthy manner of her life, while there were few who could approach the distinction to which Aixa had attained in erudition, eloquence, and poetry. She wrote eulogies on the various kings and princes of her time, and all admired the merit of her composition, as well as the beautiful characters in which they were written, whether on paper or vellum."

"A very precious collection of books on the Arts and Sciences was made by Gadfa, daughter of Giaffar ben Noseir el Temini, who composed good verses also, which she sang with a voice of wonderful sweetness."

Maryem . . . was: "the instructress in erudition and poetry of damsels belonging to the principal families of Seville, where she taught with so much renown. . . ."

. . . . .

The Arabs of old understood women better, perhaps, because the sayings of their Prophet regarding them were then a little less entwined in the elucidations of more or less competent interpreters of the Law. There were so many different readings of his precepts immediately after his death that millions of men perished owing to the Faithful in authority being unable to decide which to follow; since then, thousands more have read into them exactly what they wished to believe; and in nothing have they all been more mistaken than in the *dicta* relating to women.

"I have left to man no calamity more hurtful than women," said Mohammad, with tongue in cheek and twinkle in eye. "That will keep them all guessing," he might have added, had he been addicted to such vulgarities. The answer to this riddle is the same as to that reasoning of King Abderrahman II when he explained to his friends and councillors why he gave a beautiful slave a very costly necklace. The old men admitted the truth of what he said because they wanted to please their sovereign; the young, because they were more than half-convinced by their own

natures. As the story shows how Arab kings were wont to reward wit, and also the estimation they put on women, here it is:

The King was very fond of chess, and he and his friends played for very high stakes, often of precious jewels. On one occasion, when he had won a necklace of pearls and other costly stones, he gave it to a beautiful slave who was present. Some of his nobles showed surprise, remarking that the jewel was rich enough for a royal treasury, and might be useful in some change of fortune. The King replied:

"It appears to me that the glitter of this ornament hath dazzled your eyes, and your judgment is disturbed by the imaginary value men give to these stones and to the form and purity of these pearls. But what are they, that the best should be compared with the beauty and grace of the human pearl God hath forged? Doth not the splendour of that last treasure rejoice the eye of him who beholds it, while it enchants and troubles the heart? The most exquisite pearls, the rarest emeralds, and most precious jacinths do not charm the eyes, nor solace the ears, nor touch the heart, nor delight the soul, as doth the Breathing Jewel before us; and thus it seems to me that God hath placed these things in my hands to the end that I may assign them their true destiny, and that so they all serve to adorn this fair girl."

The poet, Abdallah Xamri, being asked if he had anything to recite appropriate to the occasion, replied:

Bright is the gold, and fair the pearl;
But brighter, fairer, thou, sweet girl.
Jacinths and emeralds of the mine,
Radiant as sun and moon may shine,
But what are all their charms to thine?

The Marker's stores have beauties rare,
But none that can with thee compare,
O Pearl, that God's own hand hath made;
Earth, sky, and sea, compared with thee,
See all their splendours sink in shade.

To this the King, who composed with facility and metrical precision, replied:

Xamri, fair gifts of song are thine,
Bright gleams thy thought along the line.
As night's dark shadows shun the day
So shuns pale care thy cheering lay.
It charms the ear, thy dulcet tone,
And soon hath made the heart thine own.

Thus, too, the beauty God hath given
To her, the fairest 'neath His Heaven,
Doth, all the sentience being warm,
The eyes enchant, the bosom charm.

More joys than jasmine fair, or rose,
Doth she, the maid I love, disclose.
And if this heart with these mine eyes,
Were mine to give, they were her prize,
To string them on the band of gold
That doth her snow-bright neck enfold.

Xamri exclaimed that the King's verses were much more ingenious than his own. But the King ordered a purse of 10,000 *adarhams* to be given to the poet, who divided the whole among those of his friends who were present. As the site for the City of Fez was bought for only 600 *adarhams*, it is evident that the King set great value on the gifts of poesy.

V

The Moorish girls of to-day want only half a chance to show themselves every whit the equal of their European sisters. Many of them are exquisitely lovely. Those who have been able to obtain education are clever as the aristocratic young women of the Spanish court of over a thousand years ago, when accomplishments of the mind were as little known among girls of England and France as they are to-day among those of Morocco. In spite of free

education there are plenty of young women at home who, if asked the question, would be even more wide of the mark than poor Katinka, who said that:

"Spain's an island near Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."[1]

They are not nearly so subservient to their husbands as appearances indicate. They have, for instance, ways and means of their own of circumventing the rigid seclusion to which they are condemned.

"Tie up your camel as best you may, and then trust to Providence," shrewdly and cynically advised the Prophet. The pads of the straying camel are easier to trace than the ownership of the slippers which, sitting at the door of an Arab house, intimate to husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, that there is a lady visiting the harem, and therefore it is barred to them, lest they profane her by the look of a strange man. The Don Juans among them, initiated into these mysteries in their own beardless days, may have the strongest possible reasons for questioning the identity of the visitor. But short of risking unpardonable insult to another family, or instant death at the hands of a discovered rival, they dare not disobey the rule of the harem.

VI

The odd thing about a race with so many admixtures of blood in its veins, is that the Arabs of to-day do not realize the impossibility of rising to real heights so long as they check evolution by keeping their women in confinement, preventing their taking an active part in life, and of educating themselves. How can the poor things suckle anything but fools so long as they are allowed to chronicle only small beer?

The women do not get much opportunity of showing courage in big ways. That they are not deficient in it, their endurance of a most despotic tyranny proves. But they are plucky in active ways as well.

[1] *Don Juan*, Byron.

There is a story of one who belonged to a tribe that allowed its women to carry water, food, and succour to the wounded in battle. She was captured by the enemy, who had already taken her husband and condemned him to death. The chief told her that in consideration of certain brave acts of hers he would give her husband his freedom if she asked for it.

A widow of a war-captive is of even less account among the Arabs than a wife grown old: yet this woman replied that neither her own tribe nor her husband's had ever asked a favour of an enemy, and she could not do so now.

"But," she added, "kill him quickly."

And they did.

Nor are they all such meek nonentities as is generally imagined. There is an uglier, but equally characteristic, story of the days before Mohammad began their civilization. After the battle of Uhud, at which many women of both tribes were present, Hind, wife of the great general, Abu Sofian, Mohammad's bitter enemy for many years, was shown the body of Hamza, a warrior who had slain her brother in a previous fight. She pulled off her earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and rings, and flung them to the man who had killed him. Then she adorned herself with necklaces and bangles of noses and ears sliced from the heads of the fallen foe. And: "Like a filthy hyæna she squatted on Hamza's body. With ensanguined finger-nails she tore his body open; and dragging out the liver, furiously made her teeth meet in it. Then, climbing to the top of a lofty rock, she howled, with all the strength of her lungs:

" 'We have paid you back for the day of Badr. I was tortured by remembrance of my father, of my son, and of my uncle, murdered by you. My soul is now at rest; my vengeance glutted. My grief hath been softened by thee. . . .' "[1]

[1] *History of the Arabs in Spain*, Condé. This gentle creature was the mother of worthy offspring in Moawiyah, the bloodthirsty sixth Caliph.

CHAPTER XXIII

MARRIAGE IN MOROCCO

A bliss in proof, and prov'd a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd: behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows: yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I

THE assumption of the Arabs that women are denied admittance to Paradise, and permitted only to look on at a distance at their men-folk enjoying themselves in that abode of bliss, is the more inconsistent in that their creed suggests it is entirely owing to marriage that they are able to attain Heaven at all. For they believe that a married man is blessed in this life, and goes straight to the seventh Heaven on departing from earth. Whereas a bachelor is doomed to find his way direct to Hades.

Meeting one day a stranger, Mohammad asked if he was married. The man said no.

"Art thou strong and healthy?" queried the Prophet.

"Verily I am," replied the man.

"Then thou art one of the devil's own brothers!" announced the Prophet with conviction.

II

Although in most tribes the bride, and in many the bridegroom, have very little say of their own in this important question, there is so much ceremony connected with the event that the frequency of it seems all the more amazing until it is explained.

There is always plenty of demand for marriageable

women. Especially, and particularly, in tribes where the blood-feud exists as among the Berbers, so that it is desirable for a man to have many sons. With these polygamy is practised more extensively than among others. As a virgin bride costs both the groom and his family considerably more than one who has been married before, widows and divorced wives need never lack husbands, so long as they have male relations to arrange matters, and to protect them. Those who have not, such as captives of war, have a sorry time if they lose their husbands, and are apt, very soon, to find themselves among the lowest of outcasts.

The Berber tribes allow their women more liberty, but they pay for it in doing more manual labour, and in consequence they are less careful about their personal appearance. A very badly translated Arab song about the Berbers begins:

> They know not the bath, nor their faces to veil,
> Yet before their cheeks' roses flower-gardens do pale.

The women of the Sus district are considered to be great beauties; and many are still as, if not more, bewitching, as when Akbar, the first Arab conqueror to enter Morocco, found his richest booty in the female Berbers. "Their beauty brought such prices as a thousand pieces of gold per head."[1]

Among them there are many like Don Juan's Katinka, who:

> . . . was a Georgian, white and red,
> With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
> And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,
> But rather skimmed the earth . . .[2]

But the more secluded ladies resemble that Dudu who

[1] Gibbons's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.
[2] *Don Juan*, Byron.

was *"somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,"* even when not *"of a beauty that would drive you crazy."*

> A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudu,
> Yet very fit to *murder sleep*, in those
> Who gazed upon her cheek's translucent hue,
> Her attic forehead, and her Phidian nose;
> Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,
> Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
> Yet after all t'would puzzle to say where
> It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.[1]

The Moors, who—excepting the wealthy—are nearly always thin, admire fat women. Young girls are actually crammed like geese when nearing the marriageable age. The secluded women get no exercise at all; and, sitting about all day, indoors or on the roof-tops when there is no garden, year in, year out, consuming vast quantities of oily pastries, sweet stuff, and syrupy mint tea, they become enormously fat by the time they are about thirty.

They have practically only two occasions for leaving their homes; the Friday visits to the graveyard, and the regular attendances at the *hammam*, or public bath, where they spend a great deal of time.

III

The ceremonies attending a virgin pair sometimes begin weeks before the wedding; sometimes they end only after a year of marriage. During this time both are treated as being in a "dangerous" condition, and subject to attacks by evil spirits. The Moors consider that danger always attends a first essay of any kind.

If a maiden marries a man who has been married before —either one who has another, or several, wives, or who is a widower—all the ceremonies attendant on a spinster-bachelor marriage have to be performed on the bride's side. If a bachelor, on the other hand, marries a widow or

[1] *Don Juan*, Byron.

divorcee, it is he, and he alone, who goes through the mysterious rites. But if both have been initiated, no second preliminaries to conjugal life are necessary; and frequently there is not even a festive meal to mark the occasion.

And if a man takes a second, and virgin, wife, to whom he has to make presents, he is obliged to duplicate them for Madame Number One. And she, while professing great sorrow at this invasion of her hearth, makes it the occasion for entertaining her personal friends with a "wedding feast."

Some of these marriage customs would shock our delicacy; but some are oddly similar to our own. The intending bridegroom, or his father, pays a dowry to the father or guardian of the bride. To this the bride's family add, and spend at least half of the total, in some tribes all, on her trousseau. Both bride and groom have their attendant; and on the auspicious day these are usually dressed exactly like the bride and groom in order that the *djinns*—or perhaps maliciously minded guests—may not distinguish the principals in the ceremony.

Little boys are employed to throw stones after the departing bride as she leaves her old home. Some say that this is in order to awaken the chivalry of her new protector, and make him feel more love for the woman who has left her parents for his sake. Others affirm that it enables her to take away with her any evil influence she may have. Sometimes it is only old shoes that are thrown.

Slippers, with the Moors, play a big part in marriage ceremonies. They always form a share of the gifts exchanged; as a rule the bridegroom has to give a new pair to each member of the bride's family. To protect themselves against the evil eye they put a needle into the right slipper. The pair worn during the period of wedding ceremonials must never be repaired, but be burnt, or given away, afterwards. During this time it is so dangerous for the bride to touch earth with her bare feet, lest the soil so touched be used by the evil ones to work harm to her, that she does not remove her slippers for at least a week after the

wedding. Neither does the groom, lest someone take, and work magic, with them.

Westermarck, in his *Marriage Ceremonies*, says that an old man from the Ait Yusi told him that he, when a bridegroom, had once removed his slippers. Some enemy spirited them away; in consequence he no longer loved his bride, who appeared to him from that moment like a black cow. He divorced her soon after.

In some districts the bride, after arriving at her new home, takes one of the two loaves she has put for this purpose into her trunk at the wedding feast, and goes, alone and secretly, to the spring that supplies the household with water. She does not speak to anyone she meets, and never looks back as she walks along. On her way she drops bits of bread broken from her loaf; other morsels she puts all round the spring, and throws some into the water, saying:

"I am one of the guests of God, and of your guests, owners of the land."

In this way she, as a stranger, puts herself under the protection of the spirits and saints of the locality.

She also gives seven pieces of bread to the dog of the house, putting each bit, one after the other, on her foot and letting the dog take it, to make him friendly.

From the spring she takes a bottle of water; adds salt to it as a protection against *djinns*, takes it back with her to the house, and washes herself with it.

Next morning, before sunrise, accompanied by a young brother or near relation of her husband's, she goes to the patron saint of the village, taking with her a cock, half of her second loaf, a *derham*, two candles, some gum-benjamin, a little charcoal for burning it, and matches. She addresses the saint, whose name, as a stranger, she is not supposed to know:

"I am one of the guests of God, and of your guests, O, my Lord, the Saint."

The cock is then killed by the boy; and the sacrificial knife, with half the bread and the *derham*, are left at the

shrine. The gum-benjamin is burnt as incense. The other half of the loaf is kept for ever after in her trunk so that there shall always be bread in the house.[1]

In other places they fill their own bottle and then six others with water from the household spring, so that they may have seven sons.

Among another tribe, whose bridal couples remain away from everybody for forty days after the wedding, the husband kills a goat at the end of that time, and the wife boils it in oil and makes a quantity of bread. This they load on to two mules, and take it to the wife's parents. To every single person they meet on the way they must give half a loaf; to every party of people a whole one. Should they fail in this, the people they met would make a cairn of stones, stick into it a cane with a flag attached, and heap up dung round it—a powerful curse which would, possibly, result in the couple being childless. Having arrived at their destination the wife's father gives a loaf to every household in the village, these loaves having *baraka*, or good magic, in them. Then the husband, who must appear to be very bashful in the presence of his new relatives, and speak only in a low voice, kisses his father-in-law on the head. He stays for only two days; but his wife remains with her people for a month before he goes back to fetch her. On departure the parents present their daughter with a cow, or some goats, and a lot of bread for her to distribute on her arrival in her husband's village.

[1] Westermarck.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MOORS: SOME RESEMBLANCES

The more noble a soul, the more objects of compassion it hath.
BACON

The devil is undoubtedly among us to-day; and we must not infer that because God is good He is good-natured.
From the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith*

ONE ugly blot on the character of the Arab is his callous indifference to pain, as suffered by others, two- or four-legged, bird, beast, or human being. He is no worse than the people of many European nations, and he does not torture those he calls Unbelievers because they cannot see eye to eye with himself in the question of religion. But even the Grand Inquisitors do not seem to have invented a more hideous death than that inflicted by an Arab husband upon the seducer of his wife—who poured boiling water drop by drop into the mouth of the unhappy lover as he lay on his back on the floor, while the miserable wife, too paralysed with fear to move or utter a sound, looked on![1]

And at the *Fête of the Sheep*—when every head of a family sacrifices as many lambs as he has wives or has been able to buy for the purpose—it is the women, who have made pampered pets of these lambs for weeks, feeding and caressing them, who are the first to rejoice at the sight of their blood as they hang, with throats cut, in the courtyard of the dwelling.

They have horrible ways of punishing offenders. A thief may have his hands filled with quicklime, rock-salt, and soft soap, and sewn up in raw hide until they rot away. Burning out eyes with red-hot irons is quite a usual punish-

[1] *The Mirror of Kainza*, J. Vattier.

ment for all kinds of offences; it explains the number of blind men who are found wandering all over the country.

To find out where treasure is concealed they will not hesitate at any torture, however cruel and appalling; they have been known to bake men to death in slow ovens . . . but so have the Dutch in South Africa baked their native slaves for very small offences!

All this is, of course, as foreign to the teaching of Mohammad as was the Inquisition to that of Christ; it is some sort of savage instinct that seems to be more or less dormant in men of all races—that no civilizing influence has ever yet entirely overcome. There is no story of an Arab keeping a man for years on end in an iron cage too small for him to stand upright;[1] nor of turning a current of water through a hose let into the upper part of a door on to a woman whose only offence was refusal to eat;[2] and so, perhaps, Arab cruelty at its worst can hardly be compared to that of so-called civilized people.

They are consistently kind to those "afflicted by God," and to children and the aged. They are invariably hospitable. But, just like all other races, they are a blend of many, and of vastly dissimilar, racial ingredients. It is impossible to generalize about the Arab and his characteristics, which are so far from being peculiarly his own—Vandals, Phœnicians, Asiatics, Hebrews, all Europeans, not omitting the British variety, and pure-blooded African, all having had a say in the make-up of most of them; and all manner of quaintly unexpected traits will reveal themselves, even upon quite slight acquaintance, upon occasion.

There are Arabs—or Moors—who are exactly, in every respect, like typical Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Irishmen, Scots, and English, even to their appearance; yes, even to red hair and blue eyes! And this applies to both sexes. . . . It was only a few days ago that a Londoner, having occasion to find fault with a companion for his con-

[1] Louis XI of France. [2] English Prison Governor.

duct towards his young woman, said, in a tone of complete conviction:

"Why, you're just a blinking banana-stuffed Arab, that's what you are, with your ideas about women and what they can't do!"

. . . . .

Though the Arab very rarely makes personal requests in his prayers to Allah, he and his tribe will unite in supplication in case of drought, or on the eve of battle, or when any national disaster is threatened. Both men and women pray to their saints: and will make long pilgrimages, at infinite discomfort, in order to reach the shrine of some favourite holy man. The series of prayers extending over nine days, known among Roman Catholics as *Novenas*, was initiated by the Arabs, both prayer and name. Probably they, also, taught Christians to pray to saints and make expeditions to shrines. But among the Mohammedans are never found those places wherein

> Aloof, unhelpful, and unkind,
> The prisoners of the iron mind,
> Where nothing speaks except the bell,
> The unfraternal brothers dwell,

as R.L.S. says of the Trappist monastery in the Cevennes.

CHAPTER XXV

EN ROUTE TO FEZ: MEKNES

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Under all sorrow there is the force of virtue; over all ruin, the restoring charity of God. To these alone we have to look; in these alone we may understand the past, and predict the future destiny of the ages.

RUSKIN

I

WAYFARERS who are going straight through from Rabat to Fez[1] by car in one day must be prepared for a fatiguing journey. The roads are good, and the fast cars do it in about seven hours—including a halt of an hour at Meknes—but there is no other stop excepting momentary halts at rough wayside stores where there is no accommodation of any sort, at any rate not for tired women-travellers. This is princely going, however, to the old days. According to a guide-book dated 1885,[2] an "excursion" from Tangier to Fez via Meknes necessitated five days' riding. "Permission from the Cherif was required, and a numerous escort. . . . About £150 requisite for expenses, *backsheesh*, etc."

It is not a particularly interesting journey, and there is little charm in the scenery until after leaving Meknes, when the snow-capped peaks of the far distant Atlas gleam against the blue sky, or make the clouds look dingy and grey.

All that is left of ancient Meknes can be seen in one day. If the traveller is going on without breaking the journey, the luncheon-hour halt can be spent in visiting the "sights"

[1] The journey can be done by rail.
[2] *Guide to Spain*, O'Shea.

of the old city—the great gate; all that is left of the palace; and the *souk*, or market, where curious pottery is made.

But a stay in new Meknes is a pleasant experience. There are many places of great interest in the near vicinity —easily visited by car, on mule-back, by bicycle, or even on foot by good walkers. One is to the ostrich park—the only one in Morocco, originating in the gift of a pair of birds by an Arab from the South to one of Ismail's sons, Moulai Abdullah, Sultan in 1727.

And as the coaches pass through each day in both directions, to and from Fez and Rabat, it is always possible to cut a visit short the moment it becomes irksome. There are several good hotels, and it is considered to be the best situated of all the European towns in Morocco—on rising ground, and shaded by avenues of eucalyptus and pepper trees fringing the roads. It is quite distinct from, and overlooks, the old town.

Meknes, sometimes spelt Mequinez, is known as the Imperial City of Morocco. It first attained importance in the reign of Moulai Ismail (1676–1727), who made it his capital, rebuilt it, and spared neither money, labour, nor the treasures of other cities for its embellishment.

Moulai Ismail,—"Emperor of Barbary and Morocco, King of Fez, Suez, and Tafilet, Lord of Dara, Gago, etc., Great Sheriff of Mohammad and Successor to this House" —whose mother was a mulatto, was one of the twenty-four sons of Moulai Cherif, King of Tafilet, a descendant of Fatima, daughter of the Prophet, and Ali, her husband.

Ismail succeeded to his brother, Moulai Raschid, one of the most unscrupulous traitors in Moorish history. An elder brother, Moulai Mohammad, had succeeded the father. Moulai Raschid was always conspiring and fighting against him but was always forgiven. Like all villains, Raschid regarded his brother's forbearance as weakness, and instead of being grateful, hated and despised him. Finally he departed to Quiviane, ostensibly on a visit to its king. Ali Solyman received him very kindly for his brother's sake, and gave him highly honourable confidential

MIDDLE ATLAS, AUI-LEUH

A CORNER OF THE VILLAGE

VOLUBILIS

THE BIG POND IN THE FAMOUS RUINS

posts. But when Raschid had gained the full confidence of his host he departed to pay a "friendly" visit to another prince. This time he seized his entertainer almost immediately after his arrival; had him tortured until he disclosed the hiding-place of his treasure; then killed him, and took everything he could find. To this he added gold valued at £80,000 of our money, obtained in the same gentle manner from a Jew, and with it raised troops to fight his first host, Ali Solyman—whom he defeated and killed.

When Mohammad, his brother, heard of what was going on, he came with an army to put an end to Raschid's depredations. But he was himself defeated, and afterwards Raschid besieged him at Tafilet, where he died. Raschid then took possession of the kingdom. He fought and beat the people of Fez in 1665. In 1667 those of Morocco (whose king he dragged to execution at a mule's tail); of Taradant in 1668; and so on until he reached the Sudan, where he was checked. By this time the Empire of Morocco reached wider boundaries than ever before. Back in Fez, where he made his capital, Raschid spent his time in "heaping up money and tyrannizing over his people; but made good laws for the security of the highways and trade, which enriched the country."

He came at last to a death worthy of his life. "Having kept the feast of R'mdan too well, as his custom was, and drunk excessively, he rode home; but on the way his horse bolted, and ran into a grove of orange trees; Raschid's head coming into contact with a branch, his skull was smashed to bits."[1]

Moulai Ismail succeeded, after ridding himself, in the fashion peculiar to his age, of the other brothers, nephews, and uncles, who disputed his claim. He began with an empire of considerable size, and proceeded without loss of time to increase it. The great thorn in his flesh throughout his reign was Ceuta; but, though he blockaded it incessantly, he never succeeded in turning the Spaniards out.

[1] *Histoire du Royaume de Maroc.*

He was not only an able, but a very ambitious man. His desires soared to alliance with Louis XIV, at first an alliance merely military, in order to gain an equality with his co-religionist rival, the Sultan of Turkey, and to help him expel the Portuguese and Spaniards from the coast. Having beaten the Spaniards once—when he took the fortress of Marmora, and with it a great deal more artillery (400 pieces of brass, etc.) than he had had until then in the whole of his Empire—he felt that with a little help he could drive them out of Morocco altogether.

A visit he paid to France sent him back to his own country determined to show that in one way at least he could emulate the French King—he would make of his palace at Meknes a second Versailles!

Throughout his long reign he never ceased doing all in his power to win the friendship of Louis. But French statesmen of that day did not estimate at its full worth the power of the Moorish ruler. The ambassador they sent to Fez saw nothing more in Ismail's overtures than an opportunity of freeing without cost the French captives still in bondage in Morocco. Eventually Ismail sent him back, saying:

"We thought you came to propose something of great importance, but we see it is nothing more than to demand two hundred slaves, no more than a single merchant might hold, and have in even greater number."

He was at this time unable himself to pay another visit to Louis owing to his fear of being taken by the English and Dutch, who, pre-eminent at sea, were "intriguing" together. (Tangier had become the property of the English ten years before Ismail's reign.) So he sent an ambassador—Ben Aicha—who was accompanied by three of his wives, three children, and several slaves.

The archives of Brest, Rennes, Nantes, Saumar, Angers, and Orleans give the story of this embassy. And the details given of the expenses of the ambassador and his suite prove by the quantity of wine consumed that they considered themselves exempt, during their travels, from the

strict tenets of their Faith. Perhaps Ismail had told them to do, while in France, what the French did.

Ben Aicha expressed himself eloquently in favour of everything he saw; and after five months took his departure, thanking the King, and saying that "he had had new pleasures every day, and seen so many marvels that, although he had kept a huge diary, he had been unable to describe one thousandth part of the beauties of France, or the greatness of His Majesty."

Perhaps it was Ben Aicha's enthusiasm; perhaps the Sultan really did become enamoured of the portrait sent him by Louis; at any rate, soon after his ambassador's return, Ismail made a proposal of marriage to the King for his daughter by Louise de la Vallière—Anne Marie, widow of the Prince de Conti.

The letter was written by Ben Aicha to Pont Chartrain, Secretary of State to the Navy, and began:

In the name of the Cherif, descendant of the Prophet . . .

One of the conditions mentioned was that all Ismail's other wives would be put away, so that the King's daughter could reign supreme over the heart and home of her Mohammedan lord. All his forces would, of course, be available in any fighting the King did. Ben Aicha wrote also to a French negociant in Salé telling him of the proposal, and saying that the Sultan looked forward to this alliance with joy, holding it as glory to be related to so great an Emperor, and that all the ports and towns of Morocco would always be open to him and to his descendants. This letter found its way to Pont Chartrain, with a report from the Consul at Salé that there had been thirty-five additions in one month to the royal family at Meknes!

The offer was not treated seriously. Pont Chartrain considered that it was beneath the dignity of the King even to reply to it formally. But he wrote to Ben Aicha pointing out that such suggestions were little fitting to the religion and piety of the King, or to the different customs and ways

of the two nations; and that when the Sultan of Morocco was sufficiently touched by the truth of Christianity to embrace it, there would be time enough to listen to him.

The Princess showed her sense of humour when she heard of this proposal, for, instead of being offended, when her father told her of the offer, she "gave an immense burst of laughter." Poor Anne Marie! The French naïvely remark that "a precocious widowhood had not saddened her immeasurably, and she led an existence nothing short of *tapageuse.*" She was certainly not as saintly as her mother, erring though that lady had been before she took the veil, but it is funny to think of her in the harem at Meknes. The episode caused a great deal of amusement in the French court, and Rousseau wrote about it:

> Your beauty, great Princess,
> Carries traits with which it wounds
> Even in the wilderness;
> Afric to you capitulates,
> And the conquests of your eyes
> Reach farther than those of Hercules.

After all, Moulai Ismail had some excuse for what he, certainly, did not consider at all presumptuous. For a Royal union between Christian and Mohammedan was not unprecedented. Somewhere about 1060 the Prince of Leon, Weremund, married his daughter Teresa to a Mohammedan, the King of Toledo; and his son, afterwards Alphonso VI, when on a pilgrimage married Gaida, daughter of the Caliph Ben Abed of Seville. Again in 1190 Richard Cœur de Lion, when at Acre, in order to consolidate a proposed union of Christian and Mohammedan interests, offered his own widowed sister Joan, Queen Dowager of Sicily, and then about twenty-four years of age, in marriage to Saphadin, brother of the great Saladin. The marriage would have taken place, too, but for the intolerance of the priests on both sides.

This rebuff did not cure Ismail of his desire for a French alliance, nor of his admiration for the King. But it was not

A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE OLD PORTUGUESE BRIDGE

BAB BERDAIN (THE BERDAIN GATE)

until 1914 that his vision of French and Moorish soldiers fighting side by side as brothers in arms was realized—on the Marne.

II

Ismail encouraged French commerce, however, by every means in his power, and after the successful essay in 1682 of their men-of-war against Salé, their ships were given free entry everywhere in his territory.

When England abandoned Tangier in 1683 Ismail took possession of it. He fortified it anew, garrisoning it with 15,000 negroes, later replaced by Riffs. After this he seems to have felt more kindly towards those whom he had so recently been bracketing with the hated Dutch for their supremacy on the sea. For he tried to convert James I, and suggested that he should adopt the faith of Islam. He sugared his pill with an offer of a Moorish army whose green standard would strike terror into the hearts of his enemies, and drive the Dutch from his coasts. Finding that James did not take kindly to the idea, he advised him to revert to the Protestant faith as more sincere and simple than the Roman Catholic, at the same time renewing his offer of troops. But James was as blind to the value of the alliance as Louis had been.

During the fifty-five years of his reign Ismail was untiring, both at warfare and building. He kept excellent order among the tribes—established fortresses close to the frontiers of the more turbulent people, to keep them under closer control; and by whirling down unexpectedly upon them with his fiery troops of horsemen whenever he had the slightest suspicion that rebellion was in the air, he created around himself a salutary suggestion of omnipotence.

During his reign piracy was at its height, and the people of the African coast the most daring and ferocious in the world. Many of the Christian slaves they seized were sent to Meknes, and one, Thomas Phelps, who escaped, described Ismail as "a monster of Africk, a composition of gore and dust."

Phelps wrote an account of his sufferings, and of how he

and some companions got away at last to Salé, where they stole a boat, and, upon being picked up at sea by friendly sailors, persuaded their rescuers to join them in raiding and burning the pirate ships in the harbour at Marmora—"Hallowing," he adds, "at the sight of so desirable a bonfire."

. . . . .

Ismail had rather peculiar taste in food, as his favourite dish was roast fox. At eighty years of age he is described by a French missionary as being:

"Of middle stature, with a face somewhat long and thin, a beard forked, and quite white, complexion almost black, with a white spot on his nose; eyes sparkling, and voice strong. He vaults on to anything he can lay his hand upon, and it is one of his common diversions at one motion to mount his horse, draw his scimitar, and cut off the head of the slave who held the stirrup. He changes his clothes three times a day. He has a ready and sprightly wit, anticipates the thoughts of those who apply to him, and his answers are short and pithy."

. . . . .

He would not make his capital at Fez because it was too recently the scene of another's embellishment, Moulai Raschid having raised many monuments there to his grisly fame. Moulai Ismail wished to be considered the greatest of all his Empire's architects, and he chose the comparatively unadorned town of Meknes so that his 'prentice hand could have full scope. He not only practically demolished all he found there, but destroyed many other buildings all over the country in his jealousy of his predecessors and his desire to make Meknes outshine every other city,—like Constantine the Great when building Constantinople,[1] and el Moumen at Marak'sh:

> . . . and with necessity,
> The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.[2]

[1] Constantine's own statue in Rome was made from a Colossus of Apollo brought from Athens.

[2] *Paradise Lost*, Milton.

It is remarkable that, for all his long reign: his wealth: his many thousands of slaves: all his utter ruthlessness in obtaining material: his ambition to excel all other builders: and his visit to Paris: he did not succeed in leaving behind him any monument to compare with those of el Mansur, or even of Moulai Raschid. His Versailles at Meknes kept an immense army at work, many of them white Christian artists in wood and stone. He surrounded the palace with parks and gardens ornamented with fountains and statuary, some of it brought from Europe, and some created on the spot; and he drew on Rabat, Toclosida, Volubilis, and even Marak'sh for marbles and anything else he wanted for the improvement of either palace, grounds, or stables.

Yet to-day little remains of its beauty. Vines are tumbling over the crumbling walls; no longer do the sweet voices and merry laughter of women and children echo in the orange groves and gardens; and the water of the fountains is stilled. Legend says that on the death of this Moorish *Roi Soleil* every man let fall what he was carrying, left what he was doing, and fled to his tent. "Meknes went to sleep then," and it has never awakened.

The great gate, *Bab Mansur el Aleuk*, or Gate of the Renegade Christian, was completed by his son, Ahmed, 1725–27. It has an ogival arch of gigantic proportions, flanked by two bastions, the one on the right resting on marble columns under a design of arabesqued festoons surrounding brightly glazed, vivid green tiles.

The old gate of the Mellah, or Jewish quarter, is a good example of the military architecture of Ismail's day—its crenellated top reminiscent of the unhappy heads that once crowned every tooth. Nothing remains of the glories of Meknes but a few signs such as these.

III

For all his ferocity, Ismail was a great prince. The Moslems revered him as a saint: the Christians feared him. He employed a bodyguard of 150,000 black mercenaries,

and established a very powerful army with their sons. At ten years of age the boys were handed over to his charge; he had them educated; then for three years apprenticed to artificers—masons, blacksmiths, armourers, and so on. After three years they were supposed to be expert in their craft, and were then for another three years trained in arms, horsemanship, and all the other duties of soldiers. Then they were married to the female wards: given land and material for building their houses, and trusted to behave as good and loyal subjects.

They became in fact so powerful that when Ismail died in 1727 the army took upon itself the election of his successor—and in thirty-five years had made and unmade six Sultans.

As Ismail is said to have had eight hundred children, of whom seven hundred were sons, perhaps this was hardly avoidable. Nor was it likely that the efficient army he had created, and so carefully trained, would fail to assert itself after his death. His successor meant everything to them; in their hands was the actual power; even a brotherhood of seven hundred could not oppose itself successfully to such overwhelming forces as the bodyguard of 150,000 backed by its huge arms of sons.

The first was Mulai Ahmed the Golden, who was even more of a butcher than his illustrious father. On one occasion he killed two of his cooks because his dinner displeased him; another day he had the boy who looked after his pipes flung down a precipice because he had stopped one of them too hard. Naturally enough, with men of this kind, anarchy ruled after Ismail's death.

But at last came his grandson, Mohammed bin Abdallah, another strong man, who, with a troop of only four thousand horsemen, succeeded in bringing his own people into line. He drove the Portuguese out of Mazagan, and compelled the Spanish to keep to their own allotted territory.

CHAPTER XXVI

WALILI AND VOLUBILIS OF THE ROMANS

In the old times Death was a feverish sleep
In which men walked. The other world was cold
And thinly peopled, so life's emigrants
Came back to mingle with the crowds of earth:
But now great cities are transported thither,
Memphis, and Babylon, and either Thebes,
And Priam's tower'y town, with its one beech.
The dead are most and merriest; so be sure
There will be no more haunting, till their towns
Are full to the garret: then they'll shut their gates
To keep the living out, and perhaps leave
A dead or two between both kingdoms.

T. L. Beddoes, *Death's Jest Book*

BEFORE concluding a stay at Meknes the wayfarer should wend his way to Walili and the ruins of an ancient Roman city.

Volubilis, built by Sextus, Procurator and Legate of Cæsar, was a prosperous Roman colony in the time of Our Lord. It seems to have remained so until about the fourth century A.D. All that is left of it now are some ruins, but the excavations on the site, started by the Germans before the war, and continued under the direction of the Department of *Beaux Arts* by the French, have proved so fruitful in souvenirs of its past grandeur that a special museum has now been opened to house them. An Arc de Triomphe, erected in A.D. 217 to Caracalla and Julia; a basilique, a forum, houses, baths, temples, etc., are among the discoveries, in addition to the famous bronze dog, many ornaments, statues, inscriptions, coins, utensils, implements, and so on.

Infinitely more interesting is the adjacent town of Walili, the Holy Town which contains the tomb of Edris, direct descendant of Mohammad and founder of the first

Arab dynasty in Morocco. Edris was one of the seven sons of a great-great-grandson of Mohammad, in the direct line from Fatima and Ali. His elder brother, Mohammed, chief of the clan, being defeated near Medina, retired with his brothers—Yahye, Suleiman, Ibrahim, Muza, Isa, and Edris—to Nubia until after his rival's death. Then he returned to Mecca. He left Suleiman to propagate Islam in Nubia; and sent three of the other brothers to different countries for the same purpose.

Mohammed arrived in Mecca at the time of the Pilgrimage, and was immediately proclaimed Caliph. He was so good, and led so exemplary a life that he became known as the Just and Compassionate. But he was not long left in peace. His rival's son, Almaheid, fought and defeated him in a terrible battle six miles from Mecca, and he was killed. Another brother met the same fate.

Edris, with his trusted servant Raschid, a freedman, fled to Egypt, where the fugitives found shelter at Alexandria. But the Governor of the Province, though sympathizing with the descendant of the Prophet, was afraid of incurring the anger of his sovereign by allowing him to remain; and the man who had received them was compelled to obey his order that they should be out of the district within three days. He led them by byways and secret paths to Barco, whence they made their own way to Cairouan. After resting a few days they went on to Tlemcen, Edris disguised as Raschid's slave; and so on, and on, by way of Tangier, to the provinces of the lower Sus and Walili, at that time only a small town, and in a sparsely populated province. Here the Governor received them so kindly that they decided to tell him who they were. Their confidence was not misplaced. The Governor assembled his people, presented Edris to them as the rightful Caliph of the kingdom; and with one accord he was accepted and proclaimed, at R'mdan, A.D. 788.

Other tribes listened to the teaching of the new Caliph, and were so well pleased with his expounding of Ali's gentle doctrines that they followed the example of those of

Walili. These people were nearly all pagans, when not Christians or Jews, but Edris subjugated them all—and eventually the whole of El Mogreb—granting life to those he conquered on condition that they acknowledged the Prophet and embraced his Law.

But the Turkish Caliph Haroun al Raschid was greatly alarmed and annoyed on hearing of this. Finally he sent a man named Soleiman ben Jorais, a crafty but eloquent and well-educated tool, with orders to assassinate Edris. The people around him being all wild and unlettered, Edris welcomed this messenger from Bagdad as a cultivated and attractive man with whom he could converse. The faithful Raschid was on his guard for a time, and Soleiman had no chance of effecting his murderous errand. But one day being left alone with Edris, Soleiman produced a pomander box deliciously scented, and begged him to accept it.

Edris took it with pleasure, as aromatic confections were then unknown in El Mogreb. But before he could examine it Soleiman pretended that he had an urgent summons and hurried away. He ran to his house, where a swift horse was saddled in readiness, and fled.

For the pomander box was poisoned. No sooner did Edris inhale its perfume than he fell, fainting, to the floor. He died late that afternoon without recovering sufficiently to utter a single word.

Soon afterwards the absence of the visitor was noticed. Someone observed that he had been seen riding very fast away from the city. Raschid immediately guessed the truth, and set off in pursuit. He overtook and attacked the fugitive just as he was about to cross the river, but though he cut off Soleiman's hand the murderer managed to escape.

There was no heir to the Caliphate. But Raschid persuaded the tribes to wait; and two months later a posthumous son of Edris was born of a beautiful Christian slave named Kainza—the Treasure. The babe was christened Edris after its father, and the people acknowledged him as their lord. Raschid acted as Regent, and undertook the prince's education.

When he was eleven years old Edris II was proclaimed King. Alkahem, King of Spain, who had inherited his crown only four years earlier, and was at this time about twenty-five, sent an embassy to offer him congratulations and make a treaty of alliance against all their enemies, whosoever they might be who might attempt to disturb either in possession of their States. The pomp and magnificence of this embassy quite won the heart of the little boy-king, for the five hundred richly attired cavaliers on their beautiful Andalusian horses made a sight never seen in Walili since the forgotten days of Volubilis.

Not long after this, the number of people who came to see Edris and settle near their sovereign so crowded the town that he decided to build another capital. He bought a very lovely site from the people of the Zanete tribe, about two miles from the river Zebu, in the midst of groves of trees. On consideration he decided that there was too much risk of inundation in the rainy season, so chose a higher site in the same district, and there founded the city of Fez.

But Walili remained "The Sacred City," for there rested the remains of his father, Edris I, between the two hills of the town now best known by his name—Moulai Edris.[1]

Edris II died when he was only thirty-three. He left twelve sons. He was buried in Fez—which thereupon became another "Sacred City."

The original tomb and sanctuary of Edris I were demolished by Moulai Ismail. In rebuilding he enlarged the central court considerably, and adorned it with fine mosaic stone-cutting. To this tomb is made a pilgrimage every May, when thousands visit it from every part of Morocco, and great feasts take place. Three pilgrimages to Moulai Edris are considered to be of the same value as one to Mecca; and as it is as beautiful a spot as Mecca is arid and gloomy, to its romantic story is added all the glamour of lovely surroundings.

[1] The French spell it Idriss.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE STORY OF FEZ

Iram, indeed, is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshy's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows,
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

OMAR KHAYYÁM

Khadidjah, the little Berber, was fair, of a red fairness increased by henna. Her beautiful face, with its antique profile, was of a very pure white, and her blue-grey eyes were lovely and disturbing. . . .

JOSEPH VATTIER in *The Mirror of Kainza*

The dainty women of Fez, with their pure profiles—hereditary survival of beautiful barbarian captives—at the hour of sunset prayer, when the freshness of approaching night draws one to the roofs, what a pretty sight are the little women of Fez. Dressed like Byzantine princesses in multicoloured silk robes, their golden bracelets jingling, and their delicate tattooings of henna . . . are they not like beautiful butterflies escaped from some enchanted garden?

Ibid

Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

BYRON, *Don Juan*

I

MOST enchanting of all the cities of Morocco is Fez. It lies in a valley under a crown of hills whereon olives grow wild—scattered here, in groves there. Behind the hills rise the giant peaks of Atlas—"royal Atlas, grandson of Titan, son of Asia, brother of Prometheus, husband of Hesperis, and father of the seven fair Atlantides. He was King of Mauretania, master of a thousand flocks of every kind, and of beautiful gardens abounding in every kind of fruit. Of these gardens Fez was surely the fairest. . . ."

"The Sacred City," founded in 808 by Edris II, lying

one hundred miles from the Atlantic, and one hundred from the Mediterranean, is seated upon the River of Pearls, or Fez, and to-day, as ever, it is "the Ornament of all the Kingdom of Africa, and indeed of all Barbary."

Less than two hundred years ago one wrote that:

It hath 700 mosques, a great number of Colleges, Hospitals, Stores, etc. It hath 85 gates, and 250 bridges, many of them so covered with houses that they are not discerned. It hath 86 public fountains, besides 600 private ones. The Houses are well built, having Mosaic work on the Outside, and are painted with Flowers, Fruits, Perspectives, and Landscapes within. Of the Mosques, fifty are of a very Magnificent Structure, having many Marble pillars, most of 'em are neither Vaulted, Pav'd, nor Wainscoted, but Handsomely Matted; the Greatest of 'em is said to be Half a Mile in Circuit, has 31 gates, and 42 Galleries. The Tower is sustained by 35 Arches in length, and 20 in breadth, and the whole Building hath 900, most of 'em enrich'd with Marble. . . . All the Trade, and Consequently all the Wealth, of the Country is in this City, which is defended by two Castles that have no Artillery. The one is very Ancient . . . the other was built some years since by the famous Mouley Archy[1], having two Bastions on both sides of the City, with two Iron Great Guns in each. . . . The Grand Mosque, called Carouin, is the Residence of the Cadi, or Chief Pontiff of their Law. Near this Temple stand certain Colleges, where they that desire to be Talbes, or Doctors of the Law, follow their studies. The most Magnificent of all was built by Mouley Archy. . . . The city of Fez-Gredine, which lies above Fez-Bele, serves to command it, instead of a Citadel. Mouley Archy built a Palace and Seraglio within it, where there is also a large and very beautiful Mosque.[2]

Fez is actually several towns in one, each separately enclosed in its own wall, and each having its gates religiously shut at nightfall. Soon after Edris II and his followers had built their town, some of the people of Cairouan came to live there: next some Andalusians and Jews, flying from the persecution of the Khalifa of Cordova, came seeking shelter. They were given leave to settle, and

[1] Raschid. [2] Sanson.

THE 'TROUC' OF MOULAY IDRISS

ONE OF THE CITY GATES

the hospitality accorded them was richly rewarded, for the Andalusians brought with them the arts and crafts of their own land, and the Jews their learning and financial acumen. Arabs were always hospitable to Jews since their conquest of Spain was so greatly helped by the Jews within the cities, who made their entry easy in revenge for the evil treatment they had suffered at the hands of the Goths.

II

It is quite possible that the people of Cyrene—the city on which Cairouan was built—or those of Volubilis, had a health resort at Fez, for one day, while the city was still in its infancy, a Jew, in digging for the foundations of his house, discovered a stone statue of a woman, bearing the inscription:

In this place stood baths which endured for a thousand years, when they were destroyed for the building of a Temple for the service of God.

The Arabian historian, Abdel Halim, says that the district round Fez was so fruitful that the trees yielded fruit twice a year; and the crops were reaped forty days after the sowing of the seed—even in years of drought.

III

Both during the reign of Edris II, and after his death, there was much discord and civil war in El Mogreb, and the advantage of the alliance made between the two youthful sovereigns very soon became apparent. Abderrahman, third and greatest of that name, the son of Alhakem, went to the rescue several times with his fleet and his armies; and though Fez was taken and re-taken by alien forces the Moors of Spain always helped the people of Edris to recover it, even when Fez, Taza, Salé, and other cities had actually sworn allegiance to the enemy.

How great must have been the temptation to the people of Fez to surrender to an enemy can easily be imagined by anyone who has walked through the narrow twisting lanes of that densely populated city within its towering walls!

After Abderrahman was formally proclaimed Protector of the Sons of Edris in 955, when he took possession of Tlemcen, he sent a gift—a very large sum in gold doubloons—the fifth part of all the booty taken in his war against the people of Leon, to Fez, to enable its authorities to enlarge and enrich the Cairouine mosque and add a new dome. To its summit they affixed the sword of Edris I.

IV

The first mosque built in the Alcairouine quarter was at the expense of a lady named Fatima; that of the Andalusian by one named Marina; both had inherited their wealth from parents and brothers. They were enlarged and embellished by later sovereigns.

But the most lasting renown of Fez began, and continued, with the building of the mosque Cairouine. For it is as much college as temple, and to it students from all over the Mohammedan world flocked to listen to the lessons of the Ulemas. Even to-day the majority of the Arab *savants* are to be found in Fez. Some of them own libraries of incalculable value. The colleges of Fez are, among Mohammedans, as famous as those of Oxford with us, and many of their teachers are scholars of profound learning. As the Arabs rank literature above the art of soldiering, though considering that a man's first duty is the defence of his country, they are not adamant when a peace-loving scholar desires to keep out of warfare. Thus, in A.D. 963, when a certain Abdallah ben Muhamad, belonging to King Alhakem's own Regiment of Guards, put forward bad health as a reason for not going to war, the King said to his captain:

"Let Abdallah remain, in God's name; it would grieve

me if he were to fall sick, for I expect good service from him of a kind particularly agreeable to myself."

He then turned to Abdallah, who was distinguished for his erudition, and was at the time occupied with a collection of the literary productions and poetry of the kings and men of genius of the Omeyyan dynasty, and said:

"I have good hope, Abdallah, that thy work will leave me no cause to envy the Caliphs of Beni Alabas their possession of that presented to them by the writers of their land. Perhaps thou hadst better return to Cordova . . . to continue thy labours either in thine own house or in the royal abode of the Almotilla on the edge of the river, which I place at thy disposal."

Abdallah thanked the King, explained that he could command more quiet if he remained in his own house, and worked so hard that before the return of the army from Galicia he was ready to present the King with the finished production.

The education of the royal Arab children was no small matter. The studies of Abderrahman III put into the shade even those of the unhappy little prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne and George of Denmark. The baby Abderrahman was taught most of the Koran by heart before he was old enough to read; at the age of eight he was "instructed in modern policy and traditional history, grammar, poetry, the proverbs of Arabia, the biography of princes, the science of Government, and other branches of human learning." To ride well and manage his horse gracefully, to handle arms—bend the bow, use the lance, sword, etc., and all the stratagems of war—were part of his training from his eleventh year.

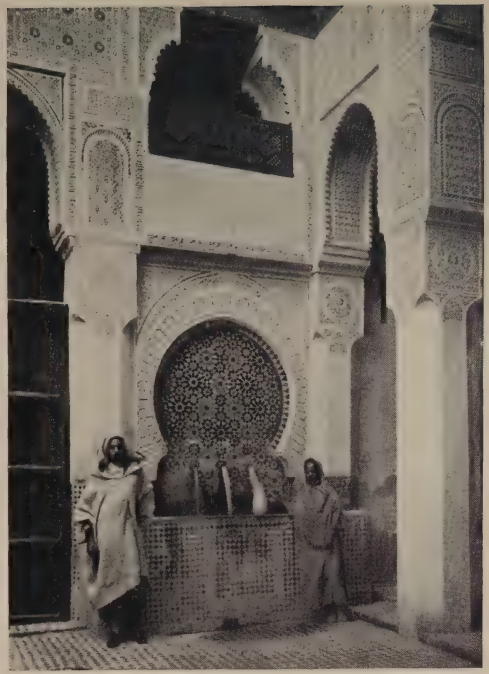
Abderrahman's son, Alhakem (A.D. 976), being so devoted to literature that he did not mind what he spent on books, naturally wanted the best masters in the world for his son, Hixem; and that youth had special professors for each subject—the greatest poets to teach him languages and poetry, the most learned historians for traditions, and so on with the sciences, general literature, etc. But the

King's own counsels to Hixem always concluded in the same strain:

> Make no war that can be avoided; maintain peace for thine own felicity, and that of thy people, and never draw the sword but against the unjust and the oppressor. What pleasure can any man find in destroying towns, ruining states, bearing desolation and death to the uttermost confines of the earth? Let thy people live peaceably under the shelter of justice, and be not dazzled by the false maxims of vanity. Let thine integrity be as a lake ever clear and pure; moderate the desire of thine eyes; put a bridle on the impetuosity of thy wishes; confide in God; and thou shalt arrive at the appointed term of thy days in serenity of soul.

Two hundred years earlier similar counsel had been given—by another Hixem to his son—Alhakem I, especially enjoining on him the need for absolute fairness in all his dealings with rich and poor, friend and foe; and clemency, "for all are the creatures of God." Ministers who oppressed the people with arbitrary exactions were to be severely punished; his soldiers were to be defenders, not devastators and destroyers; "and," continued the father, "maintain thy promises that they may rely on thy word; in a word, do thou so govern that thy people may bless thee and live content under the shadow of thy protection and bounty; let thy subjects enjoy the advantages and pleasures of life in security; in this consists good government, which, if thou succeed in establishing, be sure that thy days shall be happy, and thou shalt secure the reputation of being the most glorious prince of the world."

And so indeed it was; but three hundred years later the very descendants of these kings and their successors had so far departed from these ideals that those of France, Italy, England—in the time of Hixem hardly emerged from savagery—were sending crusades against them. Nevertheless the Arabs still gave examples of chivalry to their enemies. What record is there of any European who behaved like Saphadin, brother to Saladin, so highly



A FOUNTAIN IN A PRIVATE HOUSE

THE NEDJARINE FOUNTAIN

FEZ

steemed by Richard Cœur de Lion that he offered him is sister in marriage.

When the truce was over, and Saracens and Crusaders gain hard at it, Saphadin, seeing Richard dismounted in ne action before Jaffa, sent him two magnificent chargers, nd "on one of these Richard pursued his success until ightfall . . ." against his generous foe. "Every champion e met that day he killed or dismounted; and made his ame so terrible that the Syrian mothers ever after silenced neir naughty children by asking them if they thought King Richard was near."

CHAPTER XXVIII

FEZ OF TO-DAY

There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise. . . .

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, *Time*

Poetry here seems to assume the highest tone of triumph, and exultation, and to revel . . . in all the extravagance of joy.

ROBERT LOWTH, *Poetry of the Hebrews*

I

TRAVELLERS by road to Fez alight from the coaches in the Mellah, or Jewish town, arriving usually a little before sunset. From there they go on in cabs—ancient victorias with antediluvian horses—for the last lap of their long journey.[1]

There is plenty of choice in hotels. Of the two belonging to the *Transatlantique* Company, the wise choose the one farthest away the best—the "Palais Jamai," which was once

[1] The hackney-cab drivers of Fez must be the vindictive descendants of those who lost liberty, limbs, life, or the light of day through over-devotion to horses in that good old past when force ruled more palpably than it does to-day. They certainly show no sign at all of affection for their bread-winners. The unhappy cab-horses are generally mere bags of bones, and the most painful experience of a visit to Morocco will very likely be a drive behind them—not, perhaps, in the daytime, when it is always possible to get out, or to make other effective remonstrance—but in the early winter morning, when nobody is about; when there is only just time to catch the coach; when to be stranded in the maze of lanes between the high walls of the various towns would be a most unenviable predicament; it is another story. It is at such moments that the wayfarer regrets his ignorance of Arabic—or, if a woman, the disabilities which prevent her treating the cowards on the box to a taste of their own whip.

the residence of a Sultan, and is veritably a palace, standing in its lovely old garden.

If the stay in beautiful Fez is to be a very short one, the hour or so before dark on the day of arrival can be very well employed in driving round the outskirts along the sides of the hills, to get a view of the city bathed in the glory of the setting sun. It is just like stepping into a scene from the Old Testament. The olives; the wells; the flat-roofed houses; the men stalking along in their voluminous *burnouses*; the women, veiled to the eyes, but loaded with wood, or earthenware jars of water; the little, over-laden, staggering donkeys, the swaying camels; the herds of goats, and the thin, mournful-looking cows. It is all quite familiar to anyone who has a big illustrated Bible, and so strange in this twentieth-century world of motors and flying machines!

Next day, and for as many as can be spared, every second will be spent in the city itself. Weeks, indeed, might be spent in Fez without exhausting its riches, or wearying of its wonders.

For over eleven centuries it has been exactly the same as to-day. The same beliefs, customs, mode of living, style of dress, prevail now as in the days of Idris II. Its houses were decorated by hands that were dust when Matilda of Normandy was embroidering her misleading History of the Conquest of England at Bayeux. The identical doors—massive, brass-bolted, clamped, and nailed—that defended the inmates of the houses against the soldiers of Moulai Raschid, shut out to-day the inquisitive and the unwelcome.

It cannot continue so for very much longer. The Arabs are becoming more and more emancipated; do they not travel about in motor-coaches from town to town, and are not even the cities of Europe familiar to them? For the moment, however, Fez is unspoiled—nathless all the up-to-date improvements of her hotels, and the electricity in which her shopkeepers delight.

II

In the narrow, strange little streets—some of them shaded by trellises so overgrown with vines that they are almost dark—every kind of trade, manufacture, and profession has its place, all in full view of the beholder, as if on a stage. Dyeing of cloth, leather, silk, and basket stuff; weaving, embroidery, tooling, stitching-in, and making up of slippers, bags, book-covers, purses, card-cases, sachets; of the little bags containing sacred dust or bone, or a verse of the Koran that every woman of the lower class wears round her neck as a talisman; and every other imaginable thing that can be manufactured out of big and small scraps of leather, sheep's skin, or pig's. There is beating of copper and brass into pots and kettles, trays and ewers. The potter and his wheel, the manipulator of clay and mud into cups and casseroles, the delicately exact designer of arabesques and figures on plates and tiles, are working on the same old shapes and symbols that their remotest ancestors handed down. There are artists painting pictures, illuminating manuscripts, ornamenting leather. There are jewellers and bead-threaders. There are the sweetmeat-makers, the cooks, the bakers, the lemonade sellers. Shops for pottery and shops for perfume, for grocery, spices, meat, fish, vegetables, fruit. Streets wherein every merchant sells leather, and nothing but leather; others where woollen goods, or cotton, or silk, occupy their entire length. There are streets for nothing but provisions or green-stuffs or grocery; there are horrible lanes slippery with the refuse from the butchers' yards that lie behind them; there are cool courts where the makers and decorators of sword and firearms sit ornamenting, most wondrously, guns and scimitars in gold, silver, brass. Barbers, hair-dressers, perfumers, and dealers in cosmetics occupy another lane. Down by the river are the dyers and tanners. In the open spaces squat the noisier artificers—the moulders and beaters of copper, the iron-workers, the grinders. Metal is

THE COVERED MARKET

RUE DES HORLOGES, SHOWING THE HOUSE OF THE MAGICIAN

FEZ

of value. No empty tins are thrown away in Morocco; all are converted into something useful—vessels, cups, basins, kettles—or used for decorating the cheaper inlaid woods.

The waterworks of Fez is one of its marvels. Centuries before iron pipes were invented the river was harnessed to feed thousands of little streamlets which flow into houses, public baths, laundries, factories; which cleanse and water streets, squares, gardens—provide the wherewithal for dyers, tanners, millers, bakers.

The glorious old palaces, lovely gardens, and most beautiful fountains of Fez would keep an artist enthralled for the rest of his or her life. Many of the old palaces are used now as Government offices and hotels, but the Department of *Beaux Arts* has its Argus eyes everywhere, and spare neither trouble nor expense in preserving the fine carvings, frescoes, paintings, that decorate them, and in collecting old armour, embroideries, manuscripts, pictures, pottery, and all that speaks of bygone days. The mosques—where women may not enter—are full of most beautiful and delicate work: mosaic, carving, exquisite masonry, lace, precious stones. . . . As only those who had won a battle in the field were allowed to build mosques, everyone of these temples is a monument to the glory of some departed hero.

In the Street of the Clock, wherein is the House of the Magician, is a mysterious contrivance that none of our modern engineers have been able to understand as yet. It can be nothing but a clock of some sort, hundreds of years old. Possibly a water-clock similar to one of two described as sent to Charlemagne in 807 by the King of the Persians, which was "wonderfully constructed of brass with mechanical art, in which the course of the twelve hours was turned towards a clepsydra, with as many brass balls, which fell down at the completion of the hour and by their fall sounded a bell placed under them."

III

All the separate populations of Fez retire into their individual towns at night; but there is infinite variety in the streets during the day. All the many tribes of Africa must be represented, judging by the great difference in faces and manner, gait and garb. Jews wear little black close-fitting caps, something like those of French schoolboys, to distinguish them.

Some say that the Berbers are descendants of the Phœnicians; opinion differs very much as to their respective characteristics; being based chiefly on personal experience it is probably prejudiced in most instances. Cunninghame Graham prefers the Arabs:

Berbers [he says] are the oldest known inhabitants of the country now called the Barbary States, and have kept their type and customs unchanged. The Arabs found them in possession of all Morocco, drove them into the mountains and the desert, and forced Islam upon them; but the two people are still antipathetic, have blended little, and can be easily distinguished. The Arab, one of the finest races, is tall, thin, with fine eyes, aquiline nose, spare frame, walking with dignity; horsemen, poets, treacherous, and hospitable; gentlemen, yet inquisitive, destroying the vitality of every land they conquer, yet capable of great things—witness Granada and Damascus; metaphysicians and historians, sensual, yet abstemious, lovable, yet not good to "lippen to," as Scots say. . . . The Berbers are short and squat, with high cheekbones, small eyes, square frames, great walkers, preferring mountains to plains, agriculturists, where Arabs prefer pastoral life, and rather Scottish in appearance. I would qualify Arabs as *noble*; and Berbers *as relatively honest*, or *tenacious*, or *bourgeois*. The great Berber tribes, the Ait Morghed and Ait Hannu, have become practically Arab, but the Tuaregs have remained absolutely Berber, and they attack the Arabs with all who come their way.[1]

---

[1] *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth.)

But while Mr. Harris[1] says that the Berbers are infinitely superior to the Arabs in morals and honesty, Cunninghame Graham calls them the greatest thieves, assassins, and traitors in the world, and says that though they cannot lie more than the Arabs, who "lie so prettily, with so much circumstance and choice of words," it all "comes to a matter of individual taste, for there are those who would rather be deceived with civil manners by an Italian than be cheated brutally by a North Briton for the love of God!"

Happily for travellers, the merchants in the little shops of the bazaar are honest enough. Of course they try to get as high prices as possible, but once the bargain is made they stand by it fairly, and do not substitute rubbish for the chosen article as certain reputable milliners of Regent Street have been known to do. Nor do the fruit sellers resemble those of the open markets of Great Britain by packing into the bags inferior stuff from the back of their stalls when the buyer believes he is getting the choice fruit piled up in front. In Morocco, as in Italy, the vendor is more likely to select the very choicest, and hand it over with a blessing, as if conferring a gift on a valued friend.

The shops are nearly all similar, little *boutiques* into which the owner hoists himself by means of a cord suspended from the ceiling. Once in, he seats himself on a mat, or reclines on a sheepskin, for hours at a time. Sometimes he smokes; sometimes he murmurs to himself verses from the Koran as he tells his beads. He makes no attempt to sell, or even to attract clients, and very often seems quite annoyed when his attention is drawn to a customer. Fixed prices are very seldom known, for they enjoy bargaining, and quite expect long arguments before a deal is concluded.

IV

The wayfarer should endeavour to find someone well acquainted both with the city and its people, who will contrive admittance to the colleges and their ancient libraries

[1] *Tafilet*, W. B. Harris.

wherein are manuscripts and books to be seen nowhere else in the world. It can be done only by favour, but some of the officials at the Department of the *Beaux Arts* could probably manœuvre it. One who used to be there, Mons. Vattier—who is still in Fez, though otherwise occupied—actually lived among the Moors as one of themselves, and has published a collection of stories about them that could only have been written by somebody who knows them thoroughly.[1] He is on the friendliest terms with many of the literary men of Fez, and no more charming and erudite guide could be found—if disposed, and able, to give a little of his time to visitors.

The *hammams*, or public baths, are worth seeing, too; at one time there were over one hundred of them, some of these being most elaborate and stately structures.

Fez is actually the trading centre of the country: and hence go the caravans for Mecca, carrying loads of ready-made garments, dressed leather, indigo, cochineal, ostrich-feathers, etc., and bringing back silks, muslins, and drugs. Others go to Abyssinia and Timbuctoo; sometimes, in the old days, a caravan consisted of twenty thousand men and more. Salt, cowries, silk, and woollen materials used to be their chief commodities—and even in 1778 British cloth was among the most valued of these.

V

Wayfarers making a stay in Fez should arrange to visit the charming little town of Sefrou, about thirty miles to the south.

Being remarkably rich, its soil affords Sefrou the most fertile and beautiful gardens in Morocco, and supplies the less fortunate towns with grapes, oranges, lemons, citrons, cherries, dates, and many other fruits, as well as the loveliest flowers. The town is very clean, and there is a glorious view over the surrounding country from the fort, Prioux, which dominates it.

But there are dozens of delightful excursions to be made from Fez in every direction.

[1] *The Mirror of Kainza.*

CHAPTER XXIX

OTHER WAYS TO FEZ

I am a word out of the speechless years,
The tongue of Time, that no man sleeps who hears.
SWINBURNE, *Tiresias*

For in this dream I leave the noisy streets
For cool retreats
Of forest-aisles and bowers of underwood.
THOMAS HENRY

WAYFARERS who happen to be in France, or who prefer to do most of their journeying by land, or to see Algiers first, may take advantage of the *Cie. Générale Transatlantique* tour lasting for nineteen days, beginning either at Marseilles and ending up at Bordeaux, or vice versa. Nineteen days, including Algiers and its environs is, however, simply spoiling a visit to Morocco, which essentially asks for leisurely travel. It is better to book through, with permission to break the journey at will, and pursue the even tenor of the way as interest and circumstance direct.

When starting from Marseilles, the ships leave at noon, three days a week, and reach Algiers on the following day at about 4 p.m.

Algiers is no longer an attraction to the simple sightseer or student. It is merely a bit of modern France in Algeria, save that the architecture is slightly different to that of its sister-cities across the sea. For the casino-jazz-same-old-crowd-here-again-could-not-do-without-'em type of tourist it is perfect: all the folk who figure in the picture-papers; all the amusements that are to be found in Europe; all the exactly similar methods of spending money, with a few variations thrown in to make it go a little faster—with here and there a mosque, a tomb, and one little old

corner hidden away wherein the unmodernized Arabs still contrive to carry on their own ways of existence—such is Algiers of to-day, so engulfed in its European swathings is that town of tragic history.

But the railways of France have spread their shining tentacles right across the Mediterranean: Algiers is just one more of the P.L.M. stations to-day; in those very identical grey-and-white compartments in which so many journeys have been made from Paris to the Riviera, the wanderer may once more find comfort and speed in a quick run through the night to Oran, 421 km.; and from Oran, on to Tlemcen and Oudja, where the line, at present, ends.

Oran is another French port with but little to make the wayfarer realize that it is primarily Arabic and dating from 902. A fine harbour has been built, and the port is considered the next best to Algiers.

Tlemcen, founded in the eleventh century, has a few of its ancient ruins left, and one of the mosques has been turned into a museum for the preservation of some of its antiquities.

Oudja is more interesting, and very picturesquely situated in the midst of hills and forests. Close to the city—built in the tenth century—is the battlefield of Isly, where the Moors, though very much stronger in numbers, were unable to stand against the superior artillery of the French in 1844.

The P.L.M. has an automobile service in conjunction with the train between Oudja and Fez—about 230 km. via Taza. Taza was an important place so long ago as A.D. 800. Abd el Moumen built a fort and a mosque there in the twelfth century; Moulai Ismail, in the eighteenth, decorated it with works of art, and furnished it with schools. It is a wonderful old town: and with many fascinating places to visit in the vicinity, a few days here would be very desirable.

. . . . .

Hugging the coast from Oran, by car, the wayfarer comes across many an ancient bit of Arabic and Roman

history—curious old remnants of forgotten days, ruins of a past civilization, strange statuary.

One tiny township has a pathetic story of an effort that failed. It is the legacy to France of a naval lieutenant who, when travelling in the Beni Snasses, foresaw the growth of Morocco under the then looming French protectorate. It seemed to him that this spot would be the ideal site for a seaport for Fez, and in anticipation of the future he obtained permission of the authorities to develop it.

At his own expense he built two jetties for the harbour, an hotel, a school, post office, custom house, and some villas, sinking several millions of francs—at the old value—in the venture.

At that time the country at the back of Port Say was innocent of European improvements. And Louis Say was just a few years too soon. He could not carry on his costly work without aid; and just about the time when General Lyautey commenced the campaign of pacification which assured commercial development, he died. So Port Say remains a miniature, the stillborn infant of its creator. It bears his name; and so does a simple wooden cross which marks his remains, and has no other inscription than the two words: *Louis Say.*

At present few visit the place excepting some occasional tourists from Tlemcen, Oudja, and even its dream-mother, Fez. But just because he was a sailor, hopeful and practical at once, one would like to see the realization of his dream—a seaport for Fez on the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER XXX

FOOD IN MOROCCO

Food fills the wame and keeps us livin'
Though life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragged wi' pine and grievin'
But oil'd by theem the wheels o' life gae
Doon-hill scrievin'
Wi rattlin' glee.

BURNS on *Scotch Drink*

In America you can get tea, coffee, and meat every day. But the only true America is that country where you are at liberty to pursue such a mode of life as may enable you to do without these.

THOREAU

I

LET not the wayfarer try Moorish food unless fortunate enough to have a friend at Court able to arrange admittance to a private house.

The dish *par excellence* is generally acknowledged to be the universal *couscousoo*, which is actually neither more nor less than an Arabian variation of the Indian *pilau*—the Spanish *pilaff*—only with granulated flour, wheat, millet, or maize, instead of rice; and with or without meat or chicken. The Arabs regard *couscousoo* literally with veneration, and believe that the souls of those who have spilt or wasted it are doomed to live for ever in Simian bodies.

Couscousoo is served sometimes in hotels where there are Moorish cooks, as at the "Cecil" in Tangier. On these occasions the happy visitor realizes that even life in a harem may have its compensations. When properly pronounced, the very name of this delectable dish is delicious—soft and musical as the murmuring of a dove. Like *pilau*, its excellence depends entirely upon the cook.

A French Professor of Arabic once wrote an essay on *couscousoo* in which he quoted eight differing recipes for it,

MOORISH LADIES MAKING MINT TEA

A POTTER BEFORE HIS HOME

but its constituents differ with almost every household, and perhaps every time it is made, for there is literally no end to the variations that can be—and are—made in it, and the ingredients used depend entirely upon what is at hand, or the expense permissible in the preparation.

A Frenchwoman who had married an Arab and lived for some years in Morocco with her husband's people, settled, after his death, in Nice. There she opened a little restaurant and professed to make the genuine Moorish *couscousoo.* We happened to pass the place one day and, having enjoyed the Arabic dish at the "Cecil," the prospect of another feast was too tempting to be denied; but oh! what a terrible disappointment ensued! The Tangier *couscousoo* was a dish for the Gods; the Nice variety would have been rejected by a dog.

. . . . .

E. de Amicis writes of his experience of Arab cookery at Tangier:

I tasted the first in simple faith. Great Heaven! My first impulse was to attack the cook. I understood in one moment how it was that a people who ate in that way should take other views of human life than ours. I cannot express what I felt other than by likening myself to some unhappy wretch forced to satisfy his hunger on the pomatum pots of his barber. There were flavours of soaps, pomades, wax, dyes, cosmetics—everything that was least proper to put in human mouth. . . . No doubt the original matter was good enough, chickens, game, mutton, fish, large dishes of fine appearance, but all swimming in most abominable gravies, and so flavoured and perfumed it would have seemed more natural to attack them with a comb than with a fork. But there was one among us who managed to taste of all, a consolatory fact which proved that there are still great men in Italy.

II

Arabs make their bread sometimes of barley-flour, sometimes of semolina—which they call *smead*—and sometimes

of meal mixed with crushed dates, oil, and water. Pounded acorns are mixed with meal when there is a scarcity. Their loaves are generally round and flat, sometimes as large as a tea-tray, more often the size of a dinner-plate, and they are generally made by the householders and taken to the baker ready for the brick oven.

Savoury, highly seasoned forcemeat balls called *Kiftah* and *Kabobs*, are sold, smoking hot, in the markets; but even if they were not "bags of mystery," the clouds of flies ever hovering over the stalls of their confectioners would divorce from them all the attraction of their appetizing odour.

Fruit is usually cheap, varied, and good. Dates, of course, abound. Oranges, citrons, tangerines, figs, bananas, grapes, pomegranates, melons, peaches, apricots, prickly pears, cherries, plums, strawberries, loquats, with many kinds of nuts, are abundant in their season.

Their sweetmeats are rather too highly coloured, as a rule, but may be better than they look. The favourite is a variety of Turkish Delight. Almonds, ground nuts, figs, and dates enter largely into most of the Moorish confectionery; they are very fond of cinnamon, too, as of all kinds of spice.

Like the Spanish, they make their cakes too greasy and doughy, too sticky and too sweet. But that our biscuits are appreciated is evident from the stock to be found in most of the Arab grocery shops where Huntley and Palmer, McVitie and Price, and various other household names share popularity with Swiss milk and French chocolate.

III

Though the visit may be quite unexpected, the ladies of a Moorish household will almost certainly be found *en grande tenue* should travellers have the good fortune to obtain an invitation to call. No man, not even the husband, is permitted to enter the women's quarters when they have guests; for they, being unveiled while with their hostesses, must be protected from strange eyes, even those of the

men of the house. So that if a son, brother, or husband takes another woman to visit his harem he will leave her at the entrance.

The room in which they receive is elaborately decorated with coloured arabesques; perhaps all over the ceiling, as well as a dado round the walls. The decoration is usually Arabic writing, verses from the Koran in praise of Allah; or blessings on the house and its inmates; or proverbs. What appears to be a group of great turquoises high up close to the ceiling are really glimpses of the sky seen through slits cut for air in the thick walls.

The rooms open on to a courtyard which has a fountain in its centre, probably with goldfish in it. The court is shaded with palms and gay with flowers. Or it may be on to a marble-paved corridor whose slender pillars are entwined with jasmine, or roses, bordering a garden where gaily dressed children play under shady trees, to the music of a stream of water running over pebbles or falling from a fountain into a marble basin; and which is perfumed with the intoxicating odour of orange and lemon blossoms.

If the tea is not yet present, it will be brought in immediately after the visitor appears. Attendant women—possibly slaves, or inferior wives—bring in the steaming kettle and put it on the charcoal brazier near the hostess; she sits on cushions on the floor in front of a brass tray on a low stand. She puts the mint and sugar into the teapot already provided with tea, fills it up with boiling water, and after a moment or two pours it into tiny exquisite glasses, which are handed round. These are followed by a great dish of cakes. Then come sweetmeats—Turkish Delight, almond paste, sugared fruits, dates stuffed with almonds, candied melon, citrons, orange flowers. . . .

Though the women are very seldom able to speak any language but their own, they manage to make themselves understood by gestures. They are immensely interested in what their visitors are wearing, and like to touch and finger the material, and examine any jewels. They themselves are beautifully dressed in many-hued silks, very

much like the costume of Haidee ("whose mother was of Fez"), described by Byron:

> She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
> Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
> 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
> With buttons form'd of pearls, as large as peas.
> All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
> And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
> Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.[1]

The moment our glass of tea has been emptied, the hostess refills it, and at least three must be taken or no good fortune will follow. It is very difficult to evade the cakes, but far wiser to do so, for they are not as palatable to us as to the Moors. A little indulgence in the sweetmeats will excuse the refusal of the cakes; and it is easy to show appreciation of these, for they are quite delicious.

[1] *Don Juan*, Byron.

ARAB PRAYER

May Allah show mercy to the tongues of travellers.

INDEX

Abbas, 24, 43, 100, 121
Abdala Ibn Tumart, 117
Abdallah, 44, 49, 73, 79, 82, 83
Abdallah el Rayl, 156
Abdallah Xamri, 160, 161
Abdallah ben Muhamad, 190, 191
Abdelaziz, 85, 89, 92, 120
Abdelmelik, 63, 80, 136
Abdelola, 88
Abderrahman, 73, 100, 101, 113, 114, 115
Abderrahman III, 156, 189, 190
Abraham, 13, 51, 117, 118
Abu Bekr, 16, 24, 25, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 77
Abu Sofian, 24, 69, 163
Abu Talib, 12
Abu Tashifin, 115
Abulfaragi, 98
Abyssinia, 24, 50, 200
Achtal, 80
Acre, 82
Adam, 54
Africa, 1, 5, 30, 65, 83, 85, 122, 133, 147
Agadir, 109
Agha, 157
Agmet, 115
Aguedal, 121
Ahmed, 109, 119, 120, 185
Air Union, 37
Ait Hannu, 198
Ait Morghed, 198
Aixa, 156, 158
Ajan, 55
Akbar, 165
Alarcos, 135, 136
Alberoni, 44
Alcairouine, 190
Alcazar, 30
Alcazar Cequer, 136
Alcazar Kebir or Quiver, 136
Alcazar Lobua, 158
Alexandria, 43, 131
Alfred, King, 98
Algebra, 19
Algeciras, 6, 19, 33, 86, 87, 116, 134, 145
Algeciras, Earl of, 66
Algeria, 1, 49, 103
Algiers, 5, 6, 7, 107, 116, 118
Alhakem, 97, 156, 186, 189, 190, 191
Alhakem I, 190, 192
Alharem, 16
Ali, 15, 51, 52, 67, 68, 69, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 79, 116, 117, 174
Ali el Hassan ben Ayoub, 157
Ali Solyman, 174, 175
Alicante, 6
Allah, 9, 15, 20, 22, 26, 55, 86, 91, 113, 133, 150, 155, 172
Almaheid, 174
Almondhir, 158
Al Mo'Tamid, 116
Alphonso (or "sus"), 30
Alphonso I, 117
Alphonso II, 137
Alphonso V, 136
Alphonso VI, 116, 178
Alphonso VIII, 134, 135, 139
Alphonso X, 147
Alphonso XI, 95
Alphonso the Wise, 96
America, 204
American, 33, 38, 143, 153

Amicis, E. de, 202
Amrou, 71, 72, 73, 78, 131
Amsterdam, 5
Amurath, 103
Andalusia, 87, 116, 176, 188, 189, 190
Andrews, C. E., 10
Angers, 176
Anne Marie, 178
Antæus, 31
Apollo, 180
Arab horses, 20, 129, 130, 194
Arab students, 21
Arabia, 18, 72, 80
Arabs, 3, 8, 13, 16, 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 35, 36, 37, 38, 45, 47, 51, 55, 69, 74, 78, 84, 95, 100, 113, 125, 131, 136, 140, 142, 143, 145, 155, 156, 165, 171, 172, 178, 189, 190, 191, 197
Aragon, 116, 117, 133
Arethusa, 30
Arian, 63, 65, 95
Armenians, 33
Arzíla, 41
Asia, 103, 187
Asiatic, 171
Asquith, M., 170
Astronomy, 19
Athelstan, 99
Athens, 184
Atlantic, 22, 148
Atlantides, 187
Atlas, Mount, 29, 112
Attila, 64
Augustine, St., 63
Australia, 4
Autun, 113
Aviz, 45, 48
Ayela, 92
Ayesha, 16, 24, 25, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79
Azemmour, 108

Bab el Mandeb, 69
Bab el Mansur el Aleuk, 185
Babylon, 11, 173
Bacon, 170
Badajoz, 116
Badr, 163
Bahia, 120, 121
Banu Mustabq, 24
Barbary, 84, 85, 86, 91, 178, 188, 197
Barca, 85, 174
Barcelona, 7, 116
Barnard, F. P., 106
Basra, 69
Batalha, Abbey of, 48
Bayeux, 195
Beaux Arts, 141, 183, 197, 200
Beddoes, T. L., 173
Ben Abed, 178
Ben Aicha, 176, 177
Beni Snasses, 203
Berbers, 143, 165, 198
Ber Rechid, 110
Bertrand, Count of St. Giles, 72
Belis, 69
Belisarius, 65
B.I.S.S. Co., 4
Bible, 144
Bilal, 23
Blackett, 10
Bland S.S. Co., 4, 5, 33, 57
Bles, G., 10
Blessington, Lady, viii
Braganza, 30
Brindisi, 57
Bodichon, 103
Bœthius, 98
Bonifacius, 63, 64, 65
Bordeaux, 41
Brest, 176
Britain, 98, 199
British, 107, 149, 171, 200
Bulba, 99
Burgundy, 113
Burns, R., 204
Byron, Lord, 152, 155, 162, 165, 166, 187, 208

Cæsar, 173
Cahina, 84
Cairouine, 84, 86, 174, 188, 190
Calderon, 48
Calib, 158
Capucine Brothers, 108
Caracalla, 173
Carlos, Don, 44
Carlyle, T., 20, 67
Carthage, 60, 65, 85, 100
Casablanca, 4, 6, 29, 44, 57, 105, 106, 125, 128, 140
Cassa, 66
Castile, 48, 95, 116, 133, 139, 147
Cecil, Hotel, 29, 204, 205
Ceuta, 30, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, 65, 66, 86, 116, 124, 150, 175
Cevennes, 172
Chaldeans, 11
Chappory, Eugene, 29, 35
Charlemagne, 197
Charles I, 148
Charles II, 30, 31
Charles V, 96
Charles Martel, 112, 113, 114
Chartrain, Pont, 177
Chella, 144, 145
China, 19
Chinese, 22, 125
Christ, 14, 17, 50, 51, 104, 171
Christianity, 9, 11, 50, 51, 62
Christians, 9, 13, 14, 15, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 80, 83, 95, 101, 103, 104, 109, 134, 135, 138, 145, 147, 172, 182, 183, 185
Cid, 116
Cie Gen. Transatlantique, 4, 194, 201
Citadel, 144, 152
Citröens, 128
Cobham, Sir A., 7
Cohen, 84
Coleridge, 57
Colis, 7
Cologne, 43
Colossus, 180
Comines, Philip de, 94
Condé, 16, 86, 92, 98, 101, 114, 158, 163
Constantine, 180
Constantinople, 65, 78, 81, 93, 100, 102
Consul, 32, 144, 181
Conti, Prince de, 177
Continental, 4, 147, 153
Copt, 25
Cordova, 88, 99, 100, 102, 136, 156, 188
  King of, 100,
Couscousoo, 130, 201, 204, 205
Cowley, Abraham, 173
Crécy, 19
Crusade, 67, 104
Crusaders, 11, 30, 67, 193
Cyprus, 73
Cyrene, 84, 189

Damascus, 51, 68, 80, 81, 113, 131, 198
Dara, 85, 174
Dartmouth, Lord, 30
Defoe, Daniel, 147
Delhi, s.s., 40
Derby, Lord, 19
Desert, 8
D'If, Château, 109
Dickens, C., vii, viii, ix
Djamil, 63
Djebel el Goudi, 146
Djebel Sarsar, 57
Djebel Zerhoun, 57
Djilai, 43
Dryads, 143
Duarte, Dom, 47, 48
Dublin, 99
Duckworth, 10, 39, 144, 198
Dudu, 165, 166
Dunton, John, 149
Dutch, 33, 43, 58, 148, 171, 176, 179
Dutch East Indies, 28

East, 4, 69, 80
East Indies, 5
Eden, 54, 187
Edris, 125, 183, 184, 186
Edris I, 184, 185, 190
Edris II, 185, 186, 188
Edris, Sons of, 186, 190
Egypt, 1, 25, 43, 72, 73, 76, 85, 162
Eleanor of Castile, 137
Elizabeth of Parma, 44
El Mansur, 119, 131, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 145, 146
El Mogreb, 185, 189, 198
El Moumen, 117, 118, 119, 131, 139, 145, 147, 202
Emerson, 41
Emperor Moulai Abdallah, 44
el Abbas, 100
Justinian, 65
Empire, 139
England, 4, 58, 147, 161, 179, 192
English, 31, 32, 33, 58, 96, 140, 148, 149, 171, 176
Epicurus, 103
Eptadelphos, 45
Eudo, 112, 113, 114
Eudoxia, 64, 65
Euphrates, 69
Europe, 3, 95, 103, 104, 105
Europeans, 38, 48, 105, 140, 143, 152, 153, 171, 192, 202, 203

Fairfax, Edward, 143
Fatima, 52, 67, 76, 122, 158, 174, 178, 190
Fernando, Dom, 45, 47, 48
Fez, 6, 40, 48, 49, 96, 105, 112, 116, 118, 122, 125, 146, 151, 161, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 184, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200
Fife, Duke and Duchess of, 40
Fitz-Nicholas, 138
Ford, 35
Forster, J., ix
France, 1, 2, 7, 58, 91, 100, 102, 113, 114, 148, 150, 161, 201, 202
Franciscans, 103, 123
Franks, 78
French, 31, 32, 33, 39, 42, 49, 96, 105, 106, 107, 120, 123, 140, 142, 144, 148, 150, 153, 181, 182, 183, 184, 197, 201, 204, 205

Gabriel, 22, 130
Gadfa, 159
Gago, 178
Gaida, 178
Garonne, 113
Gate of the Renegade Christian, 185
Gaul, 64
Gaunt, John of, 45
Genoa, 4, 5
Genseric, 64, 65
George of Denmark, 191
Georgian, 165
German, 2, 33, 96, 125, 171
Germany, 102
Giaffar, 159
Gibraltar, 4, 5, 6, 29, 45
Gilimer, 65
Giralda, 135
Gizira Alhadra, 134
God, 13, 50, 77, 94
Gothic, 65
Goths, 30, 64, 65, 87, 91, 189
Graham, Cunninghame, 10, 89, 102, 103, 144, 198, 199
Granada, 198
King of, 48, 99
Great Britain, 199
Great Wall, 125
Greek, 4, 11, 19, 45, 67, 71, 79, 80, 82, 131
Gregory, 82
Groningen, 43
Gudi, 96, 97
Guinea, 30, 136

Hachette, 10
Haidee, 152, 208
Halibah, 24, 50
Halim, Abdul, 189
Hamza, 163
Harley Street, 123
Harris, W. B., 10, 40, 199
Harte, Bret, vii
Hartington, Thomas, 138
Hasan, 68, 74, 76, 77, 78
Hassan, 84, 85
Hassan Ali, 145
Hassan, *Tour*, 136, 140, 146
Hatchard, 10
Haxem, 157, 158
Heaven, 164
Hebrews, 171
Hegiaz, 16, 69
Heney, Thomas, 201
Henrique, Dom, 47
Henry II, 137
Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 191
Hercules, 30, 31
Hesperides, 30, 59
Hesperis, 187
Hesperus, 30
Hilton, A. C., 105
Hind, 163
Hixem, 156, 191, 192
Holland, 44
Honoria, 64
Horses, 129, 130
Hosein, 74, 76, 77, 78
Humeric, 65
Hurst and Blackett, 10
Hurst Castle, 149

Ibrahim, 16, 25, 53, 174
India, 80
Infidel, 11
Innocent III, 67
Inquisition, 171
Iram, 187
Iraq, 76
Ireland, 99
Irish, 171
Isa, 174
Ishmael, 11, 16
Islam, 23, 24
Ismail, Moulai, 45, 150, 174, 175, 176–7, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 186
Italian, 4, 31, 32, 33, 63, 96, 142, 171, 199
Italy, 1, 5, 64, 102, 199

Jaffa, 193
Jakoub, 131, 132, 151
Jamai, Palais, 194
James I, 179
Jamshy, 187
Jehovah, 144
Jerusalem, 11, 34, 65, 72, 143
Jesuit, 43
Jesus, 25, 50, 55, 77, 117, 145
Jew, 9, 23, 34, 44, 72, 103, 109, 119, 175, 185, 188, 189
Jewish, 13, 51, 181, 185
Jezid ben Abu Sofian, 70
Joan, Queen of Sicily, 178
Joanna of Portugal, 52
Joao, Dom, 45
John, King of England, 137, 138
John, St., 50
John the Grammarian, 71
Joseph, King, 58
Joshua, 77
Juan, Don, 152, 155, 162, 165, 166, 187, 208
Julia, 183
Julian, Count, 66, 86, 87, 88, 90
Jusef, 131
Justinian, 65

Kainza, Mirror of, 170, 187, 200
Kainza—the Treasure, 185
Kasbah, 13
Katinka, 162, 165
Khadidjah, 12, 13, 14, 15, 153
Khadidjah the Berber, 187
Khayyám, Omar, 187
Khorassan, 73, 76

King Abderrahman II, 41, 159, 160, 161
Abderrahman III, 189, 190, 191
Alfred, 98
Alhakem, 148, 158, 190, 191
Alphonso I, 117
Alphonso II, 137
Alphonso V, 136
Alphonso VI of Castile, 178
Alphonso VIII of Castile, 135, 139
Alphonso X of Castile, 147
Alphonso XI of Castile, 95
Alphonsus V, 30
Athelstan, 99
Attila of the Huns, 64
Bulba of Granada, 48, 99
of Castile, 48, 139
Charlemagne, 197
Charles I, 148
Charles II, 30, 31, 39
Charles V, 96
Charles Martel, 112, 113, 114
of Cordova, 100
Don John IVof Portugal, 30
of Fez, 48
George of Denmark, 191
Genseric of the Goths, 64
of Granada, 48
Henry II, 137
Hixem, 156
Jakob Jusef el Mansur, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136,137
James I, 179
Joao, 45, 46, 47, 48
John, 137, 138
Joseph, 158
Jusef Jakob, 131, 132, 146
Louis II, 41
Louis XI, 31
Louis XIV, 176, 177, 178
Manuel, 109
Mohammad of Spain, 152
Mohammad I, 174
Mohammad IV, 155, 158
King Nicholas V, 30
Philip II, 138
Philip V, 43
Richard Cœur de Lion, 178, 193
Roderigo, 66, 86, 87, 88
Sesostris of Egypt, 60
Theodorus II, 61
of Toledo, 178
Vitiza of Visigoths, 66
Kings, the Three, 136
Knitra, 125
Koran, 9, 24, 25, 32, 50, 51, 52, 69, 71, 73, 79, 82, 96, 100, 123, 130, 144, 191, 207
Koutoubia, 119, 136

Lalla Mannanah, 59
Lambeth, 107
Lampegia, 112
Lancaster, 45
Larache, 41, 49, 57, 59, 148, 150
Latécœur, Cie, 41
Leo Africanus, 110
Leon, 133, 178, 190
Leshari, 51
Libya, 31
Lion, Cœur de, 178, 193
Lisbon, 46
Liverpool, 107
Lombardy, 110
London, 27, 107
Londoner, 171
Loire, 113
Louis XI, 31
Louis XIV, 176, 177, 178
Lowth, Robert, 194
Lyautey, Marshal, 1, 140, 203
Lysippos, Horses of, 67

MacMahon, 42
MacRohan, 42
Madeira, 106
Madrid, 43
Magi, 11
Malayan, 5
Malik, Al Sitte, 156

Manniah, 24
Manuel, 109
Maragah, 15
Marak'sh, 6, 105, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 115, 118, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 131, 146, 184, 185
Maria, 101
Marina, 190
Marini, Beni, 145
Mark, St., 67
Marmol d'Afriq, 112, 115, 119
Marmora, 180, 184
Marne, 183
Martel, Charles, 112, 113, 114
Martial, 106
Matilda of England, 195
Mauretania, 45, 187
Maximus, 64, 65, 86
Mazagan, 84, 105, 108, 150, 182
Mecca, 16, 22, 29, 43, 54, 55, 174, 176, 199
Medina, 54, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, 83, 174
Mediterranean, 5, 57, 148, 188
Meknes, 6, 49, 173, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186
Melilla, 6
Mellah, 185, 193
Memphis, 82, 173
Mencia, Donna, 110
Menina, 112
Micah, 14
Mills, 82
Missions, 108, 123
Moawiyah (or Moavia), 57, 69, 73, 74, 76, 78, 79, 80, 83, 84, 136, 163
Mogador, 105, 108, 109
Mogreb-el-Acksa, 197
Mohammad, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 50, 51, 52, 53, 73, 108, 109, 130, 153, 154, 159, 164, 173, 174, 178
Mohammad en Nacir, 135, 136
Mohammad, King, 152
Mohammad, Moulai, 174, 175
Mohammad I, 174
Mohammad IV, 155, 158
Mohammedan, 8, 9, 49, 77, 101, 104, 122, 155, 172, 190
Mohassan, 76
Monrai, 110
Monza, 156
Moorish, 29, 31, 33, 48, 49, 57, 58, 82, 95, 131, 140, 141, 152, 153, 161, 176, 179, 183, 185, 204, 206
Moors, 8, 32, 58, 59, 99, 136, 140, 141, 144, 146, 148, 149, 150, 166, 167, 170, 171, 189, 202, 208
Morabites, 115
Morocco, 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 28, 34, 42, 43, 44, 45, 59, 86, 118, 131, 132, 136, 144, 146, 147, 148, 152, 153, 161, 175, 187, 201, 203, 205
Moses, 8, 13
Moslems, 22
Mouette, 115
Moulai Abdallah, 44, 174
Moulai Edris, 49, 125, 176
Moulai Ismail, 45, 150, 174, 175, 176–7, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 186
Moulai Mohammad, 174–5
Mulai (or "ay", or "ey") Ahmed, 42, 186
Mulki, 155
Munuza, 112, 113
Muza, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 174

Nacir, Mohammad en, 135, 136, 137, 138
Nantes, 176
Naples, 142
Narbonne, 115

Naylah, 74
Neptune, 31
Netherlands, 43
Nevas, Las, 139
Nice, 205
Nicholas V, 30
Nile, 72
Noah, 146
North African Mission, 34, 50
North Briton, 199
Novenas, 172
Nubia, 174

Obi, 144
Ockley, 74, 131
O'Donnel, 42
Okba, 83, 84
Olympians, 144
Omar, 51, 68, 71, 72, 74, 77, 78
Omar Khayyám, 187
Oran, 69, 117
O'Reilly, 42
Oriental, 42
Orleans, 176
O'Shea, 173
Osman (or Othman), 51, 68, 72, 73, 74, 77, 82, 100
Oudja, 202, 203
Ouezzane, 49
Oxford, 190

P. and O., 57
Palais Jamais, 194
Paradise, 33, 53, 130, 141, 154, 156
Paris, 7, 105, 106
Paris, Matthew, 137, 138, 185
Parisian, 148
Pasteur, 34
Pedro, Prince, 47
Perdicaris, 39
Persia, 71, 76
Persian, 23, 51, 68
Persian Gulf, 69
Phelps, Thomas, 179
Phidian, 166
Philip II, 138
Philip V, 43
Philippa, 45
Phœnicians, 60, 145, 171, 198
P.L.M., 125, 202
Placidia, 64
Portland, 109
Port Said, 57
Port Say, 203
Portugal, 31, 33, 45, 48, 58, 108, 109, 148, 176, 182
Priam, 183
Prime Minister, 148
Prince, Black, 45
Prioleau, John, 10
Prioux, 200
Prometheus, 187
Prophet, 9, 16, 17, 22, 23, 25, 33, 38, 53, 54, 69, 80, 85, 123, 164, 174
Protestant, 43, 103

Queen Anne of England, 191
Catrina of Barbary, 84
Eleanor of Castile, 137
Elizabeth of Parma, 44
Joan of Sicily, 178
Joanna of Portugal, 52
Matilda of England, 195
Philippa of Portugal, 45, 46
of Sheba, 54
of Spain, 46
Teresa of Toledo, 178
Quiviane, 174

Rabat, 6, 49, 57, 105, 107, 122, 125, 128, 131, 133, 136, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 151, 152, 154, 174, 181, 194
Radhia, 156
Raisuli, 39
Raschid, 184, 185
Raschid, Haroun al, 185
Raschid, Moulai, 174, 175
Raymond, Count, of Burgundy, 117
Raymond, Count, of Toulouse, 72
Regent, 155, 157, 185

Regnault, 32
Renan, Ernest, 17
Rennes, 176
Richard Cœur de Lion, 178, 193
Riff, 42, 179
Ripperda, Duc de, 43
Robert Lowth, 194
Robert of London, 138
Robinson Crusoe, 146, 147
Roderigo, 66, 86, 87, 88, 93
Roget, 7
Roi Soleil, 181
Rolls Royce, 36
Roman, 18, 40, 62, 67, 78, 82, 83, 85, 146, 183
Roman Catholic, 43, 58, 172, 179
Romanus, 55
Rome, 65
Rosinante, 8
Rotterdam Lloyd, 4, 5, 27, 28
Roumania, 81
Rousseau, 178
Ruskin, 173

Sacred, 144, 148, 150, 187
Sada, 156
Safi, 107, 109
Said, 73
Said ben Gudi, 96, 102, 115, 118, 131, 133
Sala, Señor José Llodra, 41
Saladin, 178, 193
Salé, 57, 118, 132, 136, 141, 146, 147,148, 149, 150, 151, 179, 180
Salisbury, Lord, 19
Sahra, 85
St. Albans, 138
Santa Cruz, 109
Sancho, Don, 116
Santaren, 31, 134
Saphadin, 178, 193
Saracenic, 83
Saracens, 116, 131
Satan, 148
Satyrs, 143
Saumer, 176
Sayce, A. H., 140
Science, 11
Scots, 103, 131
Sebastian, Dom, 48, 136
Sefrou, 200
Segovia, 44
Sens, 113
Sertorius, 31
Sesostris, 60
Settat, 110
Seville, 53, 92, 96, 116
Seville Cathedral, 119, 132, 135
Seville, Caliph of, 178
Sextus, 183
Seyd, 23
Sfax, 39
Shakespeare, 4, 164
Sheba, Queen of, 54
Sheiks, 8, 10, 40
Silesia, 81
Simocatta, Theophylactus, 60
Sobeiha, 156
Solyman, 53, 58, 175
South Africa, 171
Southampton, 4, 27, 48
Spain, 1, 43, 45, 53, 63, 65, 66, 80, 89, 91, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100, 101, 102, 115, 118, 131, 133, 134, 136, 137, 146, 150, 162
Spaniards, 147, 179, 180
Spanish, 4, 6, 31, 32, 33, 34, 41, 42, 49, 66, 96, 102, 103, 148, 161, 182, 206
Spartel, Cap, 39, 40, 57
States, Netherlands, 43
Stevenson, R. L., 125
Straits of Gibraltar, 136
Sudan, 17
Suez, 69, 178
Suleiman, 81, 91, 93, 174
Sultan, 32, 53, 118, 138, 145, 154, 155
Sun of the Morning, 145
Sus, 109, 184
Swinburne, 105, 201

Syria, 71, 73, 85, 92
Syrian, 13, 15, 76, 193

Tafilet, 85, 117, 174, 175, 199
Tangier, 4, 5, 6, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 40, 41, 47, 48–49, 57, 65, 87, 105, 108, 109, 122, 136, 142, 150, 162, 173, 179, 184, 193
Taradant, 109, 175
Taric, 45, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91
Tartars, 51
Tashifin, 117, 118
Taza, 189
Telha, 73
Temple, 65
Tennyson, A., 146
Teresa, 178
Tetuan, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46
Thebes, 173
Theodorus, 61
Thoreau, 204
Tiber, 65
Timbuctoo, 2, 200
Titan, 187
Titus, 65
Tlemcen, 184, 202, 203
Toclosida, 181
Toledo, 88, 116, 117, 178
Toulouse, 41
Tours, 113, 114
Transatlantique, 123, 140, 144, 194, 201
Trappist, 172
Tremessen, 118
Trinity, 58
Tripoli, 72, 82, 118
Tuaregs, 198
Tumart, Abdala Ibn, 117
Tunis, 2, 5, 116, 118
Tunisia, 5
Turkey, 26, 51, 142
Turks, 51, 67

Ucles, 116
Uhud, 163
Union Castle, 4
United States, 39, 40
Urraca, 117

Valencia, 116
Valentinian, 64
Valliere, L. de la, 177
Varley, C., 39
Vattier, Captain, 10, 110, 170, 187, 200
Venetian, 67
Venus, 166
Versailles, 176, 181
Victory, Mount of, 87
Vienne, 114
Villalain Divity, 151
Visigoths, 66
Vitiges, 66, 86
Volubilis, 125, 181, 183, 185, 189

Walid, 80, 81, 84, 88, 91
Walili, 183, 184, 185, 186
Waring, 4
Weil, 63
Weremund, 178
West, 69, 90
Westermarck, 168, 169
White, H. K., 194
Wight, Isle of, 149
Winchester, 149
Wordsworth, 1

Xamri, Abdallah, 160

Yahye, 170
Yakoub Yussef, 119
Yankee, 39
Yemen, 69
Yezid, 78, 79
Yusef, 115
Yussef Yakoub, 119, 146

Zainab, 24
Zakar, 128
Zala ben Zala, 46, 47, 48
Zobeir, 73, 74, 83

UNWIN BROTHERS LIMITED, LONDON AND WOKING

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10030 002 7

Through the Apennines and the Lands of the Abruzzi

By Estella Canziani

ARTIST, author, lover of the picturesque, and interested student of human nature, Estella Canziani has written what the *Boston Transcript* pronounces 'a book of enchantment.' The primitive customs which prevail in this mountainous region prove a fascinating subject for Miss Canziani's pen, while the rugged character of the landscape and the brilliant costumes of the peasantry are caught by her brush in no less vivid fashion. The text is illustrated with twenty-four plates in color and many more in black and white.

'With untiring industry the author has made a collection of folk-lore and primitive verse which will be a source-book for years to come for students of this curious manifestation of the human spirit. She has brought a warm and sympathetic understanding to her subject, which accounts for her success in a field of research unusually difficult.' — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE WAYFARER SERIES

A new series of travel books, handsomely made, lavishly illustrated, and serving equally as practical guides for the tourist and as good reading for the stay-at-home

A WAYFARER IN ALSACE
By B. S. Townroe

A WAYFARER IN THE WEST INDIES
By Algernon Aspinall

A WAYFARER IN SPAIN
By Alice M. S. Newbigin

A WAYFARER IN EGYPT
By Annie A. Quibell

A WAYFARER IN THE PYRENEES
By E. I. Robson

A WAYFARER ON THE LOIRE
By E. I. Robson

A WAYFARER IN PROVENCE
By E. I. Robson

A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA
By G. E. R. Gedye

A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL
By Philip S. Marden

A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE
By E. I. Robson

A WAYFARER IN SWEDEN
By Frederic Whyte

A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND
By J. F. Muirhead

A WAYFARER IN THE DOLOMITES
By S. H. Hamer

A WAYFARER IN UNFAMILIAR JAPAN
By Walter Weston

A WAYFARER IN FRENCH VINEYARDS
By E. I. Robson

An Appreciation by E. V. LUCAS

'The place we're in is always *here*, the other place is *there*,' sings the poet. For those who long for *there* the 'Wayfarer' series seem to me to supply the best first-aid. Although they make no pretense to be guide-books in the ordinary use of that term, they say enough both to pave the way for visits to the countries described and to create the desire to visit them. Armed with a 'Wayfarer' volume, the adventurous traveler can, at any rate, set his foot on the new desired soil with confidence.